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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1978 $1.50

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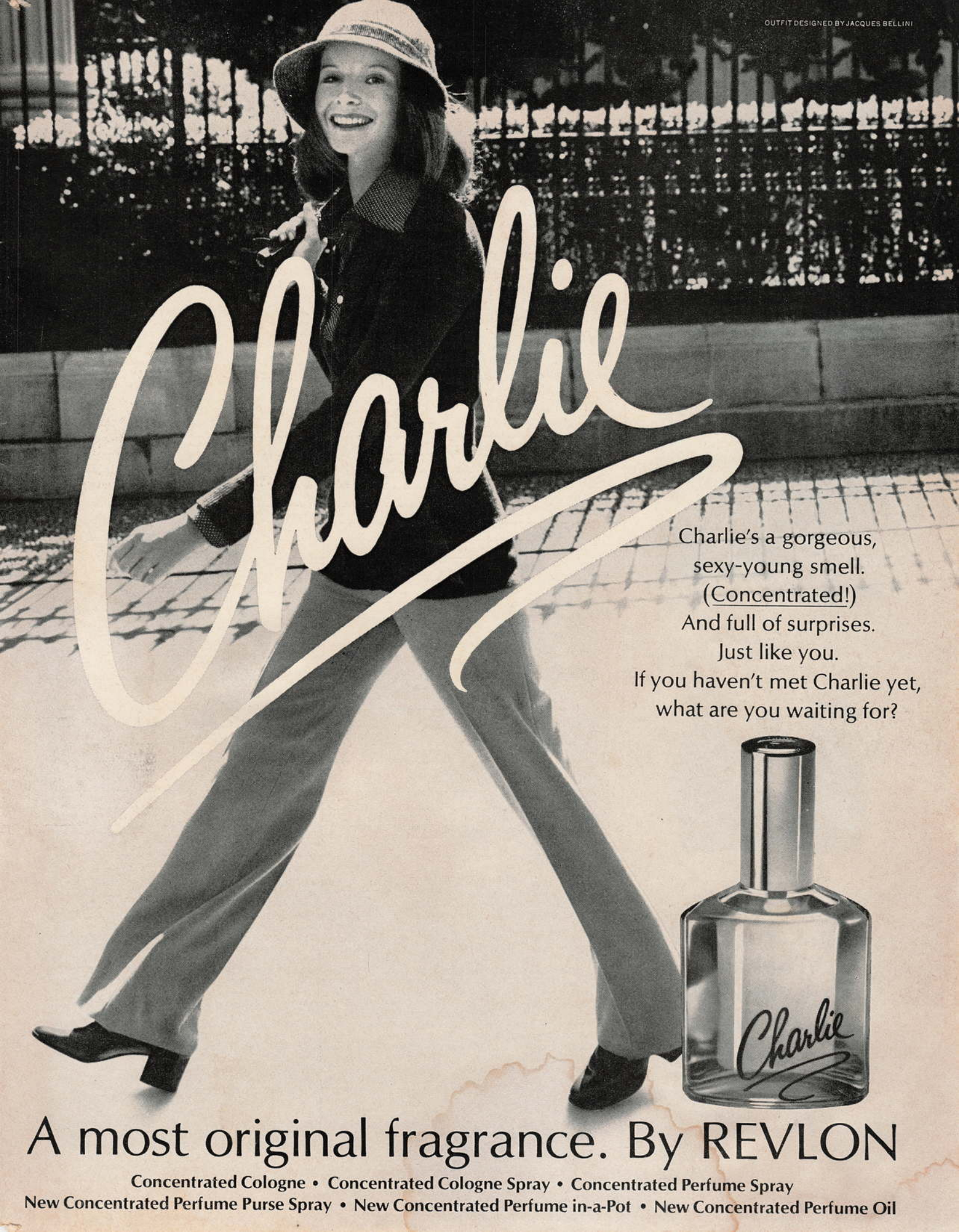

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If anybody's dreaming of a white Christmas, it's the gentle folk of Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, and their neighbors. A dark Yule indeed is facing these citizens, who are literally being plowed under their own fertile, mineral-laden soil by one of America's most unscrupulous and greedy megacorporations and polluters, the Peabody Coal Company. In *American Moonscape: The Great Strip-Off*, **Frank Browning** shows how the Peabody concern has had its way in the Bluegrass State for some time, filling its pockets at the expense of evicted farmers, destroyed homes and villages, and ravaged landscapes. Kentucky-born Browning is an investigative muckracker whose journalism has appeared in *Ramparts*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Washington Monthly*, and innumerable newspapers. "I knew there was something you couldn't burn at both ends. I always thought it was a candle." **Groucho Marx** said that forty years ago and it's as true now as it was then. But let Professor Wagstaff tell it himself: in this month's *Interview* by **Richard Anobile**, Groucho recalls for posterity the youth and origins of the world's greatest comedy team, the heyday of vaudeville, and the adventures of the World's Greatest Lover—as each Marx brother thought himself. It was Groucho who asked the immortal question: "Hey you! How would you like to be a public nuisance?" Oh, you would, eh? Then check out **Michael Fooner's** *Computer Crime*, a startling report on the growing misuse of Mr. IBM's thinking machines—for petty theft, grand larceny, embezzling, and other profitable pastimes. It's slightly illegal, but thousands of taxpayers are doing it right now, and 86.2 percent of them will never be caught. Rookies, take note. Fooner, an internationally published authority on crime, is a member of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. Also known to readers of many languages is **William Eastlake**, author of sixty stories, five novels—including *Castle Keep* and *The Bamboo Bed*—and a longtime, much-honored observer and resident of the American Southwest. For our lead Christmas fiction, *Penthouse* is cheered to present Eastlake's *Dancers in the Scalp House*—a wryly humorous account of an Indian uprising against, among other things, the FBI and a neon Penthouse Club sign—apropos of which, no comment. Another arrow in our Christmas quiver is **Bruce David's** *The Great Sex Boom*, a rollicking account of the first big vogue of the Seventies: porno chic. From Linda Lovelace to Al Goldstein, porno chic is the fad that's finally giving our decade its own distinctive flavor—and David should know, having been a purveyor of joy to readers of, among other publications, *Screw*, whose "Sex Scenes" column he edits with a flair all his own. Francis Macomber had a bit of flair himself—but more important, he had the great Ernest Hemingway to chronicle his short happy life, in perhaps the finest short story ever written. Now, for the first time ever and anywhere, **Dan Greenburg** tells the unvarnished truth of that African interlude in *The Short Yappy Wife of Francis Macomber*. Parodist Greenburg is the author of novels, stories, children's books, screen and stage plays, and that best-selling instructional manual, *How to Be a Jewish Mother*. He lives in New York with his cats and his "strange tropical trees." And farther along the satirical vein, **John Delaney Ford** and illustrator **Tony Escott** do unto *The Twelve Days of Christmas* as if the unwarranted gifting of those dozen famous days had been done unto them. Meanwhile, in Detroit, **Joe Girard** is selling somebody a car. In *Selling Cars Like Hot Buttered Popcorn*, **Tom Ricke** reports on Girard's activities and state of mind as the most successful dealer in wheels who ever pranced, danced, and fast-talked his way into the industry's most lucrative single franchise—and who, even now, is scheming to breed a new kind of supersalesman, in Girard's own image. Ricke, a longtime observer of Motor City moneymakers, is a reporter for the *Detroit Free Press*. New to *Penthouse* pages is Contributing Editor **Roger Greenspun**, whose highly regarded film reviews have long graced the *New York Times*. Greenspun, now forty-four, and soon to publish studies of François Truffaut and Jean Renoir (Viking), will henceforth write regularly on the cinema for us. And back for another *Penthouse* Yuletide is **Robert Chartham**, Ph. D., the author of the two-million-selling *The Sensuous Couple* and many articles in our own pages and in *Forum* and *Viva*. In *Sex Aids*, Chartham addresses himself to the recent deluge of erotic accessories which, although marketed as crutches for the sexually crippled, can be used to "spark up the trysts of even the most artful and vigorous lovers." As one more year-end bonus, the magnificent and detachable *Penthouse Pet Calendar* for 1974 lists all of the next 365 days and nights to come beneath pictures of the preceding twelvemonth's prettiest Pets, whose haunting looks will help you face with fortitude the long-awaited future. Elsewhere, **Xaviera Hollander** and **Wicked Wanda** find that Noel is as good an occasion for partying as anything, and wild-eyed, mild-mannered iconoclast **Henry Morgan** faces another Christmas in the trenches, taking on that fellow in the White House and his censorious bums on the Supreme Court. But even Henry's confident that his gentle reproof will soon persuade them to mend their unsound theology and frivolous prudery, and commence the New Year in the proper spirit—that is, enthusiastic about the free press, free speech, and free America they're paid to defend. Merry Christmas!

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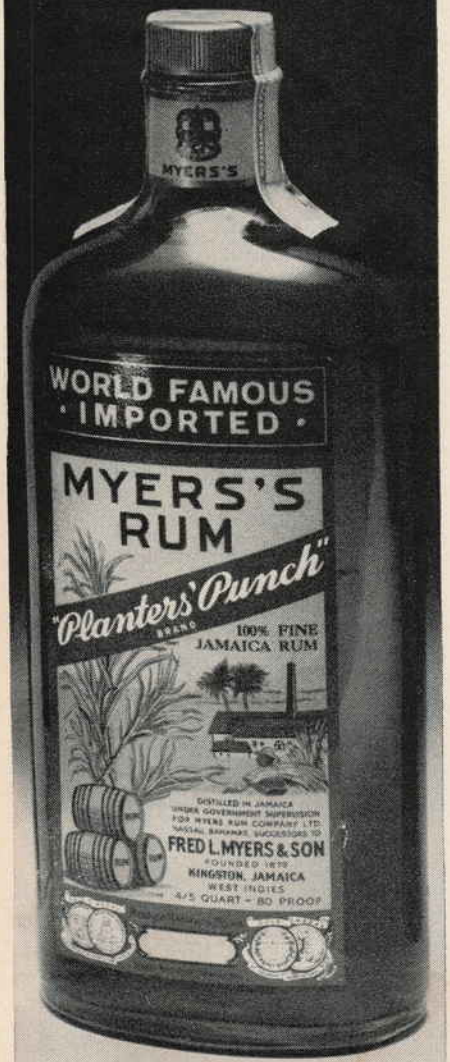

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The Constitution in danger

It was with much interest and admiration that I read *Penthouse* Publisher Bob Guccione's statement in a recent issue of *Newsweek*. It says, "I consider [the Supreme Court decision on pornography] the greatest travesty of justice since Prohibition. I will fight every single case with every single penny I have earned." May I congratulate you on your stand. I agree 100 percent and consider this an outrageous invasion of a person's rights. I feel that any person of legal age has the right to read, view, see, look at, and do anything he chooses in the privacy of his own home or the home of a friend with mutual feelings.

I work in a drugstore and *Penthouse* is one of our biggest sellers. I have heard many comments about the Supreme Court decision and none of them are good. Everyone is boiling mad about it and some have threatened to write to their congressmen.

Fight this menace with everything you have. Lots of guys are behind you all the way. Good luck to you.—*(Name and address withheld)*

The paradoxical way society tolerates even little children watching endless slaughter on television but reacts with shame and outrage at something involving procreation is a heritage from eons of distant ancestors whose mating habits were governed by the ebb and flow of tides and changes of season. The urge to mate is part of an instinctually regulated process of reproduction. Along came a smart-aleck species of ape with just enough brains to decide that the mating season was such a party that it was a shame to limit it to a few short weeks a year.

Unfortunately, the subconscious mind in the human harbors the dim memories of many instructions for surviving as an animal and these *residual instincts* include relics from an evolutionary era when year-round mating would have caused the extinction of the species. At any particular time of year, therefore, the human animal may experience a strong urge to mate, as well as a subconscious fear of doing the right thing at the wrong time. This subconscious fear is the basis of what we call sexual guilt.

In an only partially successful attempt to avoid the conflict of sex being simultaneously right and wrong, we impose artificial standards, e.g., sex is okay for procreation but not recreation, permissible in the bedroom but not in the public park.

There are, of course, other factors that reinforce our attitudes. If my experience in painting from nude models is any indication, we may also subconsciously fear that complete nudity would endanger the survival of the species by reducing erotic interest. Those few primitive societies in which adult females go completely nude head the list of "endangered species."

Will we ever evolve to the point where aerial bombs are judged by the Supreme Court to be obscene?—*Robert Pflieger, Riverhead, N.Y.*

I saw a television interview with your publisher in which he said *Penthouse* would not bow to current antisex laws but continue to give the readers what they want. Since I feel sexual expression is every man's (and woman's) right, I thank you for fighting for this right as I could not possibly do myself.

I wish I could thank everyone connected with *Penthouse* personally for putting together such a great vehicle for modern society's sexuality. Enclosed is a check for my subscription.

Carry on boldly and proudly.—*Arthur C. Hanke 3rd, Norwalk, Conn.*

I find that I can no longer purchase *Penthouse* at my newsstand. Because of the recent Supreme Court ruling, the city fathers have taken it upon themselves to protect the citizens from questionable, "obscene" material such as *Penthouse* and *Playboy*. I consider this act an infringement on my constitutionally guaranteed freedoms. I refuse to let a few narrow-minded city administrators stand in the way of my enjoyment of your fine magazine.

Gentlemen, I believe 1984 is fast approaching. I have gladly sent in my subscription fee and consider it a cheap price to pay for my freedom. Please rush my copy of *Penthouse* in a plain brown wrapper, as I suspect that my mail will also be censored for my "protection."—*R.M. (name withheld), Thomson, Ga.*

The new Supreme Court ruling on pornography seems to me a step backward. How can a magazine or motion-picture studio be expected to shoot or write five or six different versions of a picture, etc., to please different communities? To my way of thinking, it is an extremely sick society that will show somebody getting his head blown open on television but will censor two people making love in a perfectly natural way as "obscene." This repressive Court ruling was primarily the work of the Nixon appointees. It is extremely hard for me to imagine how a city, county, state, or even federal government can impose, in accordance with Constitutional freedoms, their moral standards on the bulk of society. I think that open solicitation of certain materials may offend some; however, if these materials are behind closed doors (as in a movie theater) they cease to be the business of conservative old maids or local power elitists. Many experts feel that "pornography" is an outlet for frustrations (studies that the Supreme Court failed to consider). Could you tell me what an individual can do other than write letters to congressmen, who would only put them in the wastebasket anyway? I should have the same right to read and see the same materials as anyone in other communities.—*Dennis R. Temple, Columbus, Ohio*

We have received many letters of support for our stand against the recent Supreme Court decision. If **Penthouse** *has been banned in your area, there are several things you can do. You can protest to local officials, circulate a petition stating that the signers do not find* **Penthouse** *offensive, and you can buy a subscription!—Editor*

The best guess

We just returned from the greatest vacation of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Panasonic introduces souped-up stereo.

If you're the kind of guy who's into Holley carburetion before the engine gets dirty. Who wouldn't go to the candy store without Hooker headers. Who can't settle for standard equipment. You should check out the new 8-tracks from Panasonic.

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Or if you like your 8-track stereo straight, try the economical CX-375. It's small enough for the glove compartment. It's music enough for the rest of your car.

But whichever you choose, you get the same dynamite package of features. Like Vertical Head Movement. It's our built-in shock absorber. So the music doesn't bounce when your car does. Like our automatic and manual program selector. So you can change tunes while you're changing lanes. And a 12-watt dual-channel amplifier. Because great stereo begins with plenty of power.

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DECEMBER

our lives. The fact that *Penthouse* was kind enough to pick up the entire cost was, of course, a determining factor.

As winners of your Circulation Guessing Contest in the Advertising Field last year, my wife and I wish to thank you for the fabulous free trip you arranged for us. London and Copenhagen were just great and your European representatives were wonderful. Complimentary flowers and champagne in our rooms—the works!

We will never forget the summer of 1973 and *Penthouse.—Ralph Franklin, Franklin and Joseph, Inc., New York, N.Y.*

Mr. Franklin's guess was closest to our December 1972 circulation of 2,910,000. Check that against the Publisher's estimate on the contents' page of this issue and see how much we've grown! —Editor

Military justice

I am a member of the United States Army, and I would like to speak out against it. Not because I'm a communist or a pacifist, but because I am a concerned citizen and soldier. I have been in only a year, but I have seen enough to write a book. The rooms in my barracks are small and depressing. There are five or six men in some, and in others, even more. The higher-ranking soldiers (E-6 and above) sit on their callous asses and oversee the day's activities. Slavery was supposedly abolished, but not here. It continues to thrive with every man who enters. The lower enlisted men who live on post are subject to constant raids. The officers state that they are looking for drugs and alcohol, but it is rare that they find anything. We are subject to senseless inspections and boring classes that put us to sleep. Do you consider being inspected daily for haircuts, shined boots, and pressed fatigues a necessity? If these morons would think of ways to improve the army instead of ways to punish someone, maybe it would be fair. The men's morale here is so low that most don't care what happens. What if there was a war and no one cared enough to go?—*(Name and address withheld)*

My name is Jeff Allison and I am currently serving a five-year sentence in the Naval Disciplinary Command at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I am sure that you are familiar with my case involving the $7.2-million fire on board the *USS Forrestal* last July 10. I feel that the sentence of five years is appropriate for an offense as serious as the "sabotage" of the ship. However, I do feel that it would be even fairer if the person who set the fire was serving the time instead of me.

I was arrested on July 15, 1972. Five months later my trial began. During my trial, my lawyer asked a prosecution witness if he had found any evidence that the fire was of an accidental nature. He stated that he had not. Then my lawyer asked him if he found any evidence on which to base his conclusion of arson. He said no, but that "it had to be one or the other." My opinion is that the navy just didn't know *what* caused the fire, but they had to have an excuse for having $7.2 million of the taxpayers' money going up in smoke. Since I was on watch, I was elected. There were twenty-odd discrepancies in my trial.

I have tried writing to the president, the secretary of the navy, my congressman, right on down the line. All of my attempts have been in vain. Each reply is just so much more double-talk about legal processes, etc.

My gratitude could not be expressed in a million words if you could print my story and help get the public behind me. Then, and only then, would I have a chance of being pardoned and getting the charges against me dropped.—*Jeff Allison, Portsmouth, N.H.*

The Committee for Legal Research on the Draft has been offering its help to men and women facing problems concerning the draft and military for the past five years. Now, for all except doctors, the draft is largely over. Yet there are over five thousand draft indictments still outstanding in the nation. While continuing our efforts with selective-service law, we are also expanding our military services. Reflecting this shift in emphasis, we recently changed our name to the Committee on Military Justice.

Through a well-financed and misleading ad campaign, the military is attempting to assume a new image; the services are putting themselves forward as an approximation of a national technical school. With the draft in suspension and enlistments falling far below manpower requirements, the services have lowered enlistment standards and are actively seeking out non-high school graduates. By offering training in many fields, the recruiter hopes to enlist eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds, who as a group face a high unemployment rate. But the vast majority of volunteers will never see the jobs or training that the recruiter "guaranteed" them. Enlistment contracts are notoriously one-sided and the younger the enlistee, the less likely it is that he is familiar with his rights. Only once inside the service does the recruit begin to understand his situation. The "old army" is alive and well.

The Committee on Military Justice, composed of law students and counselors, will continue to assist soldiers, sailors, airmen, and their lawyers in every aspect of military law or problems of military life. We charge nothing for our services. The more servicemen and women who know of our services, the better the services we deliver will be. Our address is: Committee on Military Justice, Room W-139, Langdell Hall, Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. We would like your readers to know that they can contact us through the mail and receive prompt assistance.—*Edward Santella, Cambridge, Mass.*

"Under attack"

I realize that you usually discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, etc., but I wanted to go a bit outside these limits and comment on Mr. Guccione's appearance on Canadian television recently. He had been invited to appear on *Under Attack* on the CBC network, and for some reason or other he quite calmly put up with the nonsensical questions the panel put to him.

There were a couple of people in the audience who were quite decent toward Mr. Guccione, but only a gentleman could have put up with the naive and insulting questions that were directed toward him. He was splendid. I am a student at the University of Toronto, and I honestly think that whoever planned that program must have really looked hard to find such a bunch of silly girls. Most of us girls in Toronto have a sense of humor and Mr. Guccione seemed very contemporary and genuine. For a change, *Under Attack* was really worth watching.—*Bente Simonsen, Weston, Ontario*

The more the merrier

In reply to R.A. (July)—yes, multiple orgasms for men are possible and simple to attain. Personally, I don't think they're all that exciting, but they are novel and will surprise your partner.

Here's how: when you feel you have passed the point of no return, stop all movement, be passive. This will lower the intensity of the feeling. After a short rest you will feel not entirely satisfied and you'll want to carry on. Do so and soon a second climax will follow. You may have to hold your breath to help it along. It's just like a second installment. It seems to spread out the feeling

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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Since the early 50's, most music has been recorded in stereo, or two parts. That's 2-channel sound. Now there's a revolutionary new way to hear music. In four parts. That's 4-channel sound.

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With matrix, the 4 channels are crowded into 2 channels when they're put on records. Then they're artificially converted back to 4 channels on the way to the speakers. But the channels aren't separate anymore. They overlap. So you lose separation.

With discrete, the 4 channels of sound are put on records as 4 separate channels. So that's what you hear from your speakers. Four separate and distinct channels of sound. Without the compromises of matrix.

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Carly Simon. Frank Sinatra. Aretha Franklin. Hugo Montenegro. Elvis Presley. Enoch Light. The Doors. Seals & Crofts. Bette Midler. Nat Stuckey. Judy Collins. Donny Hathaway. Jose Feliciano. Arlo Guthrie. Bread. Eugene Ormandy. The New Seekers. The Mystic Moods. And the Doobie Brothers. Just to name a few.

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CD-4

The RE-8484 has a full-size automatic record changer. With a built-in discrete CD-4 demodulator and CD-4 semi-conductor cartridge. To get the most out of your CD-4 records. And viscous-damped cueing and anti-skating control. To treat even your old stereo records gently.

The system also includes a built-in 8-track tape player. With an automatic selector for 2- or 4-channel tape. A pushbutton program selector that gets you where you want to be on the tape. And indicator lights that tell you when you've arrived.

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over a longer period of time at the expense of the intensity.

This might be of particular value for those who have a tendency to climax prematurely. The waiting time between the first orgasm and the second should be prolonged until the initial excitement abates, but before going limp. What to do while waiting? Stay in there, let your partner know what's happening—push deeper and move your hips sideways gently. This will keep your lady interested. Breathe deeply as you resume intercourse—hold your breath when you want to climax. It's that simple, but only practice makes perfect.—*H. Guenther, Calgary, Alberta*

Honky-tonk angels

Honky-tonk Angels, in the July *Penthouse,* makes the mistake, so easy to make in looking at song lyrics, of assuming that *nothing came before.* No one makes this error about rhythm and melody; any song-listener can talk at length about the streams of English, folk, black, blues, and so on that come together in a particular song. But there seems to be a general belief that words don't have sources, that they come straight out of one man's head.

It simply isn't so; any psychologist will agree that a creative work is the product of many factors beyond the artist's life and imagination. Professors and students of literature find a life's work in tracing the relationship of one poet or novelist's work to the things he read by previous novelists and poets. (And it is not rare to discover a similarity between a work of, say, the 18th century and another work of the 20th century, even when the second author never read the first one. The explanation: perhaps someone in the 19th century who read the earlier man's work unconsciously incorporated ideas from him into his own, who in turn influenced the third man.)

Popular songs of this century are a form of poetry, and generally have the kinds of images and topics shown in other poetry. In fact, much of what is now studied as "poetry" was condemned as "popular songs" when it was first written; and some of the greatest popular songs of this century, like the work of Bob Dylan, not to mention Leonard Cohen, are now regarded as poetry by many people.

For an example one needs to go no farther than "I Can't Let You Say Good-Bye," which your writer David Dalton mentions. Its motif of slow strangulation is identical with that of "Porphyria's Lover," one of the greatest poems of Robert Browning, written more than one hundred years ago. Doubtless Browning had his sources too.—*Chris Redmond, Waterloo, Ontario*

Dillinger dossier

I enjoyed your article on Dillinger in the June *Penthouse* very much: my thanks to you and Jay Robert Nash.

I have a book, however, that contradicts some of Mr. Nash's statements. The book is *The Bad Ones,* by Lew Louderback, published by Fawcett.

When Anna Sage and Dillinger went to the movies that fatal night, Polly Hamilton Keele, who was Dillinger's girl friend and had been living with him for two weeks, was with them. She said Dillinger was very good and kind to her, and that she "was crazy about him."

As for the plastic surgery, Dillinger is supposed to have asked his lawyer, a Mr. Piquett, to find a doctor who would alter his face and fingerprints. Piquett did, and both Dillinger and Homer Van Meter had plastic surgery done. Neither one liked the results and Dillinger complained that he looked like he'd been in a dogfight. The book has a photo of Dillinger's corpse. There are some cuts on his face attributed to inept plastic surgery.

The book also says that Dillinger planned to escape to Mexico, posing as a member of a Chicagoan's family. He was going to pay the man $3,500 in advance and $6,500 when they crossed the border.

Dillinger robbed the Merchant's National Bank in South Bend, Ind., with either three or four other men, who were each expecting to get $20,000. He was going to use this money for his escape, but as it turned out there was only $4,800 for each man. It also turned out to be his last job. He went to Anna Sage's house in Chicago and the rest is history.

One of the reasons for Dillinger's infamy was Captain Matt Leach of the Indiana State Police. Leach was an avid publicity seeker who leaked rumors and secret reports to the press. One detective said, "To disclose confidential information [to Leach] is to jeopardize the success of any important investigation." Fellow lawmen detested him.

When the FBI started their "shoot to kill" campaign, Dillinger's only federal offense was having driven a stolen car across state lines. However, President Roosevelt had said on the radio: "Law enforcement and gangster extermination cannot be made completely effective while a substantial part of the public looks with tolerance upon known criminals, or applauds efforts to romanticize crime."

FBI agent Melvin Purvis said that he called out something like, "Stick 'em up, Johnnie," and that Dillinger pulled a gun and ran into an alley.

Eyewitness accounts were somewhat different. One typical account was that of Mrs. Esther Gousinow. She had been sitting at her second-story apartment window looking out into the street. She noticed several men (agents) standing around the Biograph theater. "Then I saw a young man come out of the theater, accompanied by two girls. They were only about ten feet from the alley and I was looking right down at them when I saw three men walk up behind them. I heard two shots, there may have been more, and the man with the two girls fell to the sidewalk. I thought at first it was a holdup and the victim was killed. Then I thought of Dillinger, and because it appeared to me that the three men shot without giving a warning, I thought immediately that the victim was Dillinger." When Dillinger's body was checked later, his gun was found in his pocket.

One Virginia newspaper said that it was the work of cowards. The editorial read, "Any brave man would have walked down the aisle and arrested Dillinger. Why were there so many cowards afraid of this one man?" I have wondered why they didn't just walk up, quietly take a seat behind Dillinger, and then stick a gun or guns up to his head and arrest him. The day after the shooting an anonymous scribbler wrote on the alley wall: "Stranger stop and wish me well, / Say a prayer for my soul in Hell, / I was a good fellow, most people said, / Betrayed by a woman all dressed in red."

If Mr. Nash has some proof to his claim that "Jimmy Lawrence" was involved in an underworld scheme to get Dillinger off the hook, I—and I'm sure many others—would like to see it. I hope Mr. Nash keeps looking into this and digs up more information.—*Bill Ferri, Arlington, Tex.*

Mr. Nash replies:

Polly Hamilton Keele knew the man shot at the Biograph only as "James Lawrence." She disappeared for thirty-five years after the shooting. It's puzzling. Only $10,000 in federal rewards for Dillinger was available and yet Martin Zarkovich, the East Chicago cop who set up Lawrence through Anna Sage, his long-time girl friend, received $5,000. Anna received $5,000 and Polly Hamilton Keele received $5,000! What price knowledge?

The plastic-surgery theory was advanced solely by the FBI, a mandatory move on the bureau's part since the man shot outside the Biograph did not look like John Dillinger. Plastic surgery was not, in 1934, the accomplished art it is today, much as the bureau, to support its claim, would like to have had people then believe. The doctor who allegedly performed the plastic surgery on Dillinger in May and June 1934, was Dr. Wilhelm Loesser, an FBI witness. Loesser, a fugitive from justice at that time and practicing under the alias of Ralph Robind, had been arrested in 1931 for violating narcotics laws and was sent to Leavenworth. He was paroled in 1932.

His bureau-inspired testimony is, according to any plastic surgeon then or now, worthless. Loesser, at lawyer Piquett's trial, claimed that to change Dillinger's face he "cut the cheeks along the ear and the edge of the jaw. . . . We tightened up the cheeks with kangaroo tendons." Specialists consulted on such practices dismiss them as absurd. Being foreign bodies, kangaroo tendons would have been rejected by the body within a few weeks and would either have drained off through the wound or caused an infection. To quote from my previous book on Dillinger: "All in all, then, the testimony of Wilhelm Loesser concerning his work on John Dillinger must be taken as pure fabrication. Loesser was already in trouble for parole violation at the time he was picked up. By turning state's evidence, he was able to evade a charge of conspiracy to aid a fugitive. It still must have taken some convincing. The FBI held him incommunicado for over a month before they were able to extract his final statement from him. By that time he was willing to testify to anything.

"The actual meaning of his testimony, however, is the exact opposite of what the FBI had hoped to establish in 1934. Loesser proved, by showing he knew nothing whatever about plastic surgery, by proving that the scars he would have left through his alleged operations were not on the corpse, and by overlooking the facial characteristics of the corpse in comparison with those of John Dillinger, that if he had worked on John Dillinger, the man he had worked on was not the man killed at the Biograph."

Dillinger was never positively identified as the man who robbed the Merchant's National Bank in South Bend, Ind., in June 1934, albeit by that time all major Midwest robberies were attributed to him. Reliable researchers in the field know him not to be at this robbery. I am one of them.

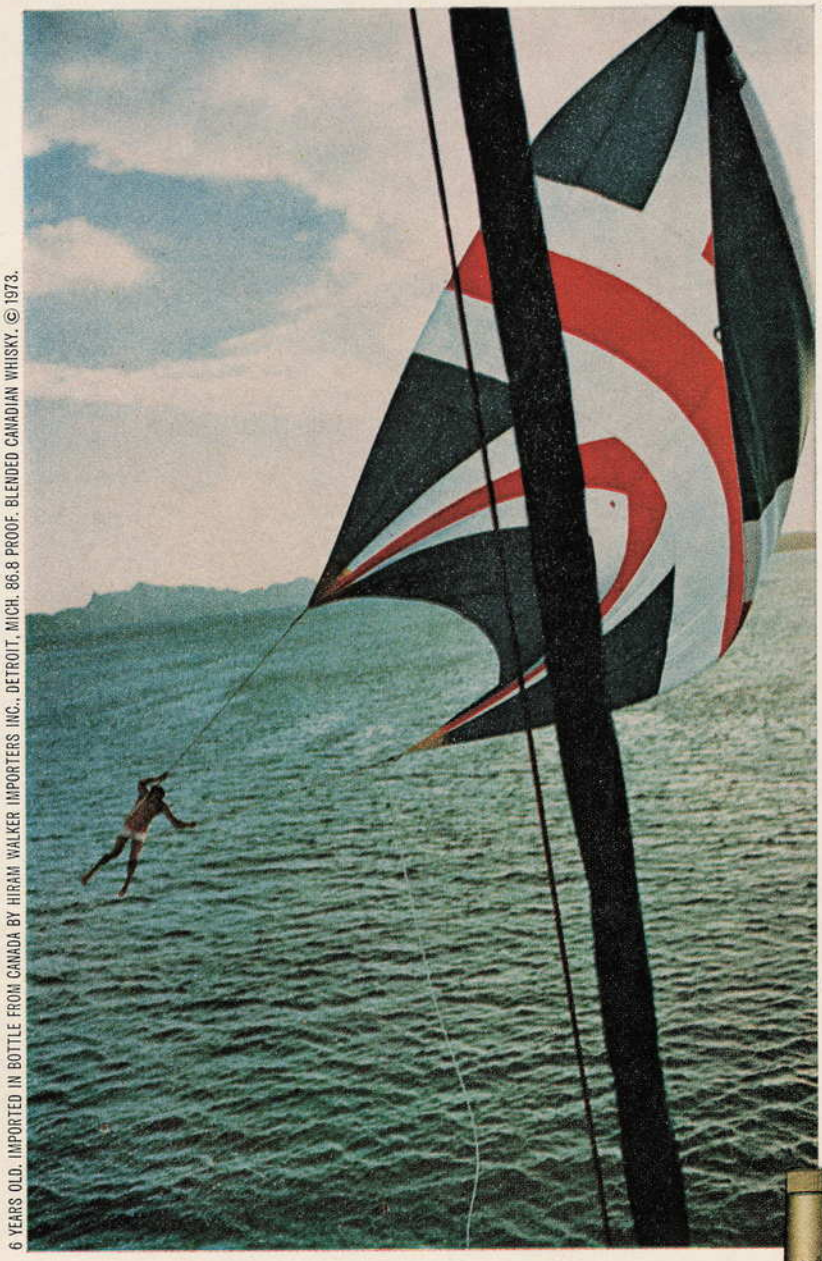
No gun was ever produced by the FBI as the one James Lawrence allegedly drew before his execution outside the Biograph.

Esther Gousinow's so-called eyewitness account of the shooting is unreliable in that she could hardly pick out "a young man . . . accompanied by two girls" in a crowd of more than two hundred. Hers is a newspaper account never verified and the newspapers of the day all too readily accepted Dillinger's death on the bland statement of Melvin Purvis, who was later to be totally omitted from any mention dealing with the bureau by his suspicious chief, J. Edgar Hoover.

One witness that night, who contacted me in 1970, stated that she ran a walk-down poolroom in the alley where the shooting occurred. She said that James Lawrence, the man who was killed, had frequented her poolroom as early as the fall of 1931, while John Dillinger was inmate No. 13225 at Michigan City (Ind.) State Prison. She also claimed that Martin Zarkovich was the man who performed the shooting, after knocking James Lawrence to the ground. A careful study of the entry of the bullet that killed Lawrence,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

"When you're Spinnaker Riding in the Grenadines, an ill wind can bode you no good."



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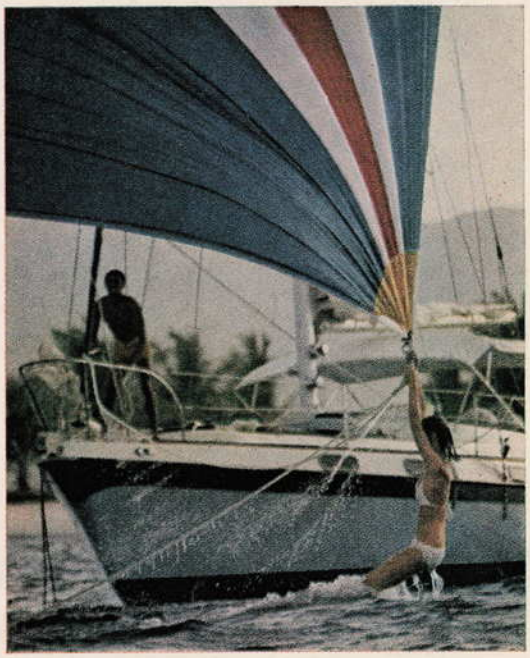

"Cheryl had all the luck that day. Everything started out all right when I took flight. Then, just when I reached peak altitude of 50 feet... the spinnaker collapsed and I was wiped out. Kerplunk! Some devil of a wind had decided that my next destination was the deep blue sea.

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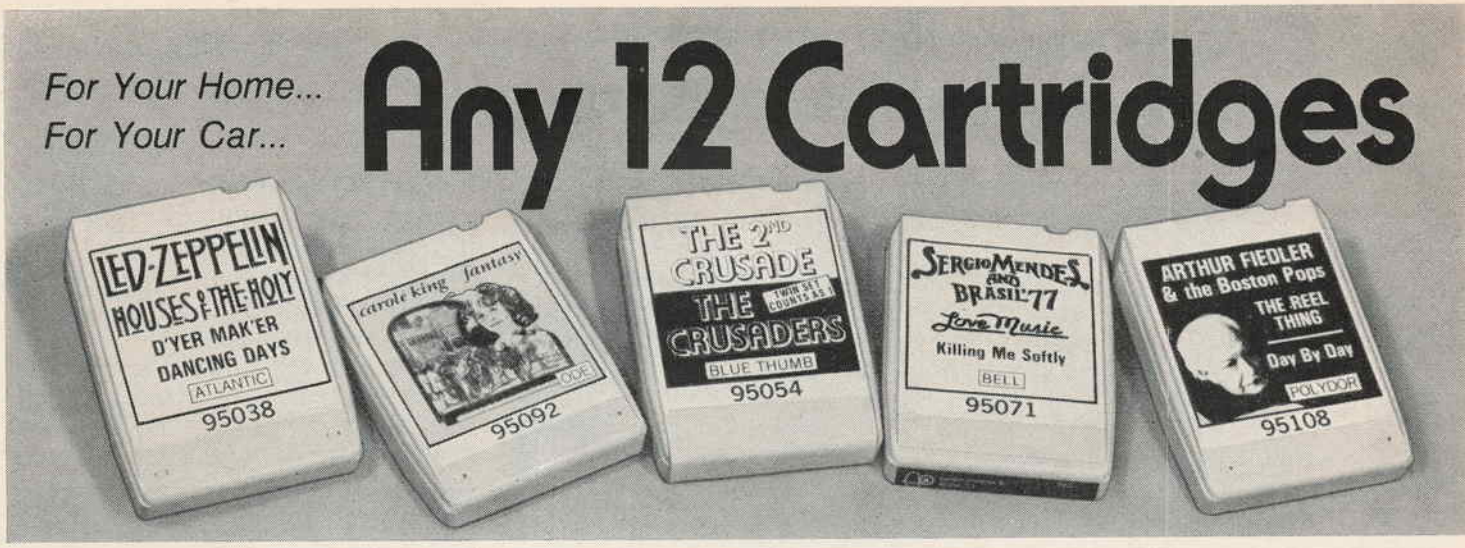

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as described in a very elusive autopsy made by Dr. J. J. Kearns, chief pathologist for Cook County in 1934, proves, indeed, that Lawrence was prone when shot.

It may also interest you to know that Lawrence, who could not be identified by Dillinger's father, sister, or brother after the shooting as their own bandit boy, was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery in Indianapolis, Ind., on July 25, 1934 under a slab naming him Dillinger. Two days later, the grave was reopened and concrete mixed with scrap iron was poured in that completely surrounded the casket. The grave was then partially closed, and then four giant concrete slabs reinforced with chicken wire were placed in staggered gradations above the casket, obstacles weighing two and a half tons. This was a costly operation in 1934. Dillinger's father, who ordered this odd operation performed, didn't even have the fifty-dollar embalming fee for the corpse three days previous. The Dillinger family was broke, except for John, of course, who had robbed close to $1 million within the space of a year. The dead man didn't pay for the concrete—he only had $7.70 in his pocket when murdered. No doubt the whole affair was worth it to a much-relieved John Dillinger. James Lawrence's body could never be exhumed.

In the words of Howard T. Wood, executive vice-president of Crown Hill Cemetery, who I interviewed in 1969: "You'd have to blast him out of there. It's a wooden casket, I understand. There wouldn't be enough left to put into a cookie jar."

Genital strategy

After reading *My Theory of Genital Strategy* (June), I began to think very seriously about what the American people think of the women in Southeast Asia. It appears to me that the average American hears nothing of these women except that they are all whores. I am a sergeant in the air force; I have spent time in Vietnam and am currently serving in Thailand. The women over here haven't got the opportunity the women in the States do. For instance, when a Thai woman says she's going to work, this means she is going to look for a GI to go to bed with for a few dollars. I am a very happily married man and have never made it with any of these women and don't plan to, but the unmarried average GI tells everyone he knows that Thai women are whores, one and all! I would like to see an article on the good side of these women. After all, they are humans, not just whores!—*Sgt. Benny B. Patrick, APO San Francisco*

A Hoss of a different color

One of the things I learned from a literary mentor, Vardis Fisher, is that a writer never replies to a review of one of his works, be it positive or negative. I hope I obey his tenets of *writing* better than I am that one.

Just reading about Mr. Guccione in *Newsweek*, and his comments and plans concerning our Supreme Court's recent emergence from a 1797 time-machine, has made me hoist a fist and wish him well, with a great deal of respect.

Now, my novel *Ardor on Aros* (Dell, 1973) was reviewed in the August View from the Top, and entirely favorably reviewed at that. This is a signal occurrence to those of us who live in the ghetto called speculative (or science) fiction, and Norman Hoss's attitude toward paperback books is beautiful—not to mention sensible. There's only one word that properly sums it up, in caps: THANKS!—*Andrew J. Offutt, Haldeman, Ky.*

Xaviera feedback

I have just finished reading your December 1972 issue. I was very interested in letters to Xaviera Hollander, one in particular called "Beginner's Luck," about an eighteen-year-old boy with no sexual experience. This is my problem except I am twenty-one and have had three women, but it was hit-and-run with each of them. Xaviera suggested he should visit a professional prostitute. This is exactly what I would like to do, but I don't know how to go about finding one. I live fifty miles from Portland, Oregon, and surely there must be one there. I have asked bartenders and taxi drivers, but no one seems to know where I can find one. My question is, how do I find a pro?—*C.P. (name and address withheld)*

Don't ask the cabbie—tell him and tip him.—Editor

After reading in the July Forum a letter from P.D.G. of Rochester, N.Y., I couldn't help laughing, not at him, but with him. He was talking about *Playboy* having to imitate *Penthouse* to keep ahead. He went on to say, "The final infamy will come when *Playboy* or *Oui* hires Linda Lovelace to compete with your Xaviera Hollander. Then I'll know Hefner's given up the ship." A short time ago, I read in the *National Observer* that "Miss Lovelace has a two-year, $1,000-a-month contract to write the column [in *Oui* magazine] described as a 'sort of hip Ann Landers.'" By the time this letter is published, Miss Lovelace will probably have her column rolling along. All power to you, Xaviera. —*P.B. (name withheld), Los Altos, Calif.*

Pet requests

Many of my friends and I think your magazine is the best on this planet. We were wondering if you have thought of having popular actresses and musicians appear nude in your magazine, such as Carly Simon, Rita Coolidge, Carole King, Jane Fonda, Barbara Eden, Elizabeth Montgomery, Peggy Lipton, and others. You really ought to, if they're willing. Your magazine will sell twice as many copies.

I have found through my girl that feet are very sexy. So get more feet in the pictures. Thank you.—*J.L. (name withheld), New York, N.Y.*

You keep photographing your Pets indoors all the time. Why don't you have them inside a car —behind the steering wheel! I am fascinated with nude women drivers. I don't know why, but I get aroused just by imagining a woman in the nude driving her car. You have a lot of beautiful women, and it's too bad they're not in cars.

In your issue of May 1971, you photographed Billie Rainbird driving her jeep topless. You had the right idea, but there were two things wrong. She had the bottom part of her bikini on and you didn't get a good frontal shot of her.

In your future issues, I would like to see your models photographed completely in the nude, driving a car.—*(Name and address withheld)*

In many past issues I've noted the fascination of many of your readers with female amputees.

Personally, I'm very turned on by girls with tattoos. Being a young, healthy guy (twenty-seven) interested in the opposite sex, I've found that tattooed gals are vibrant females who aren't ashamed of their bodies.

Recently there has been a tattoo renaissance in this country and the gals are flocking to parlors to get motifs. As housewives, students, secretaries, airline stewardesses, etc., are finding out, a nice little tattoo can be sexy! A tattoo artist in San Francisco reports that 50 percent of his business comes from women.

I'd love to see *Penthouse* devote a pictorial to this new phenomenon—and would be interested if your other readers share my interest.—*John Williams, Louisville, Ky.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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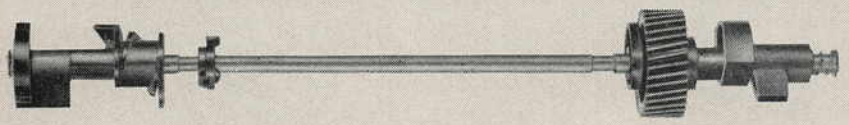

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Volunteers

A copy of your magazine was in the home of some people I was visiting recently.

On your front cover was this "girl" holding up her two huge breasts and grinning. Now, she was either grinning because, like me, she thought she looked like an ass sitting there with her pubic hair sticking out and these two huge melons in her hands, or else the photographer was telling her a joke. I figured if the front cover was so terrific (and I had heard what a group of "sophisticated," "with it" people write for your rapidly growing publication in a rapidly going crazy world), that if I opened the cover I would be in store for a real treat.

There in front of me were several hundred pages of absolute joy. I read every page of the article on how sex has kept us in Vietnam. I am sure that your writer was at least a West Point graduate, if not a very involved member of the United States armed services who fought and saw the hell in the eyes of the women and children who were not spreading their legs for anyone. My confusion over our prolonged involvement in Vietnam is all settled. Thank you. . . .

Then, reading on, in Call Me Madam, I found a fountain of wisdom. There was a letter from a thirty-year-old male who has had sex with his wife and a desired female friend several times, who walks around with his dick in his hand most of his life, who loves and cherishes and wants his wife, but *must* have sex 200 times a week, and was wondering what he should do because his wife only wants to have sex once a month now. Miss Xaviera (who I was told is none other than the world-renowned "Happy Hooker"—I should have known), answered that surely his wife needs psychiatric care. I was relieved. I thought perhaps she might have thought our virile stud was a little demented. God help us.

Now I find myself looking over your previous Pets of the Month. My favorite was the one standing at her window, breasts exposed, vaginal area too (that's the part of the woman's body where the miracle of birth occurs—in case you didn't know). Under her picture I read how she was pure and would always be that way, like it or not, take it or leave it. I was moved to tears. The dignity of woman always moves me to tears.

In closing I just want to say how relieved I am that should I meet an untimely death my children would always be able to have the guidance, depth, strength, and wisdom of a magazine such as yours to guide them in their journey in life. PS My measurements are 36-24-36, I have very dark brown eyes, brown hair, and I am 5'5" tall and very cute—honestly. My fiancé says he would forbid me to pose for your centerfold. What does he know? Call me anytime.—*M.R. (name withheld), Newark, N.J.*

Everyone has a pet fantasy about something or other—mine is that I have always wanted to be a centerfold! Thank goodness there aren't supposed to be good reasons for fantasies!

Your magazine brings me great joy every month. An excellent and much needed publication.—*Sherri Woodcock, Ottawa, Ontario*

Re: Grant H. Hendricks's request (August issue) to see an older woman nude. This is the second time I have read in *Penthouse* a reader's desire to see a nude woman between thirty and forty.

Well, here I am. Thirty-two years old, five children, 150 pounds (all in the right places, may I add), long red hair, and green eyes.

I've always dreamed of being a model for a day, but settled for married life instead. I am now divorced.

I mentioned to a few close friends and family that I was going to write you regarding the request

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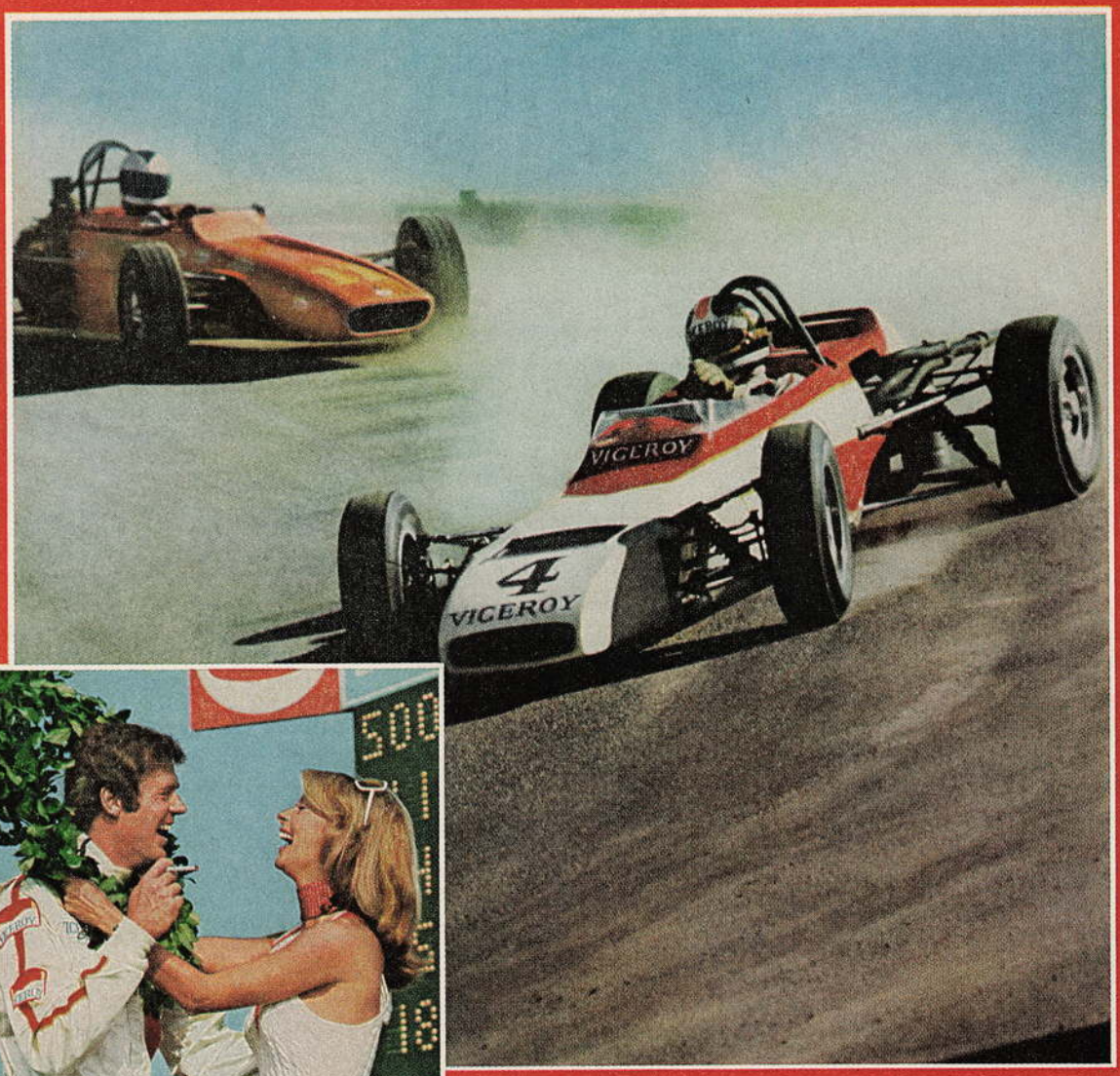

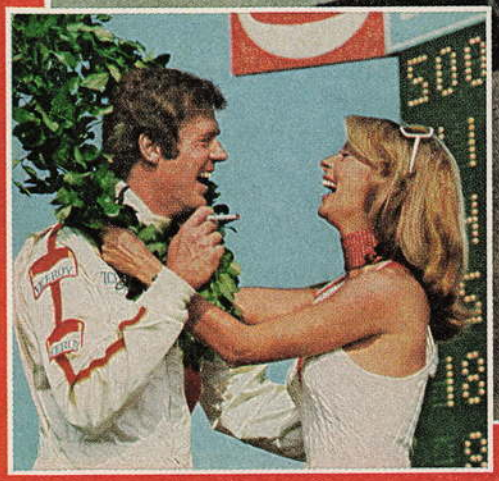

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for older, mother-type models and everyone thought it was great. Society is really changing, especially when my own father and lover say "Great."

Simply, I'm very proud of my older body for the wear and tear of good times it's had, and seriously I would like to volunteer to be your first Oldie but Goodie lady to be published in *Penthouse*. But I'm sure you have several dozen ladies begging for the same chance. Thank you for your consideration.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Thanks. We're getting more and more requests like yours, and although we haven't come to a decision yet, we'll certainly let you know when we do.—Editor

Company for two

Just a brief note to commend you on the excellent taste in photography and sensitivity used in the August pictorial *Two's Company*.

For so long, movies, magazines, and other media have portrayed intimate relationships between the same sex as degrading, tragic, sadistic, or solely sexual. The new life of America is discovering that beauty and warmth can exist between any two human beings—be they the same sex or the opposite sex.

We would like to see more.—*L.P. (name withheld), Baltimore, Md.*

Thank you very much for photographing Carol and Laura in your pictorial *Two's Company*. I have been anticipating this article since your September '72 pictorial, *Woodstock Generation*.

These two beautiful young women are a symbol of your magazine. They are free, tempting, and delicious. Photographer Ken Marcus should receive an award for such a lovely article. And the same to Bob Guccione for Lane Jackson Coyle, August's Pet. Guccione's skill as a photographer is shown especially between pages 72 and 75. *Especially* page 72. Love ya, Lane!

Many thanks for publishing *Penthouse*.—*(Name and address withheld)*

I have been a reader of your magazine for several months and find it generally excellent. The feature that prompts this letter is the pictorial by Ken Marcus in the August issue. The blond in this feature is *fantastic*. Especially in the pictures on pages 94 and 97. Great breasts, flat belly, just *beautiful*. Please, let's see more of her in a subsequent feature!

Don't let this asinine censorship business cause you to change your magazine in any way. I notice all the others are imitating you now. Full speed ahead!

One last time—more of that blond, please!—*L.J. (name withheld), Birmingham, Ala.*

The moving pictorial *Two's Company* is responsible for *Penthouse* coming into my life. The magnificent photography of Ken Marcus coupled with such beautiful words should serve to dispel the general public impression that the love between two women is expressed by dildos and shameful, perverse activity. In my opinion, each picture implies the subtle sensitivity that is the essence of love itself. Thank you for portraying the other face of love in the near-sacred manner in which it evolved.

It is indeed refreshing to see human sexuality as a precious art form. I look forward to future issues of *Penthouse* and more of the same.—*C.O. (name withheld), Parkersburg, W.Va.*

Mikki's movie

I have been a reader of your magazine for many years, and I have found that it is one of the best in the world. In your issues of August and July,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

The happy vodka. Gordon's.

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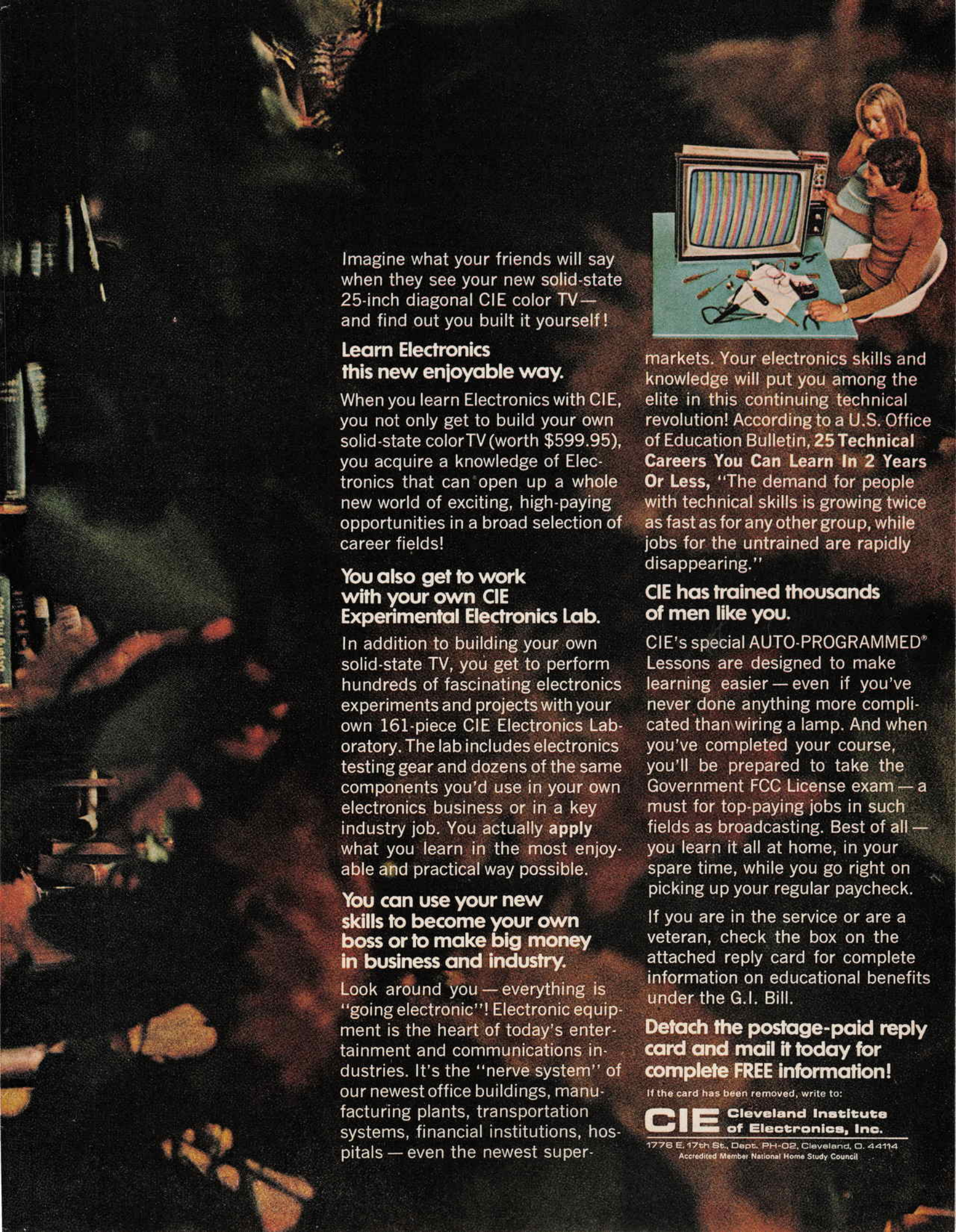

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you have finally hit exactly on what *entertainment* means. *Mikki Makes a Movie* (July), showing two members of the movie *White Lightning* having some fun on the dock, was very entertaining. Watching him fondle her nipples and breasts is not pornographic—it is very decent and entertaining. And, among other interesting articles and photos in your August issue, the pictorial *Two's Company* was very enjoyable.

I don't understand why more articles like these have not shown up in your magazine. But, I must admit that *Penthouse* is the best men's magazine and is doing the most to fight the recent Supreme Court ruling.—*David Stoneham, Medfield, Mass.*

The pictorial and article on Mikki Dessa (July) was superb. Her sexuality is so evident it's enough to make anyone's mouth water. I can't wait to see the movie just to be able to see more of her.—*(Name and address withheld)*

While reading your July issue, I came across your fine article, *Mikki Makes a Movie*. Needless to say, my curiosity was driven to its utmost.

Using this article as my means of persuasion, I convinced a few of my friends to see the movie, *White Lightning*.

A few questions, if I may: Where was Mikki? Did the Columbia censors mess the movie up or was it your magazine who slipped us a Mikki? I must say I was greatly disappointed to observe Mikki's absence. You are innocent until proven guilty but an explanation would sure be appreciated.—*G.E. Kois, Columbia, S.C.*

The final version of **White Lightning** *was released with a PG rating. Apparently, either Columbia Pictures or the Code and Rating Administration of the Motion Picture Association felt that Mikki's segment would not amuse teenaged audiences. —Editor*

She dares us

In your July issue, the editor finally admitted what I'd been suspecting for a long time—you mean to say you won't pose fully nude for us because your cock might not be as big as the next guy's? If we girls felt the same way about our breasts you wouldn't have a magazine. Besides, small breasts can be just as erotic as large ones. Are you guys a bunch of "pussies" or something? Show us your difference.—*Patti McGuire, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.*

I was a *Playboy* reader until sometime last year when I first read *Penthouse*. To me, *Penthouse* fills the needs of the younger generation, while *Playboy* is geared to the over-forty crowd, the very crowd, in fact, that was young when *Playboy* was first published.

At any rate, I still read both magazines, though I much prefer *Penthouse*. After seeing the August issue of *Playboy*, I can only conclude that ol' Hef is really worried, and out for blood! I could hardly believe that my eyes were beholding a fully nude male! No carefully placed arm or sheet, just the real "thing"! I wasn't that impressed with the picture itself, but with the fact that it was there at all. Here's the point: I was anxious to get a subscription to your new magazine, *Viva*, until I read that there would be no nude males in it. Well, why the hell not?! That's what I'd like to know! It's a magazine for women, is it not? It's not the pictures, per se, that I'm interested in at the moment; it's the principle involved here. Why should you make such an arbitrary decision?

Well, I've enjoyed reading *Penthouse* so much, especially the Forum, which has really helped broaden my sexual attitudes. I want to thank you for that—it deserves thanks. But I also say, why stop now? Give us women the same opportunity

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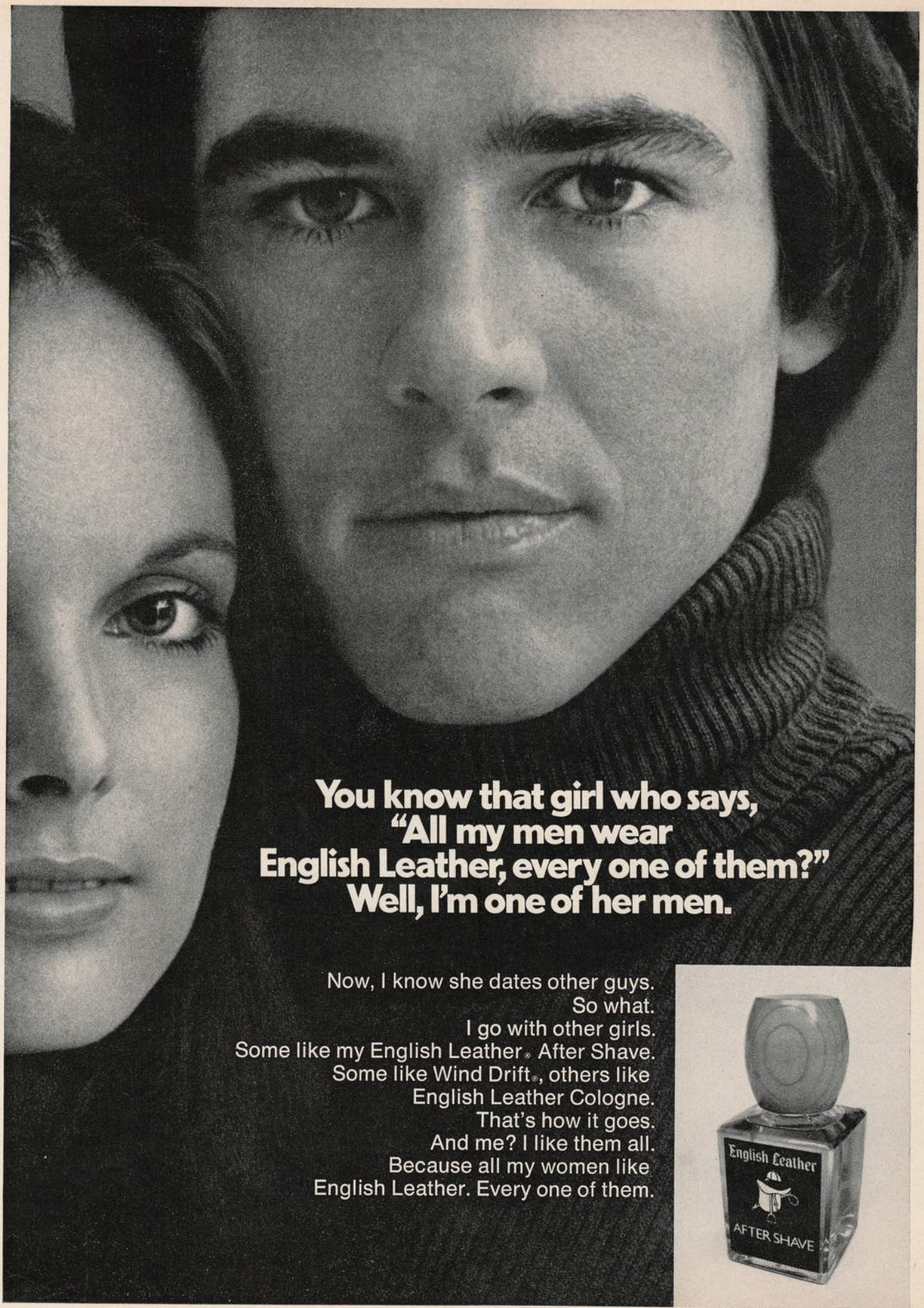
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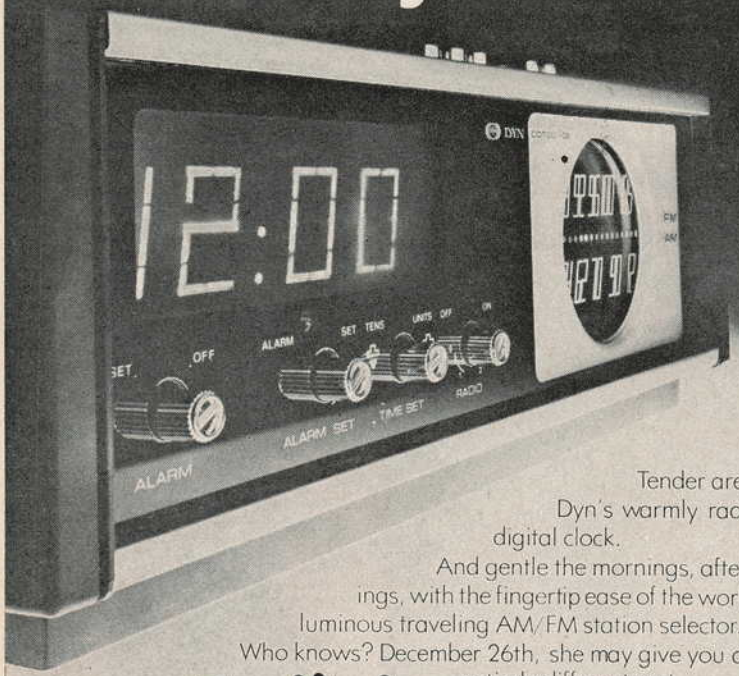

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for pleasure you give men in *Penthouse*! Think it over, guys.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Now that the second issue of **Viva** *is out, the suspense is over. You can see for yourself whether you'd like to subscribe to it—or keep on reading* ***Penthouse****!—Editor*

Isaac Hayes

We enjoyed the September issue of *Penthouse* very much. However, on pages 53 and 54, in the article about Isaac Hayes, there is an error. It states that he lives in a Coldwater Canyon home that once belonged to Hermione Gingold. Actually, it once belonged to Hermione Baddeley, who is a friend of mine. The two stars are frequently confused with each other, but we felt you might want to correct this error.—*Thane, Palm Springs, Calif.*

We stand corrected. Thank you.—Editor

Homework

An often debated question is that of the etymology of the word fuck. In your recent issue you commented on the possibility of its derivation from the acronym "For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge." I disagree with this notion on the basis of professional expertise.

A few years ago while I was an undergraduate at Arizona State University majoring in English I took a course in modern grammar, and during this course of study I prepared a paper dealing with the etymology, pronunciation, and definition of the words fuck and shit. Shit is well covered in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, but I could find nothing concerning fuck, not even in *Webster's Third International Dictionary*, which is today's most authoritative index to the English language as used now.

Having read a number of articles which dealt with the *Webster's Third*, most of them very critical of the editors' practices, I discovered that the word fuck was the only common obscene-slang term left out because of fears that libraries and schools, who are the principal buyers of unabridged dictionaries, would not purchase the dictionary if fuck appeared within. Therefore, I wrote to Mr. H. B. Woolf, editorial director of *Webster's Third*.

The following is quoted from Mr. Woolf's letter (November 1971): "The decision to omit the word from *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* was made in the late 1950's, and we believe that the same decision would not be made today. The acronymic theory of its origin is without foundation. Our etymologists have prepared the following on the bases of our present knowledge:

> "perh. of Scand origin; akin to Norw dial. *fukka* to copulate, Sw dial. *focka* to copulate, strike, push, *fock* penis; perh. akin to L *pugnus* fist, *pungere* to prick, string GK *pygme* fist

"The earliest use of the word that has come to our attention is in the writings of the Scottish poet William Dunbar (1460?–?1520). In this connection see Craigie's *Dictionary of the Older Scottish Tongue* s.v. *fuk*."

So there you have it, about as authoritative as I think you will find for now. And to think that fuck apparently was a poetic word, acceptable in the finest form of literature. Maybe it's on its way back to respectability.—*Patrick Ivers, Tempe, Ariz.*

Among the pleasures of *Penthouse* for June and July are certain curious letters concerning the origin of the word fuck. I submit that the truth lies elsewhere.

When I was an undergraduate some twenty years ago, I met a very fine instructor of English who came out of the Tennessee mountains, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Our new menthol is a lemon.

Because we added a dash of lemon freshness to new menthol TWIST, it tastes fresher than ordinary cigarettes and gives you a smoother cool. Try TWIST, the one and only lemon menthol.

Twist
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18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

his career included boxing, drinking, and writing.

Anyway, gentlemen, the key to fuck is onomatopoeia. As this instructor pointed out, the sound of fuck is like the sound of an old mule lifting his hind foot out of the mud.

Think about it. The sound of fuck and the spoken word are similar, and they have both been around for a very long time. The acronym For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge does have a certain 18th-century flavor, but, compared to the word, it must be regarded as a relatively modern invention.—*Dr. David L. Hetrick, Los Alamos, N.M.*

I fear it is hopeless; still I will make an attempt to improve *Penthouse*'s Latin. You and countless thousands use the word cunnilingus as if it meant the act of licking cunt. Really, it does not. Cunnilingus is "who licks cunt." The doer, not the deed. So you should not say: he likes cunnilingus. That is like saying: he likes sailor, when you mean to say he likes sailing. A pussy-eating woman would be cunnilinga, but I do not think that word is actually found anywhere.—*H. T. Villeneuve, Montreal, Canada*

You may improve our Latin, but not our English. Although cunnilingus certainly means "one who licks the vulva" in Latin, in English it refers to the act, not the agent. ***Webster's Third New International Dictionary, the Random House Dictionary of the English Language, and the American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*** *all agree on this.* ***Webster's*** *definition: "stimulation of the vulva or clitoris with the lips or tongue."—Editor*

A memorable experience

Last summer I was with my girl friend in the woods near my house. We were both completely naked and screwing our hearts out. My mother and my teacher are very good friends and nuts about birdwatching. About ten minutes after we had started, my teacher saw us through her binoculars and told my mother. They walked over and started to stare at us. We were very embarrassed and all I could say was, "Well." (My father had died years before.) After a few more minutes my mother asked if they could join us. They were undressed in seconds. After a few minutes we were all screwing. Since that day (as I'm an only child) I sleep with my mother every night. We sometimes have my chick and teacher share our king-sized bed with us. We have sex for a full weekend. Now, the thought of another girl never enters my mind except for my chick, my mother, and my teacher.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Subscriptions

I only started reading *Penthouse* in March. I enjoyed it so much that I read every issue that I get, from cover to cover, as I do the two old standbys I also subscribe to, *Reader's Digest* and *Changing Times*. I wish *Penthouse* continued success; it's an outstanding magazine!—*Colonel Robert T. Peters, Jr., Indian Harbour Beach, Fla.*

My niece gave me a subscription to *Penthouse*. Just thought I'd let you know that I lost thirty-six hairs off my head when I pulled that first issue out of the folder. I haven't had the courage to look at the second one yet. Will let you know what happens after I do!—*James W. Barker, Arkansas City, Kan.*

I appreciate very much your response to my inquiry concerning my subscription. It isn't often that people are so quick to respond and help solve a problem or misunderstanding that arises. I admire you people simply because of the concern you offer your customers. I received my July issue and two back issues that were missing. I wish to thank you once again for your concern. Some of us, you'll find, really do appreciate it. I am smiling because you've made one day just a little bit happier for me. I find that important. —*D.D. (name withheld), Monroe, Wash.*

Our subscription department checked their records and verified that D.D.'s copies were going out each month. Somewhere along the line there might have been a greedy postman or someone who enjoys ***Penthouse*** *too much to pass it on when they're finished. Anyone else who has subscription trouble should write to our circulation department. Please accept our apologies for any inconvenience. Once the magazine is sent out, there is little we can do to insure its delivery. —Editor*

Good enough to eat

Having recently read the comments made by fellow readers of *Penthouse* in regard to the possible adding of "scratch-and-sniff" on some of the girls' pictures, I thought you might like to carry it one step further.

In the interest of the nation's ecology, and the overworking of our recycling plants, why not make your magazine not only smell like a girl, but taste like one also? Thus, when you finish reading it, eyeing the girls under your magnifying glass, scratching and sniffing, you could eat the damn thing.—*Hungry in Massachusetts*

If you eat your copy of ***Penthouse*** *it will be gone forever, but if you just put it on the bookshelf you can enjoy it again someday.—Editor*

Boys will be girls

I have read various books on the subject of sex and I have even tried it a few times. I have seen a few of the nude pictures of some women in your magazine, and I have noticed some differences between the pictures and some of the women I have seen.

I have read that it is possible for a man to have a sex change operation and sometimes even bear children. I want to know if it is possible that I have been a victim of a very maladjusted homosexual. How can I find out?—*E.C. (name withheld), Newhall, Calif.*

Sorry, unless you have a note from your doctor, we can't tell you.—Editor

The fight is right

How about showing two beautiful young girls wrestling in a photo-essay feature? Many of your readers have written in asking you to do this but so far you haven't done much. I'd never write to *Playboy* since they close their minds to such things.

Your *Two's Company* pictorial in the August issue was great. Could you imagine how sexy it would be, though, to see these two beauties wrestling bare-breasted on a grassy hillside in their jeans? Seeing their young bodies straining would be breathtaking.

How about giving it a try? I know it would be popular. In fact I wouldn't mind seeing Lane Coyle (your August Pet) in a match.—*T.J. (name withheld), Linden, N.J.*

The letter by R.H. in the August Forum on coed wrestlers really shows an awareness of where it's at on the erotic scene, and it brings to mind fond memories of an experience that I will never forget. Last summer my wife and I had an unmarried couple over for a barbecue after a day at the beach. After dinner we started throwing a Frisbee around on the back lawn and this evolved into a girls against boys keep-away game.

After a while it became obvious that the other girl was on the make, since she stayed close to me and held on to me far more than necessary whenever I had the Frisbee. Soon my wife, no longer able to restrain herself, slipped behind her and neatly deposited her on the ground saying, "If you want him, you'll have to earn him." Sally, up for the challenge, was only too happy to oblige.

Both girls stripped down to their bikinis (minus bras) and squared off—to the delight of both my friend and myself. They wrestled furiously for about five minutes, with my wife getting the better of it and Sally losing her panties in the scuffle. Then all of a sudden Sally rolled her over on her back and pinned her, breasts to breasts. I came twice just watching this and that night, between various wrestling matches, we all enjoyed sex to its fullest.

The sight of two girls fighting or wrestling turns the air electric. Could you *please* do some sort of photographic essay on the subject? Many of your recent letters indicate the interest is there. —*W.M. (name and address withheld)*

While reading the April *Penthouse*, a letter in Forum caught my undivided attention. I'm referring to Mr. D.S. of San Francisco, who achieves orgasm watching two women go at it. Well, he is definitely not alone in sharing this interest. I, too, enjoy watching a pair of briefly attired and attractive women wrestle or engage themselves in a scratching, hair-pulling, and slapping scrap.

When I was in my early teens the thought of two girls fighting excited me immensely. I remember one fight in high school between two jealous young ladies. They were both interested in a guy from another school and after repeated warnings to each other it was felt that the only way to settle their differences was to fight for him. The things they said to each other in prelude to their encounter should not be printed. The fight lasted a good ten minutes, ending up with one of the girls almost stripped of all her clothing, panties and all. It was damned exciting to see the two fight. Another time, a fight ensued at a local club when a go-go dancer made passing pelvic gestures at one of the patrons. His date didn't take that as being too cool and a fight was on. It lasted only five minutes with the go-go dancer surprisingly the victor, leaving her opponent topless and a mess. She vowed to return, but the damage had obviously been done.

I hope you will print more on this subject in future issues of *Penthouse* to augment your already unsurpassed excellence in entertainment. —*(Name and address withheld)*

We applaud the idea. Was it not Emperor Marcus Aurelius who said, "The art of living is like wrestling"?—Editor

Family affairs

In regard to the letter in your August Forum concerning the sibling lovers, I, too, have experienced sex with my sister and it has been the best I've had.

When we were growing up, our bedrooms were joined by a door that was permanently locked. I made a small hole in this door so that I could view my sister while she was undressing. At the age of thirteen, my sister being sixteen, I became totally aroused while watching her undress and decided to confront her. I barged into her room wearing only jockey shorts and there she stood, totally nude. We both just stood there for about thirty seconds, our eyes in constant motion, not missing an inch of one another's body. Without

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

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ORIGINAL ARTISTS

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1. Moonlight Gambler	Frankie Lane
2. I Walk the Line	Johnny Cash
3. Blue Suede Shoes	Elvis Presley
4. Tutti Frutti	Elvis Presley
5. Born to be With You	Cordettes
6. Go Away Little Girl	Steve Lawrence
7. I'm In Love Again	Fats Domino
8. Blueberry Hill	Fats Domino
9. Blue Monday	Fats Domino
10. Just Walking in the Rain	Johnny Ray
11. Since I Met You, Baby	Ivory Joe Hunter
12. Long Tall Sally	Little Richard
13. Love is Strange	Mickey & Sylvia
14. Why Do Fools Fall in Love?	F. Lymon/Teenagers
15. Canadian Sunset	Andy Williams
16. The Fool	Sanford Clark

TITLE	1957 ARTIST
1. Diana	Paul Anka
2. That'll Be the Day	B. Holly/Crickets
3. Oh, Boy	B. Holly/Crickets
4. Come, Go With Me	Del-Vikings
5. Whispering Bells	Del-Vikings
6. Wonderful Wonderful	Johnny Mathis
7. The Twelfth of Never	Johnny Mathis
8. School Day	Chuck Berry
9. Jamaica Farewell	Harry Belafonte
10. Banana Boat Song	Harry Belafonte
11. Bee-Bop Baby	Ricky Nelson
12. Stood Up	Ricky Nelson
13. Butterfly	Charlie Gracie
14. Party Doll	Buddy Knox
15. Kisses Sweeter than Wine	Jimmie Rodgers
16. Honey Comb	Jimmie Rodgers

TITLE	1958 ARTIST
1. Rave On	Buddy Holly
2. Maybe Baby	B. Holly/Crickets
3. Book of Love	Monotones
4. Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby	Tune Weavers
5. For Your Precious Love	Jerry Butler
6. Susie Darlin'	Robin Luke
7. Tears On My Pillow	Lil Anthony/Imperials
8. Summertime, Summertime	Jamies
9. Big Man	Four Preps
10. Whole Lotta Lovin'	Fats Domino
11. Sixteen Candles	Crests
12. Summertime Blues	Eddie Cochran
13. Johnny Be Goode	Chuck Berry
14. A Lover's Question	Clyde McPhatter
15. To Know Him is to Love Him	Teddy Bears
16. Lonely Teardrops	Jackie Wilson

TITLE	1959 ARTIST
1. There Goes My Baby	Drifters
2. Lonely Boy	Paul Anka
3. Put Your Head on my Shoulder	Paul Anka
4. Teenager in Love	Dion
5. Come Softly To Me	Fleetwoods
6. Mr. Blue	Fleetwoods
7. The Big Hurt	Tony Fischer
8. Teen Angel	Mark Dinning
9. Broken Hearted Melody	Sarah Vaughn
10. We Got Love	Bobby Rydell
11. Tragedy	Thomas Wayne
12. M.T.A.	Kingston Trio
13. Here Comes Summer	Jerry Keller
14. Waterloo	Stonewall Jackson
15. It Doesn't Matter Anymore	B. Holly/Crickets
16. Heartbeat	B. Holly/Crickets

TITLE	1960 ARTIST
1. Blue Angel	Roy Orbison
2. Lonely Teenager	Dion/Belmonts
3. Where or When	Dion/Belmonts
4. This Magic Moment	Drifters
5. Harlem Nocturn	Viscounts
6. Puppy Love	Paul Anka
7. Georgia On My Mind	Ray Charles
8. Chain Gang	Sam Cooke
9. Walkin' to New Orleans	Fats Domino
10. Mule Skinner Blues	Fender Men
11. Tell Laura I Love Her	Ray Peterson
12. Wild One	Bobby Rydell
13. Calendar Girl	Neil Sedaka
14. Devil or Angel?	Bobby Vee
15. Rubber Ball	Bobby Vee
16. Mr. Custer	Larry Verne

TITLE	1961 ARTIST
1. Running Scared	Roy Orbison
2. Candy Man	Roy Orbison
3. Moody River	Pat Boone
4. Spanish Harlem	Ben E. King
5. Stand By Me	Ben E. King
6. Some Kind of Wonderful	Drifters
7. Twist	Chubby Checker
8. Cupid	Sam Cooke
9. The Mountain High	Dick & DeeDee
10. Tonight	Ferante & Teicher
11. Gypsy Woman	Impressions
12. This Time	Troy Shondell
13. I've Told Every Little Star	Linda Scott
14. A Hundred Pounds of Clay	Gene McDaniels
15. Moon River	Henry Mancini
16. Raindrops	Dee Clark

TITLE	1962 ARTIST
1. Only Love Can Break a Heart	Gene Pitney
2. If I Didn't Have a Dime	Gene Pitney
3. She Cried	Jay & the Americans
4. When My Little Girl is Smilin'	Drifters
5. Up on the Roof	Drifters
6. Twistin the Night Away	Sam Cook
7. Shout	Joey Dee
8. Sealed with a Kiss	Brian Hyland
9. Torture	Kris Jensen
10. Wolverton Mountain	Claude King
11. Love Letters	Kelly Lester
12. Let's Dance	Chris Montez
13. Leah	Roy Orbison
14. Any Day Now	Chuck Jachson
15. The Night has a Thousand Eyes	Bobby Vee
16. Sheila	Tommy Roe

TITLE	1963 ARTIST
1. Surfin' USA	Beach Boys
2. Hey, Baby	Bruce Channel
3. Let Your Music Play	Drifters
4. Ruby Baby	Dion
5. Donna the Prima Donna	Dion
6. Detroit City	Bobby Bare
7. Rhythm of the Rain	Cascades
8. Mean Women Blues	Roy Orbison
9. Twenty Four Hours from Tulsa	Gene Pitney
10. Man Who Shot Liberty Valance	Gene Pitney
11. More	Kai Winding
12. Silver Thread, Golden Needles	Springfields
13. Since I Felt For You	Lenny Welch
14. Puff the Magic Dragon	Peter, Paul, Mary
15. If I had a Hammer	Peter, Paul, Mary
16. Blowin in the Wind	Peter, Paul, Mary

TITLE	1964 ARTIST
1. California Sun	Rivieras
2. Fun, Fun, Fun	Beach Boys
3. Needles and Pins	Searchers
4. Come A Little Bit Closer	Jay/Americans
5. Oh, Pretty Woman	Roy Orbison
6. Dawn	Four Seasons
7. Glad All Over	Dave Clark 5
8. Do You Love Me	Dave Clark 5
9. She's About a Mover	Sir Douglas Quintet
10. Wishin and Hopin	Dusty Springfield
11. Suspicion	Terry Stafford
12. Memphis	Johnny Rivers
13. Don't Let Sun Catch You Cryin	Gerry/Pacemakers
14. Under the Boardwalk	Drifters
15. I Believe	Bachelors
16. House of the Rising Sun	Animals

TITLE	1965 ARTIST
1. It Was a Very Good Year	Frank Sinatra
2. California Girls	Beach Boys
3. Do You Wanna Dance	Beach Boys
4. What the World Needs Now	Jackie DeShannon
5. Mrs. Brown-Lovely Daughter	Herman's Hermits
6. Baby the Rain Must Fall	Glen Yarborough
7. Five O'Clock World	Vogues
8. You Were On My Mind	We Five
9. Spanish Eyes	Al Martino
10. Down in the Boondocks	Billy Joe Royal
11. Game of Love	Wayne Fontana
12. You've Got Troubles/I've Got	Fortunes
13. Keep on Dancin'	Gentrys
14. Ferry Across the Mersey	Gerry/Pacemakers
15. Cara Mia	Jay/Americans
16. Over and Over	Dave Clark 5

TITLE	1966 ARTIST
1. Hang on Sloopy	The McCoys
2. Soop John B	Beach Boys
3. Bang Bang	Cher
4. Red Rubber Ball	Cyrkle
5. Cherry Cherry	Neil Diamond
6. I Fought the Law	Bobby Fuller 4
7. Love's Made a Fool of You	Bobby Fuller 4
8. Elusive Butterfly	Bob Lind
9. I Saw Her Again	Mamas & Papas
10. Woman	Peter & Gordon
11. Lady Godiva	Peter & Gordon
12. Where Were You, Needed You	Grass Roots
13. Georgia Girl	Seekers
14. I'll Never Find Another You	Seekers
15. A Place in the Sun	Stevie Wonder
16. Guantanamera	The Sandpipers

TITLE	1967 ARTIST
1. Baby I Need Your Lovin'	Johnny Rivers
2. A Whiter Shade of Pale	Procol Harum
3. San Francisco	Scott McKenzie
4. Brown Eyed Girl	Van Morrison
5. There's A Kind of Hush	Herman's Hermits
6. Judy in Disguise	John Fred/Playboy Band
7. To Love Somebody	Bee Gees
8. San Franciscan Nights	Animals
9. Kentucky Woman	Neil Diamond
10. Carrie-Anne	Hollies
11. I'll Never Fall in Love Again	Tom Jones
12. Jackson	N. Sinatra/L. Hazelwood
13. Different Drum	Stone Poneys
14. Silence is Golden	Tremeloes
15. Somebody to Love	Jefferson Airplane
16. White Rabbit	Jefferson Airplane

TITLE	1968 ARTIST
1. Young Girl	G. Puckett/Union Gap
2. This Magic Moment	Jay & Americans
3. Mac Arthur Park	Richard Harris
4. Abraham, Martin & John	Dion
5. Words	Bee Gees
6. The Unicorn	Irish Rovers
7. The Look of Love	S. Mendes/Brazil '66
8. Tuesday Afternoon	Moody Blues
9. Hold Me Tight	Johnny Nash
10. Simon Says	1910 Fruitgum Co.
11. Ramblin', Gamblin' Man	Bob Seger System
12. Born to be Wild	Steppenwolf
13. Turn Around, Look at Me	Vogues
14. My Special Angel	Vogues
15. Master Jack	4 Jacks & a Jill
16. She's a Heartbreaker	Gene Pitney

TITLE	1969 ARTIST
1. Suspicious Minds	Elvis Presley
2. In the Ghetto	Elvis Presley
3. Everybody's Talkin'	Nilsson
4. Good Morning Starshine	Oliver
5. Jean	Oliver
6. The Boxer	Simon & Garfunkel
7. Games People Play	Joe South
8. Traces	Classics IV
9. Lodi	CCR
10. Suite: Judy Blue Eyes	Crosby/Stills/Nash
11. Sweet Caroline	Neil Diamond
12. Laughing	Guess Who
13. Ruby, Don't Take Love to Town	K. Rogers/1st Edition
14. Baby, It's You	Smith
15. Welcome Me Love	Brooklyn Bridge
16. One	Three Dog Night

TITLE	1970 ARTIST
1. Ride Captain Ride	Blue Image
2. It Don't Matter to Me	Bread
3. Ticket to Ride	Carpenters
4. Make Me Smile	Chicago
5. Knock Three Times	Dawn
6. Your Song	Elton John
7. Reflections of My Love	Marmalade
8. Question	Moody Blues
9. Big Yellow Taxie	The Neighborhood
10. Mr. Bojangles	Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
11. Band of Gold	Freda Payne
12. Black Magic Woman	Santana
13. Celebrate	Three Dog Night
14. Have You Ever Seen the Rain?	CCR
15. For the Good Times	Ray Price
16. Long, Long Time	Linda Ronstandt

TITLE	1971 ARTIST
1. American Pie (Full Version)	Don McLean
2. Superstar	Carpenters
3. Joy to the World	Three Dog Night
4. Colour My World	Chicago
5. Night Drove Old Dixie Down	Joan Baez
6. Stones	Neil Diamond
7. She's a Lady	Tom Jones
8. Me and Bobby McGee	Janis Joplin
9. Me, You, a Dog Named Boo	Lobo
10. Brand New Key	Melanie
11. Without You	Nilson
12. It's One of Those Nights	Partridge Family
13. Moon Shadow	Cat Stevens
14. Gypsies Tramps & Thieves	Cher
15. I Don't Know How to Love Him	Yvonne Elliman
16. Superstar (Jesus Christ)	M. Head/Trinidads

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a word said, I walked over to her and began kissing her, pressing her warm, firm body to mine. She was offering no resistance so I eased her down on the bed and at the same time removed my shorts. I began sucking and kissing her breast until she was moaning with pleasure. I deflowered my sister that night and we have enjoyed sex together to this day. I am now twenty-six, single, and enjoy sex with other women. My sister is married and the mother of a two-year-old girl, but we continue to enjoy our "special relationship" whenever possible. The reason she did not resist me that first night was that she had wanted me as much as I wanted her. She told me afterward that she had been trying to think up an indirect way for it to happen. Neither of us feels it is wrong. Our sexual relationship is beautiful!—*(Name withheld), Santa Ana, Calif.*

In reference to the letter written by E.R. from Chicago in your August issue revealing the affair with his sister, I have a similar situation. I am twenty years old, brought up in a normal middle-class household, and considered attractive. I am currently having an affair with my older sister.

It all started a year and a half ago during Christmas vacation in 1971. I was sitting listening to my stereo one night, when Mary, three years older than I, walked in my room with nothing but a bra and panties on. I was quite surprised since she never before left her room unless she was fully clothed.

When I lowered the volume, Mary stuttered and hesitated. Finally, she asked apprehensively, "Have you wanted to make love to your sister?" I confided that, yes, I had many times, and confessed that it was a shame that she was my sister. "You feel the same way I do, don't you?" she asked. I nodded affirmatively. I went to give her a kiss on the cheek and she flung her arms around me and kissed me hotly on the lips. We slowly undressed each other and we made love. I almost had forgotten that she was my sister. She has to be one of the best I've ever had. We still make love every chance we get.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Pain and pleasure

I was disappointed that in the August Forum no letters were shared about the exciting turn-on of a spanking. For my husband (a superstrong construction man who can really deliver a strong wallop) and me, spankings have been an addition to our lovemaking for the four years of our marriage.

Most of the time they begin as a punishment for some very minor infraction or oversight. For example, last week he noticed a tiny dent on the family car. He ranted and raved about the value of a car and my lack of consideration. "Wait till I blister your ass," he said, "next time you'll remember to be careful." I knew what was to happen next, and although I was excited with anticipation, I became penitent and fearful. "I'm so sorry," I said, over and over.

He grabbed me, pulled me over his knee and removed my panties. He also removed his shoe. Holding the shoe by the toe part, he then began hitting my ass with the heel. After a few strong wallops, I was crying and honestly begging him to stop. I tried to wriggle out of the way of the next blow. However, the more I resisted the harder he hit. After forty or fifty thrashes on my ass—when the fight was literally beaten out of me and I was sobbing in resignation—he turned me over and fucked me.

Another time, because of some undone chores, he decided to punish me. He grabbed two coat hangers and let me choose—a wire type or a wooden one. The wire one appeared less substantial so I chose that one. He laid me on the bed and promised if I moved I would probably get it all over and not just my ass. He then delivered the longest, hardest beating I remember. The sting was unbelievable and I couldn't keep from moving trying to get out of its way. Because of that I received several hard ones on the backs of my thighs. I felt as though I were on fire. But the more my ass was burning with hurt, the more my clit was quivering and the more I came. The red welts that hanger raised lasted nearly a week.

Sometimes, when there is no excuse for a spanking, my husband will look at me and say, "You have the whitest ass! I'll have to put some color in it." We have a little paddle—the kind you see at vacation gift shops—hanging in the den as a joke. But in our house it gets used—no joke. He puts me over his knee, pulls down my panties, keeps one hand feeling my cunt, the other slamming the paddle on my ass. No matter how long or hard I get it like that I love every second. One time he got so involved watching the bruises he didn't stop for nearly fifteen minutes. Although I came three times, I was reminded of that paddling every time I sat down for two days.—*(Name and address withheld)*

Would you or one of your readers please explain to my dear husband just why it is that a spanking hurts more on a wet bottom? I discovered this painful fact of life many years ago when my mother first hauled me out of a tub and applied her palm to my moist little posterior. I've consulted with friends and they all agree. *Everybody* knows it. But not my George! He says it can't be. He says water cools things off, even spanked behinds. He says I'm getting kinky.

I suggested an experiment. Let him wet one buttock, leave the other dry, and apply a paddle to both. (Or better yet, let *me* apply the paddle. That'd learn him!) He said I was turning into a real freak. He suggested I read Krafft-Ebing or the letters to *Penthouse*.

Now it happens that I am not a kink, kook, or fetishist. I just happen to believe that a good sound spanking sometimes does a child a world of good. And within reason, the sounder the better. And one day a few months ago when my darling daughter had gone to extraordinary lengths to provoke a paddling, I went to the bathroom and got a large bath towel and a wet washrag. I placed the former over my lap, and after my daughter had done likewise with her person, I sponged her rear with the latter. I then proceeded to dry off the wetness with vigorous strokes of the board. Her reaction was emphatic. So much so that I have used the same procedure on all occasions when discipline was required.

My daughter does not like my new method. She says it makes her feel all "icky." I suggest that the proper word is "sore." But George just thinks it's kinky. He says it *can't* hurt as much. Is there a doctor in the house who can tell why it does?—*M.N. (name and address withheld)*

Our expert says the sting of the lash is directly proportional to the splash on the ass.—Editor

Do you read the lively correspondence in Forum Magazine, the journal of human relations? Each controversial issue is packed with many pages of frankly fascinating readers' letters. Ask for Forum at your newsstand or see the subscription announcement in this issue (page 211).

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF EROTIC ENLIGHTENMENT

Ouled Naïl: Algerian desert tribe famous for its prostitutes. The girls leave their settlements at about the age of twelve and travel to Saharan oases to earn their dowries by dancing and prostitution. After a few years, when they have earned enough, they return to the tribe and marry. In turn, they train their daughters in the arts of belly dancing and seduction. This custom—probably of very ancient origin—was still widely practiced as recently as 1955.

ovaries: Part of the female internal sex organs, producing the female "sex" hormone and containing the eggs necessary for reproduction. They lie one on each side of the midway point between vagina and navel and connect up with the uterus via the Fallopian tubes *(q.v.)*. At maturity they are each about one and one-half inches long, but they shrink again after the menopause. The ovaries do not *manufacture* eggs as the testes do sperm: all the eggs are present at birth and usually number from 200,000 to 400,000—far more, of course, than needed. Having two ovaries is also superfluous, and women who have one surgically removed still menstruate and bear children. The ovaries release one egg a month randomly—not alternating from one ovary to the other each month. It used to be thought that eggs from one ovary produced boys and eggs from the other produced girls; in fact, a child's sex is entirely dependent on the male sperm.

Ovid (43 B.C.–A.D. 17): Latin poet whose *Ars Amatoria* (*The Art of Love*) has remained a classic sex manual for almost two thousand years. It begins, "If anyone among this people knows not the art of loving, let him read my poem, and having read be skilled in love," and then proceeds to explain how to find, woo, and win a mistress —and how to satisfy her once you've won her. It has been called "perhaps the most immoral book ever written by a man of genius." Certainly much of its advice is cynical in tone, though no less valuable for that. For instance, Ovid advises the wooer to enlist the lady's maid on his side and, if necessary, seduce her but, "Either make no attempt or be successful; the informer vanishes when once she shares your guilt." Flattery and compliments are to be lavished on the lady herself, but *don't* praise her too highly to your friends or they'll start chasing her, too. When it comes to seduction, "You may use force. Women like you to use force. They often wish to give unwillingly what they like to give." On the subject of lovemaking techniques, Ovid is amazingly modern. He advises the man against coming too quickly and recommends simultaneous orgasm as the ideal to strive for. He fully recognizes that women have their sexual needs, too, and he wants the union to be mutually satisfying: "I hate embraces in which both do not consummate; that

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Ovid: Classic poet and sex therapist.

is why a boy's love appeals to me but little." In A.D. 8, Ovid was banished to the remote outpost of Tomi on the Black Sea, possibly for an indiscreet love affair with the Emperor's granddaughter. He died there in exile.

ovulation: Monthly release of an egg from a woman's ovary. It occurs some thirteen to seventeen days after the start of the previous menstrual period. After ovulation, the egg moves slowly down the Fallopian tube, and pregnancy will result if it is fertilized by a sperm within twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Otherwise it is flushed out of the uterus at the next menstrual period. Sometimes two eggs are released simultaneously (either both from the same ovary or one from each) producing, if fertilized, dissimilar twins.

paedophilia: Sexual love of children, either homosexual or heterosexual. Women rarely suffer from it, though there was one recent British case of a twenty-year-old wife attempting to "rape" an eleven-year-old boy. Most paedophiliacs do not go as far as rape: they are usually content with fairly innocent caresses, or exposing their genitals, or "talking dirty" to a child, or sometimes trying to get a child to masturbate them. Parents are often more upset by the incident, when reported, than the child itself: Kinsey's researchers found that "some of the more experienced students of juvenile problems have come to believe that the emotional reactions of the parents, police officers, and other adults who discover that a child has had such a contact may disturb the child more seriously than the sexual contacts themselves." For this reason, probably a majority of minor cases of child-molesting are never brought before the courts. The motives for child-molesting are very various. Some men do it because they are too immature and inadequate to form an adult relationship—children are more easily impressed. Others do it only under extreme emotional stress. In older men, it may be the result of cerebral arteriosclerotic brain damage. Elderly debauchees may seek out children to add piquancy to their jaded sexual appetites; child prostitution for this reason is still common in the East and existed in the West up to the beginning of this century. Sometimes the paedophiliac seeks to shock himself or others: Dostoevski, who portrayed paedophiliac characters in *Crime and Punishment* and *The Possessed*, once told Turgenev that he himself had violated a child and was most disappointed when Turgenev received the news impassively. A much more serious motive is the belief, still widespread among uneducated people, that intercourse with a child is a cure for venereal disease. A British police expert recently reported a case at Nottingham where "a child of seven years of age was enticed away from the neighborhood of her home by a stranger, who took her to a nearby wood and there raped her. The child was found to have been infected with gonorrhea, and when the prisoner was examined it was established he was actually under treatment for acute gonorrhea at the time of the offense. It transpired later that he believed that intercourse with a virgin would clear him of infection." A recent similar case in the United States involved two youths, one aged eighteen and the other twenty, who attacked an eight-year-old girl in order to "cure" their VD. When asked why they had not gone to their doctor or a VD clinic, the elder replied, "People might have found out . . . it would look bad." They preferred the "simpler" method of child-rape. Unfortunately, there is some evidence that the slowing-down of the post-war anti-VD campaign has led to a recurrence of such cases.

paraphilia: Another word for sexual deviation, especially one entirely divorced from normal intercourse. Many paraphilias are so bizarre that it is hard to see where sex comes in at all, e.g. there are men who cut off girls' hair or slash their clothes (particularly raincoats) in crowded places. Apparently this gives them a thrill and they can masturbate at the memory. Fetishism, of course, is one of the commoner paraphilias and the fetish-objects range from the familiar underwear and shoes to all sorts of weird odds and ends. Chapman Pincher mentions a case of fetishism for the hoods of baby carriages, and Anthony Storr mentions one homosexual who had a fetish for corduroy trousers and another who liked boys in leg braces. "Deformity fetishism"—a liking for crippled or maimed people—is in fact quite common and has recently been attested to in *Penthouse* by floods of letters from men who like amputees. Apparently there are a few brothels in Europe which cater to this taste. The attraction that some men feel for heavily pregnant women, or extremely fat women, may be a type of deformity fetishism. "Fetishism" is often too narrow a description because in some cases

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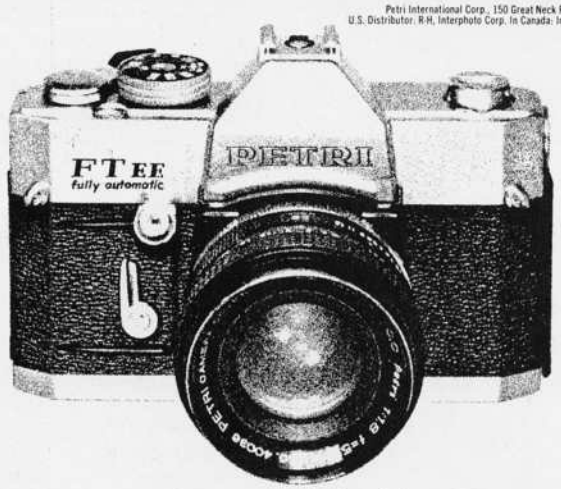

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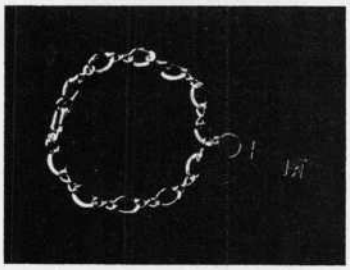

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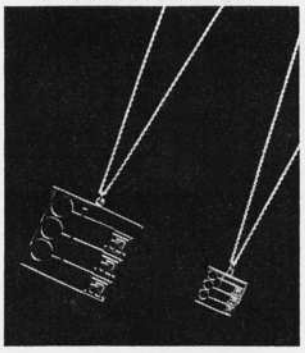

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the fetish is not so important as the ritual surrounding it. Ellis mentions a foot-fetishist whose particular thrill was hammering a nail into a woman's shoe. Chapman Pincher says he once knew a prostitute who told him she had a client who liked to be tied up and have jam tarts hurled at him. Many prostitutes have to learn whole scripts of words and actions to please their ritual-obsessed clients.

parthenogenesis: Virgin birth. Jesus Christ is the most famous example, but medical science tends to discount the possibility for lesser beings. Certainly it is possible for a woman to conceive through an intact hymen, and eggs that have begun to develop spontaneously have been found in human ovaries. However, any child conceived parthenogenetically would have to be female because the mother does not possess the vital Y chromosome necessary for maleness. In 1955 the British *Sunday Pictorial* asked women who thought they had had virgin births to come forward. Nineteen claims were made but eleven were negated almost immediately because the claimants were under the misapprehension that an intact hymen means a virgin birth. Tests eliminated seven more, leaving only Mrs. E. Jones and her eleven-year-old daughter Monica. Their blood, saliva, and tasting powers were found to be almost identical, but skin grafts between them failed to take. The *Sunday Pictorial* declared itself convinced: Mrs. Jones had had a virgin birth. Professor J. B. S. Haldane, the famous geneticist, disagreed. And there the case rests.

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Paul, Saint (1st century A.D.): Christian apostle who is widely held responsible for the Church's guilt-ridden and inhibited view of sex. Paul was born Saul, a Jew of Tarsus, and his conversion to Christianity was attended by a vision. In his First Epistle to the Corinthians he preaches sexual continence—"It is good for a man not to touch a woman"—but he grudgingly recognizes marriage as an acceptable second-best for those who are too weak to abstain entirely—"It is better to marry than to burn." The early Christian communities, following this precept, placed a strong emphasis on brotherly love and "companion" marriage. Saint Paul himself is thought to have been hostile to women and many of his writings bear this out. On his proselytizing journeys, the Bible describes him as traveling with "a wife who was a sister to him," but he certainly never married.

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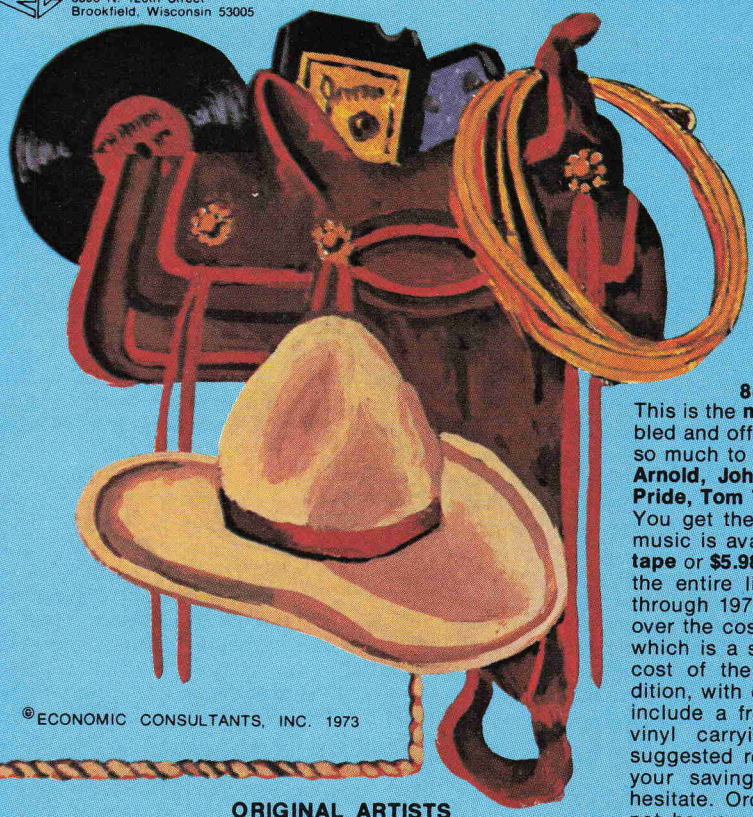

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ORIGINAL ARTISTS

TITLE	1955	ARTIST
Live Fast, Love Hard, Die Young		Faron Young
If You Were Me and I Were You		Webb Pierce
So Doggone Lonesome		Johnny Cash
Mystery Train		Elvis Presley
A Satisfied Mind		Porter Wagonor
There She Goes		Carl Smith
Folsom Prison Blues		Johnny Cash
Cattle Call		Eddy Arnold
You're Free To Go		Carl Smith
I Don't Care		Webb Pierce
Old Lonesome Times		Carl Smith
In The Jailhouse Now		Webb Pierce
I Forgot to Remember to Forget		Elvis Presley
Your Good For Nothing Heart		Webb Pierce
Eat, Drink and Be Merry		Porter Wagonor
Love, Love, Love		Webb Pierce

TITLE	1956	ARTIST
Heartbreak Hotel		Elvis Presley
I Walk the Line		Johnny Cash
I Was the One		Elvis Presley
My Lips Are Sealed		Jim Reeves
There You Go		Johnny Cash
Don't Be Cruel		Elvis Presley
Black Board of My Heart		Hank Thompson
Train of Love		Johnny Cash
Hound Dog		Elvis Presley
Crazy Arms		Ray Price
Love Me Tender		Elvis Presley
Blue Suede Shoes		Carl Perkins
I Want You, I Need You, I Love You		Elvis Presley
Singing the Blues		Marty Robbins
My Baby Left Me		Elvis Presley
I've Got a New Heartache		Ray Price

TITLE	1957	ARTIST
Great Balls of Fire		Jerry Lee Lewis
Teddy Bear		Elvis Presley
Geisha Girl		Hank Lochlin
4 Walls		Jim Reeves
Too Much		Elvis Presley
A White Sportcoat		Marty Robbins
My Shoes Keep Walkin' Back to You		Ray Price
Home of the Blues		Johnny Cash
Walkin' After Midnight		Patsy Cline
Knee Deep in the Blues		Marty Robbins
Jailhouse Rock		Elvis Presley
Bye Bye Love		Everly Brothers
Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On		Jerry Lee Lewis
All Shook Up		Elvis Presley
The Story of My Life		Marty Robbins
Give My Love to Rose		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1958	ARTIST
Ballad of a Teenage Queen		Johnny Cash
Billy Bayou		Jim Reeves
City Lights		Ray Price
All I Have to Do is Dream		Everly Brothers
I Can't Stop Lovin You		Don Gibson
Life to Go		Stonewall Jackson
Guess They Happen That Way		Johnny Cash
Bird Dog		Everly Brothers
Pick Me Up On Your Way Down		Charlie Walker
Don't		Elvis Presley
Squaws Along the Yukon		Hank Thompson
Come in Stranger		Johnny Cash
Devoted to You		Everly Brothers
Oh, Lonesome Me		Don Gibson
Send Me the Pillow You Dream On		Hank Locklin
The Ways of a Woman in Love		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1959	ARTIST
He'll Have to Go		Jim Reeves
White Lightning		George Jones
The Same Old Me		Ray Price
Don't Take Your Guns To Town		Johnny Cash
El Paso		Marty Robbins
Waterloo		Stonewall Jackson
The Battle of New Orleans		Johnny Horton
When It's Springtime in Alaska		Johnny Horton
Heartaches By the Number		Ray Price
Long Black Veil		Lefty Frizzell
I Got Stripes		Johnny Cash
Under Your Spell Again		Buck Owens
Am I That Easy to Forget?		Carl Belew
Scarlet Ribbons		Browns
Frankie's Man Johnny		Johnny Sea
Wishful Thinking		Wynn Stewart

TITLE	1960	ARTIST
Wings of a Dove		Ferlin Husky
Another		Roy Drusky
Please Help Me I'm Falling		Hank Locklin
(I Can't Help You) I'm Falling Too		Skeeter Davis
Alabama		Cowboy Copas
Window Up Above		George Jones
Above and Beyond		Buck Owens
I Missed Me		Jim Reeves
North to Alaska		Johnny Horton
You're the Only Good Thing		George Morgan
One More Time		Ray Price
Excuse Me		Buck Owens
Why I'm Walking		Stonewall Jackson
I'm Gettin Better		Jim Reeves
Sink the Bismark		Johnny Horton
Anymore		Roy Drusky

TITLE	1961	ARTIST
Foolin' Around		Buck Owens
I Dream of Hill Billy Heaven		Tex Ritter
Tender Years		George Jones
Hello Walls		Faron Young
I Fall to Pieces		Patsy Cline
I'd Rather Lean You Out		Roy Drusky
Walk on By		Leroy Van Dyke
Big Bad John		Jimmy Dean
Under the Influence of Love		Buck Owens
Signed, Sealed and Delivered		Cowboy Copas
Losing Your Love		Jim Reeves
Three Hearts in a Tangle		Roy Drusky
Oklahoma Hills		Hank Thompson
My Last Date (With You)		Skeeter Davis
Soft Rain		Ray Price
The Blizzard		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1962	ARTIST
Devil Woman		Marty Robbins
I've Been Everywhere		Hank Snow
She Thinks I Still Care		George Jones
Misery Loves Company		Porter Wagoner
Charlie's Shoes		Billy Walker
The End of the World		Skeeter Davis
Don't Let Me Cross Over		Carl Butler
P.T. 109		Jimmy Dean
The Ballad of Jed Clampet		Flatt and Scruggs
A Little Bitty Tear		Burl Ives
A Wound Time Can't Erase		Stonewall Jackson
A Girl I Used To Know		Geo. Jones
Wovarton Mountain		Clyde King
A Little Heartache		Eddy Arnold
You're For Me		Buck Owens
Adios Amigo		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1963	ARTIST
Ring of Fire		Johnny Cash
Detroit City		Bobby Bare
Act Naturally		Buck Owens
B. J. The D. J.		Stonewall Jackson
Abilene		George Hamilton IV
Talk Back Trembling Lips		Ernest Ashworth
Six Days on the Road		Dave Dudly
Lonesome 7-7203		Hawshaw Hawkins
The Matador		Johnny Cash
Sweet Dreams of You		Patsy Cline
500 Miles Away		Bobby Bare
Love's Gonna Live Here		Buck Owens
Mountain of Love		David Houston
Ninety Miles an Hour		Hank Snow
Guilty		Jim Reeves
Still		Bill Anderson

TITLE	1964	ARTIST
Understand Your Man		Johnny Cash
Dang Me		Roger Miller
My Heart Skips A Beat		Buck Owens
Saginaw Michigan		Lefty Frizzell
Don't Be Angry		Stonewall Jackson
The Race is On		Geo. Jones
It Ain't Me Babe		Johnny Cash
Chug-A-Lug		Roger Miller
Together Again		Buck Owens
Burning Memories		Ray Price
Cross The Bridge at Waco		Billy Walker
Miller's Cave		Bobby Bare
Sorrow on the Rocks		Porter Wagoner
Your Heart Turned Left		Geo. Jones
The Ballad of Ira Hays		Johnny Cash
Four Strong Winds		Bobby Bare

TITLE	1965	ARTIST
King of the Road		Roger Miller
This is It		Jim Reeves
What's he doing in My World?		Eddy Arnold
Ribbon of Darkenss		Marty Robbins
Orange Blossom Special		Johnny Cash
The First Thing Every Morning		Jimmy Dean
May the Bird of Paradise Fly		Little Jimmy Dickens
Yes, Mr. Peters		Roy Drusky & Pris Mitchell
The D. J. Cried		Ernest Ashworth
England Swings		Roger Miller
Make the World Go Away		Eddy Arnold
Is it Really Over?		Jim Reeves
10 Little Bottles		Johnny Bond
The Other Woman		Ray Price
Flowers on the Wall		Statler Bros.
Yakety Axe		Chet Atkins

TITLE	1966	ARTIST
Blue Side of Lonesome		Jim Reeves
Take Good Care of Her		Sonny James
I Want to Go With You		Eddy Arnold
I Get the Fever		Bill Anderson
The One on the Left is on the Right		Johnny Cash
Don't Come Home a Drinkin'		Lorette Lynn
The Bottle Let Me Down		Merle Haggard
Tippy Toeing		Harden Trio
The Tips of My Finger		Eddy Arnold
Loser's Cathedral		David Houston
Snow Flake		Jim Reeves
Room in Your Heart		Sonny James
Evil on Your Mind		Jan Howard
Somebody Like Me		Eddy Arnold
Swinging Doors		Merle Haggard
Distant Drums		Jim Reeves

TITLE	1967	ARTIST
It's the Little Things		Sonny James
Sam's Place		Buck Owens
Here Comes Heaven		Eddy Arnold
For Loving You		Bill Anderson
By the Time I Get to Phoenix		Glen Campbell
Walk Through This World With Me		George Jones
Your Tender Loving Care		Buck Owens
Jackson		Johnny Cash
Turn the World Around		Eddy Arnold
My Elusive Dreams		David Houston
Where Does the Good Times Go?		Buck Owens
Laura		Leon Ashley
I Don't Wanna Play House With You		Tammy Wynette
Sing Me Back Home		Merle Haggard
Tonight Carmen		Marty Robbins
Rosanna's Gone Wild		Johnny Cash

TITLE	1968	ARTIST
Daddy Sings Bass		Johnny Cash
I Wanna Live		Glen Campbell
Take Me to Your World		Tammy Wynette
Honey		Bobby Goldsboro
How Long Will My Baby Be Gone?		Buck Owens
Harper Valley P.T.A.		Jeannie C. Riley
Then You Tell Me Good-by		Eddy Arnold
I Walk Alone		Marty Robbins
D-I-V-O-R-C-E		Tammy Wynette
The Legend of Bonnie & Clyde		Merle Haggard
To Make Love Sweeter For You		Jerry Lee Lewis
Wichita Lineman		Glen Campbell
Stand By Your Man		Tammy Wynette
Mama Tried		Merle Haggard
Wild Weekend		Bill Anderson
What's Made Milwaukee Famous		Jerry Lee Lewis

TITLE	1969	ARTIST
Running Bear		Sonny James
Galveston		Glen Campbell
Johnny B. Good		Buck Owens
Okie From Muskogee		Merle Haggard
Singing my Song		Tammy Wynette
Baby, Baby (I know you're a lady)		David Houston
A Boy Named Sue		Johnny Cash
Only the Lonely		Sonny James
My Life		Bill Anderson
Is Anybody Going to San Antone?		Charley Pride
The Ways to Love a Man		Tammy Wynette
Who's Gonna Mow Your Grass		Buck Owens
A Week in a Country Jail		Tom T. Hall
That's a No No		Lynn Anderson
(I'm So) Afraid of Losing you Again		Charley Pride
Games People Play		Freddy Weller

TITLE	1970	ARTIST
Rose Garden		Lynn Anderson
Sunday Morning Coming Down		Johnny Cash
My Woman, My Woman		Marty Robbins
He Loves Me All the Way		Tammy Wynette
I Can't Believe that You've Stopped Loving Me		Charley Pride
15 Years Ago		Conway Twitty
Coal Miners Daughter		Loretta Lynn
There Must be More Love Than This		Jerry Lee Lewis
Flesh & Blood		Johnny Cash
For the Good Times		Roy Price
Run, Woman Run		Tammy Wynette
Long, Long Texas Road		Roy Drusky
The Pool Shark		Dave Dudley
If I were a Carpenter		J. Cash & J. Carter
All for the Love of Sunshine		Hank Williams Jr
The Wonders You Perform		Tammy Wynette

TITLE	1971	ARTIST
Bright Lights		Sonny James
Carolyn		Merle Haggard
You're My Man		Lynn Anderson
Me & You & a Dog Named Boo		Stonewall Jackson
How Much More Can She Stand		Conway Twitty
Quits		Bill Anderson
Good Lovin		Tammy Wynette
It's Four in The Morning		Faron Young
Man in Black		Johnny Cash
Coat of Many Colors		Dolly Parton
The Year that Clayton Delany Died		Tom T. Hall
When You're Hot You're Hot		Jerry Reed
She's All I Got		Johnny Paycheck
One's on the Way		Loretta Lynn
Would You Take Another Chance with Me		Jerry Lee Lewis
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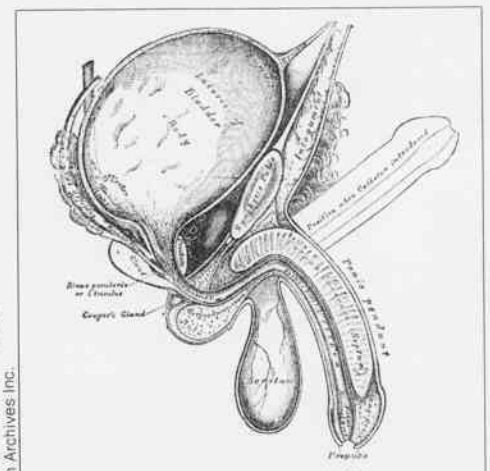
Pearl, Cora (1836–86): Celebrated English courtesan, with red hair and beautiful pale skin. Her motto was "Vice is seldom seen in rags." Born Emma Couch, she was seduced at fourteen by a diamond merchant and emigrated to Paris at twenty-one. Known for her street-urchin impudence, Cora's parties were famous for her public champagne baths in a silver tub. Occasionally, at one of her banquets, a splendid silver dish would be brought in by four footmen. When the cover was removed, Cora would be revealed curled up naked on the platter. With the coming of the can-can, she consented to give an intimate version of it, on condition that a carpet of orchids was provided for her to dance on. Other courtesans grew so jealous of her that she had to fight a duel with one of them, Marthe de Vere, with horsewhips in the Bois de Boulogne. Her only stage performance was as Cupid in Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld* (1867), but at her thirteenth appearance the audience began to jeer her singing. She replied by thumbing her nose with fingers wiggling, and then turned her back and made "an extremely vulgar guttersnipe's gesture" at the gallery. She was the mistress of Prince Napoleon, cousin of Napoleon III, from 1867 to 1874, but moved on when she had spent all his money to Alexandre Duval, a wealthy restaurateur. When *his* fortune was exhausted, she left him, and he attempted suicide in her drawing room. "Dirty pig!" said Cora, "he's dirtied my nice carpet." At the height of her fame, young men-about-town clubbed together and held sweepstakes, the prize being a night in Cora's bed. During the German siege of Paris in 1871, she did much to help the sick and wounded, but after the fall of the Second Empire her fortunes changed—most of her admirers being dead, exiled, or bankrupt. She lived out a life of genteel poverty, helped by occasional donations from surviving members of the Paris Jockey Club.

pederasty: Homosexual love of an older man for a younger boy. The Greeks not only condoned it but idealized it: Plato said that the highest form of human existence was "philosophy combined with pederasty." In Crete, Boeotia, and Sparta, the liaison was often formalized by the older man going to the boy's parents for consent. The famous "sacred band" of the Theban army was composed entirely of pairs of lovers on the principle that they would take any risks rather than show cowardice in front of their beloveds. Since the classics, including Plato, formed a major part of English education until very recently, it is not surprising that many schoolmasters adopted the "Greek ideal" to justify their own homosexuality. Benjamin Jowett, the Victorian scholar, proposed that, "What Plato says of the loves of men must be transferred to the loves of women before we can attach any serious meaning to his words," but most pedagogues ignored the warning. Consequently, throughout the 19th century, the public schools were racked by scandals when masters or even headmasters would disappear overnight after being caught "spooning" with one of their pupils. Even today, many English schools have their "tarts"—young, pretty boys who are the objects of attention from older boys and sometimes masters. Psychiatrists believe that the typical pederast is usually a rather shy, immature person who is frightened of adult women and therefore resorts to boys.

"Peeping Tom": One who derives erotic pleasure from seeing other people making love or seeing their genitals or underclothes. The original Peeping Tom was the solitary Coventry citizen who watched Lady Godiva ride past when all the other townsfolk were politely averting their eyes. Though peeping is obviously a form of voyeurism (*q.v.*) the essential difference is that Peeping Toms have to be furtive about it—public "peep shows" such as stripteases and stag films hold no special pleasure for them. Also, they are deviant in that they make peeping a substitute for intercourse, usually masturbating while they are doing it, or as soon afterward as they can. "Their sex is all in their eyes," as one sexologist put it. Peeping Toms usually frequent rest rooms, swimming pools, public parks (in the hope of finding courting couples), or they look in lighted windows at night. Some go to more elaborate lengths in pursuit of their quarry, buying telescopes or binoculars, or, in the case of one legendary English stately homeowner, inserting a two-way mirror in a guest bedroom wall. Chesser, in *The Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation*, cites the case of an unmarried hotel employee who drilled a spy hole in a bedroom wall and crouched on a shelf in an adjacent cupboard to watch. One day he fell off his perch and was sacked. Reuben tells of a man who frequented a local library equipped with mirror and flashlight (!) to peer up the skirts of lady bookworms. Recently, a married clergyman, aged forty-six, was caught spying on a nudist colony through binoculars and was attacked by outraged sunbathers. It blew up into a parish scandal and he was forced to leave the church. Most Peeping Toms are utterly harmless and have no desire to do anything more than look. However, the Patrick Byrne case provides a frightening exception to the rule. Byrne was a Birmingham laborer who, on December 23, 1959, left work early to go drinking. Passing the local YWCA hostel he saw a girl go in and decided to "have a peep through the window." He looked and saw her combing her hair. He would have gone away at this point, but she happened to open the door and he grabbed her and tried to kiss her. She resisted, and in the struggle he strangled her. Later he mutilated her body with a knife and cut off her head. Byrne told the police, "I felt I ought to terrorize all women to get my own back on them for causing my nervous tension through sex."



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Vertical Section of Bladder, Penis, and Urethra.

penis: Male sex organ, also known as the cock, prick, pecker, dick, or dong. It consists of a cylindrical shaft made of spongy tissue, which when sexually aroused becomes engorged with blood, and a knob at the top called the glans (*q.v.*). In uncircumcised males this is covered by the prepuce or foreskin (*q.v.*). Most men worry inordinately about the size of their penis and sometimes go to dangerous lengths in an attempt to enlarge it. The average length of the human penis when erect is six and one-quarter inches, but the world record is supposed to be fourteen inches, with a three-inch diameter. (This is still pretty small when compared to some other mammals: the stallion is eighteen inches; the bull, thirty; and the elephant, five feet!) But all this measuring is irrelevant. As Abraham Lincoln said, when asked how long a man's legs ought to be, "They ought to be long enough to reach the ground." So the penis should be long enough to enter a woman's vagina. Some men worry, too, because their penis bends slightly when erect. Unless the distortion is severe, as in Peyronie's disease (*q.v.*), these "banana boys" have nothing to fear—many women like a bit of a kink in their men. (See erection, ejaculation, genitals.)

Pepys, Samuel (1633–1703): English Admiralty official and diarist. The diary, which runs from January 1660 to May 1669, is extraordinarily frank and fascinating. Pepys wrote it in shorthand, interspersed with odd bits of pidgin French and symbols for "secret" activities like masturbation, and even modern editions are still partly expurgated. What makes Pepys so lovable is his very human fallibility. His adventures with a pornographic book called *L'Escholle des Filles* are typical: He first spots the book in his bookseller's but decides "it is the most bawdy, lewd book that I ever saw, so that I was ashamed of reading it, and so away home." But less than a month later he is back at the shop buying a copy "in plain binding, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in my list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found." The very next night he hurries home from the office, reads it through at a sitting, masturbates, and then burns it. His final decision is that it is "a mighty lewd book, but yet not amiss for a sober man to read over to inform himself in the villainy of the world." Pepys's attitude to marital fidelity is the same mixture of good intentions and weak willpower. One afternoon, "being in an idle and wanton humour," he goes and eyes the prostitutes in Fleet Alley, "and there stood a most pretty wench at one of the doors, so I took a turn or two, but what by sense of honour and conscience I would not go in, but much against my will took coach and got away." However, it was probably fear of the pox, not conscience, that stopped him, because he then went straight on to an old friend, Mrs. Lane, "and had my pleasure of her twice." Pepys can never resist a pretty woman, as the following story demonstrates: "Thence to the Theatre . . . and here, I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me, but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at all." There is a brief panic when a Mrs. Martin tells him that she is pregnant and that "this child did come la meme jour that it ought to hazer after my avoiye ete con elle before her marie did venir home" (i.e., the same day that it ought to have after my having been with her before her husband returned home), but next time he sees her she confesses that "elle ne est con child" after all. Which is just as well, because Pepys's attitude to shotgun marriages (quite apart from the fact that he is married already) is that "he that do get a wench with child and marry her afterwards is as if a man should shit in his hat and then clap it on his head." Sadly, in 1669, Pepys records that his eyesight is failing and that henceforward he must get secretaries to write his diary for him, which means that he "must therefore be content to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know."

Perennius, Marcus (c. 50 B.C.–A.D. 10): One of the first recorded manufacturers of erotic pottery. His workshops at Arezzo were in production until at least A.D. 40, and specimens of this work

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

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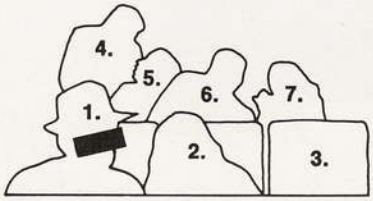

Everybody aboard this jet plane has a gimmick... almost everybody. Pick the one who doesn't. **1.** Nope. He's Hűgo Slavia, impoverished secret agent. Gimmick: Sells "hot" watches as a sideline. His cigarettes smoke even hotter. **2.** Mike L. Angelow. Gimmick: Artist who draws everything but attention. At last sidewalk exhibition he got a ticket for littering. Smokes decorator pack cigarettes. **3.** No. Ralph Knoshow (not pictured). Transistor radio salesman. Resigned when given new territory... Japan. His cigarette's taste is missing too. **4.** Right. Wherever he goes, he leaves the far-out gimmicks to others. Likes his cigarette no-nonsense too. Camel Filters. Honest. Good tasting. **5.** Charlie Chizlar. Gimmicks: 5 overcoats, 4 sweaters, 3 pairs of pants. Saves on overweight luggage. Drains tap in men's room for his water-filtered cigarettes. **6.** He's Vaseli Overaidt, wrestler. Gimmick: Demonstrating arm wrestling techniques to strangers. **7.** Helen Back, stranger. Also black belt karate expert.

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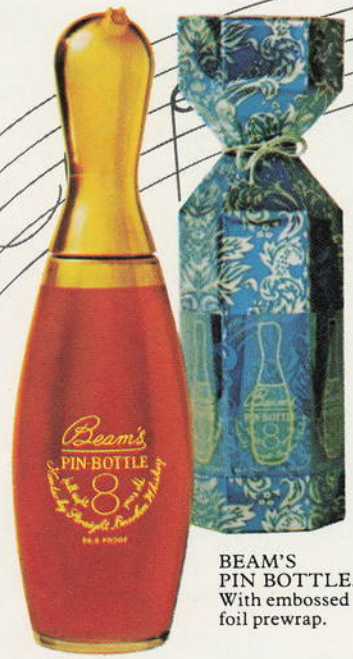

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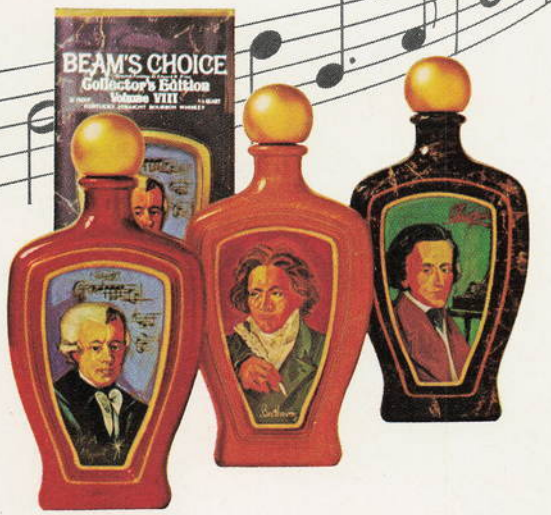

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—in hundreds of thousands of fragments—were first found in 1882.

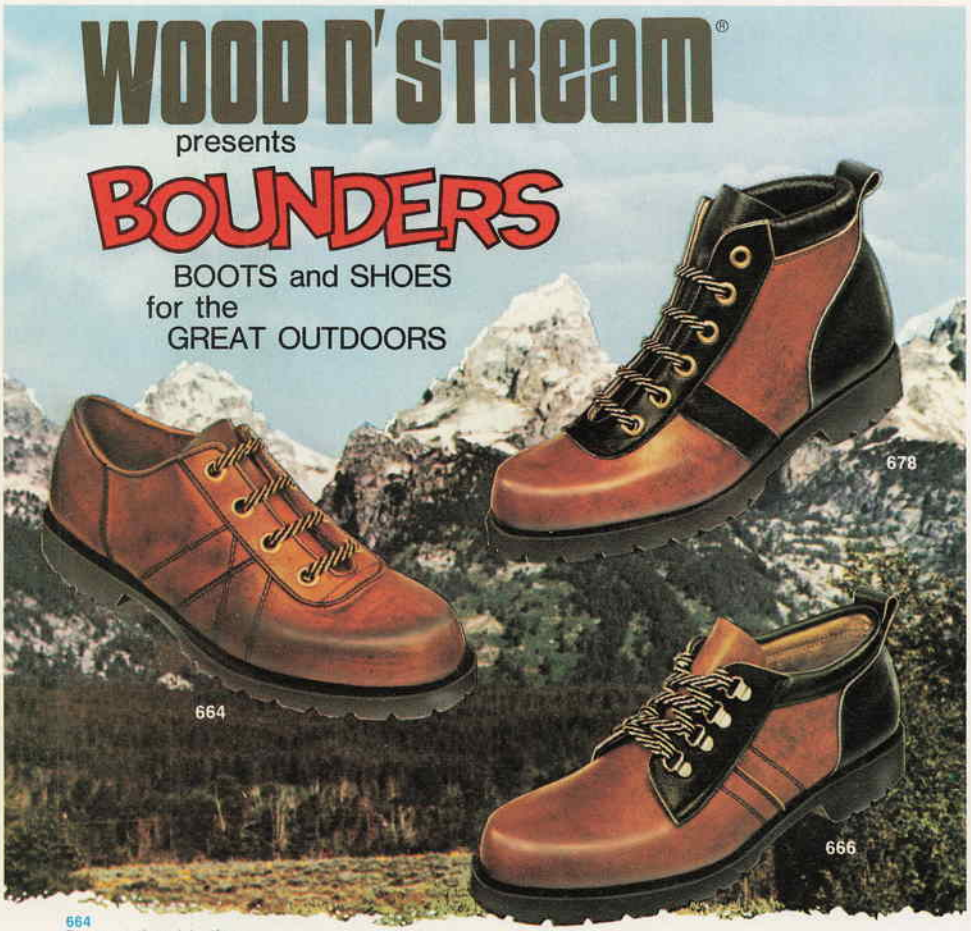
perversion: Term for sexual abnormality, now widely replaced by "deviation." Perversion implies a conscious, willful, "wicked" decision to behave in an abnormal way, and obviously the majority of homosexuals, exhibitionists, fetishists, etc., have never made any such decision. True perverts are therefore rare, though the Marquis de Sade (*q.v.*) was probably one. The late 19th century was the golden age for classifying perversions, when sexologists like Hirschfeld, Krafft-Ebing, and Schrenck-Notzing combed their casebooks and their Latin dictionaries for new definitions. They discovered iconolagnia (sexual attraction for statues), presbyophilia (sexual love for the aged), and spectrophilia (sexual love for spirits!). They found that some people like body odors and classified them as osphresiolagniacs or ozolagniacs. They called transvestism "eonism" or "sexo-aesthetic inversion," and masturbation could be autoerotism, onanism, or ipsation. Such a wealth of terms make some of their case histories rather knotty. Here is a typical history from Havelock Ellis: "An occasional combination of algolagnia and fetishism is termed corset-fetishism. Karl Abraham elaborated the rather complex case of a male student of twenty-two who presented foot-fetishism and corset-fetishism and the attraction of a fettering pressure as well as osphresiolagnia. . . . There was also anal and urethral erotism." But what did he actually *do*? is the question one is always left with—and it is never answered. Fortunately, modern psychiatrists try to see the similarities within broad types of deviation instead of the differences, and this has a more humanizing effect.

Petronius Arbiter (died A.D. 66): Roman voluptuary, favorite of Nero, and probable author of the *Satyricon*. Tacitus records that: "He passed his days in sleep, his nights in the duties and pleasures of life. . . . He was not considered a debaucher but a complete artist in loose living." Much of this artistry was devoted to providing esoteric sensual novelties for Nero, whose "jaded appetite regarded nothing as enjoyable unless Petronius had given his sanction to it." But in A.D. 66 a rival courtier turned Nero against him and Petronius was ordered to commit suicide. He took his time about it, opening his veins, then binding them up, then reopening them again, meanwhile talking gaily to a crowd of friends and onlookers. Finally he wrote a full account of Nero's worst sexual excesses and sent it to the emperor, before eventually bleeding to death. The *Satyricon* (also known as the *Satirae*) is written in the same spirit of worldly cynicism. It concerns the adventures of a bisexual Greek freedman called Encolpius, his friend Ascyltus, and a pretty boy, Giton, whom they both love and fight over. At one point Giton is "married" to a seven-year-old girl, and Encolpius and Quartilla, a priestess, settle down to watch the consummation through a peephole. Encolpius narrates: "As our faces met warmly at the slit every now and then she tore herself away from the peephole and with her vehement and lax mouth she harassed me with a sort of stealthy kisses." In another sexual encounter Encolpius finds himself impotent and berates his penis in verse: "From terror colder than the wintry frost, / It took asylum far within my crotch, / A thousand wrinkles deep. / How could I lift its head to punishment?" He decides to go to an old temple prostitute for a cure and she produces a leather dildo and inserts it in his anus. Then she beats him round the genitals with a green nettle stalk. Not surprisingly, Encolpius runs away. The general tenor of the *Satyricon* is bawdy social satire, but unfortunately only a few fragments survive and it is impossible to reconstruct the work as a whole.

petting: Sexual caresses short of intercourse, particularly as practiced by teenagers in the back seats of parked cars, movies, and the like. A recent survey by Vance Packard indicates that while only 43 percent of American college girls have "gone all the way" to coitus, 78 percent have allowed men to stroke their breasts, and 58 percent have allowed men to stroke their vulva. Some girls have elaborate petting "codes" with a strict delimitation of what they will and will not allow. They may distinguish between "light petting," which takes place above the belt, and "heavy petting," which includes mutual masturbation. All this imposes an intolerable strain on the man and many girls unfairly complain if he loses control of himself. Petting is a useful way for young people to learn erotic techniques in preparation for intercourse, but it too often develops into a sordid power game. Moreover, girls who develop the habit of never letting themselves go for fear the man will take advantage of them may find difficulty in achieving orgasm in later life.

Peyronie's disease: Hardening of the connective tissue that lies between and on top of the spongy erectile tissues of the penis. The result is a badly bent penis, hence its popular name "the bent-nail syndrome." It mainly affects older men and makes intercourse difficult or impossible. Impotence may result, but this is not inevitable. The disease may be psychological in origin, as it seems often to follow the death of a wife or some other condition which makes sexual abstinence necessary. Success with various treatments—X-ray and radium therapy, electrolysis, vitamin E, cortisones, and surgery—has been limited, but the disease fortunately does not progress beyond a certain point and it sometimes regresses spontaneously. In most cases, the condition causes inconvenience rather than severe disability or pain, and it need not hamper lovemaking.

/CONTINUES NEXT MONTH



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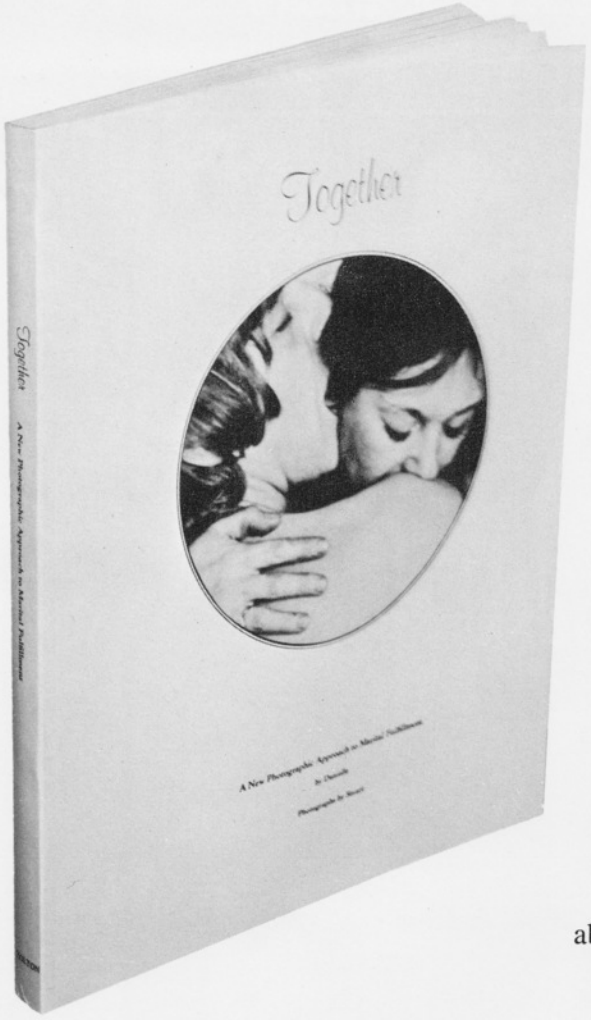

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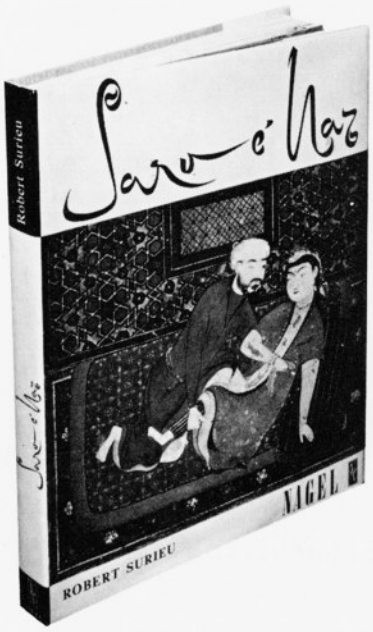

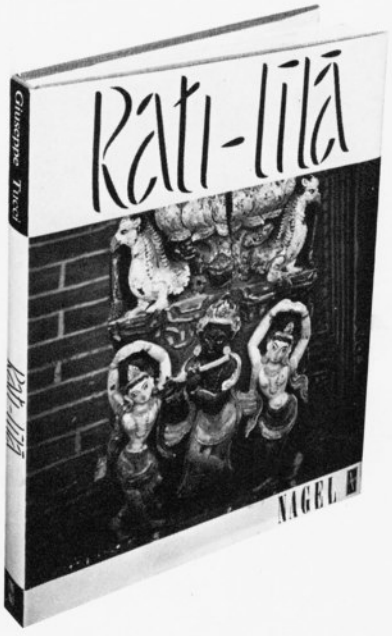

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Anonymous Japanese Haiku, 12th Century

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JANUARY

What packs them into cinemas south of the border is twenty-one-year-old Isobel Garcia's fiery elocution and dramatic 38-26-37 scenario. And, artistic in her own tastes, Isobel champions frank photography of the female nude, which she considers to be the source of all that's beautiful—a case she is well equipped to argue—and win.

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MON		4	11	18	25
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WED		6	13	20	27
THUR		7	14	21	28
FRI	1	8	15	22	
SAT	2	9	16	23	

FEBRUARY

Piano-playing Pet Janet Dunphy has an ear for a classical tune and a well-orchestrated 35-25-37 scale that would get any Maestro's approving nod. At twenty-one, Janet's modeling and *Penthouse* promotional-assistant career is audibly off on a promising note. And lives there a man with ear so tin he wouldn't wish to make beautiful music with Miss Dunphy?

PENTHOUSE

SUN		3	10	17	24	31
MON		4	11	18	25	
TUES		5	12	19	26	
WED		6	13	20	27	
THUR		7	14	21	28	
FRI	1	8	15	22	29	
SAT	2	9	16	23	30	

MARCH

Born to create, literary Angela Adams has so far let us read only her immortal 36-27-37 lines. But what phrasing! What eloquence! What imagination! And when twenty-year-old Miss Adams *does* decide to give us a piece of herself on paper, less talented scribes can go to the dickens—and several publishers have already offered to do as much to get something of Angela in black and white.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		7	14	21	28
MON	1	8	15	22	29
TUES	2	9	16	23	30
WED	3	10	17	24	
THUR	4	11	18	25	
FRI	5	12	19	26	
SAT	6	13	20	27	

APRIL

Writhing, soul-shaking singing is nineteen-year-old Lynn Carey's stock-in-trade: she leads rock band *Mama Lion* and its audiences to crescendos of sensuous musical intensity. And since Pet Lynn (40-26-36) swears by an enlightening kind of spiritual sexuality, she effortlessly commands an armada of fervent fans with her repertoire of unchaste *chansons*.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		5	12	19	26
MON		6	13	20	27
TUES		7	14	21	28
WED	1	8	15	22	29
THUR	2	9	16	23	30
FRI	3	10	17	24	31
SAT	4	11	18	25	

MAY

Twenty-year-old Maggi Burton chose one year ago to reverse a century-long trend by migrating from her native Australia back to her ancestral England, where her antipodean affability and exotic grace (35-22-35) made her a natural, as they say, for the London Penthouse Club. Members there express complete satisfaction with Miss Burton, regretful only that their gain is Down Under's loss.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		2	9	16	23	30
MON		3	10	17	24	
TUES		4	11	18	25	
WED		5	12	19	26	
THUR		6	13	20	27	
FRI		7	14	21	28	
SAT	1	8	15	22	29	

JUNE

Displaying the flair (36-21-35) that made her native Milwaukee famous, twenty-one-year-old Karen Sather took a summer vacation two years ago in New York, decided to stay and look for a career, struck out twice, then zinged into a position where her organizational aptitude was well warranted—on the staff of America's greatest magazine, namely *Penthouse*, where she is secretary to editor-publisher Bob Guccione and assistant to the group advertising director.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		7	14	21	28
MON	1	8	15	22	29
TUES	2	9	16	23	30
WED	3	10	17	24	31
THUR	4	11	18	25	
FRI	5	12	19	26	
SAT	6	13	20	27	

JULY

After bouts as a Sunday-school teacher, waitress, folk-singer, art student, and psychiatric nurse, twenty-two-year-old Avril Lund turned her diverse and considerable (40-24-36½) talents to modeling in London, whereby she became an immediate, and indeed an overnight, smash success. After all, dressed or undressed, what environment would this agile, green-eyed Dubliner not enhance?

PENTHOUSE

SUN		4	11	18	25
MON		5	12	19	26
TUES		6	13	20	27
WED		7	14	21	28
THUR	1	8	15	22	29
FRI	2	9	16	23	30
SAT	3	10	17	24	31

AUGUST

An adroit amateur painter, sculptress, gourmet cook, and equestrienne, Miss Leslie Leah Burrow, twenty-one, of Neptune, N.J., London, and Paris, acquired her aesthetic panache from her art-director father and her poetic mother. Leslie is pretty (35-23-35) as the proverbial picture herself, and plenty of art lovers are inspired to dabble in finger painting with a lady of such good taste.

PENTHOUSE

SUN	1	8	15	22	29
MON	2	9	16	23	30
TUES	3	10	17	24	
WED	4	11	18	25	
THUR	5	12	19	26	
FRI	6	13	20	27	
SAT	7	14	21	28	

SEPTEMBER

Twenty-year-old Sandi Greco is a daughter of Masachusetts and a resident of Hollywood, U.S.A., who subscribes to the ancient Chinese teaching that "A perfect wife should be a cook in the kitchen, a lady in the drawing room, and a whore in bed." We haven't yet met the Westerner who would scorn the culinary, conversational, and other graces of this 35-23-36 New Englander.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		6	13	20	27
MON		7	14	21	28
TUES	1	8	15	22	29
WED	2	9	16	23	30
THUR	3	10	17	24	31
FRI	4	11	18	25	
SAT	5	12	19	26	

OCTOBER

Paula Francis is a twenty-three-year-old Californienne who came to the West Coast from rural Pennsylvania to break into pictures and practice her own independent morality, which includes a sensuous yoga relaxation routine to "keep myself together as a person." Whatever keeps her 38-24-36 personality intact, it's obviously enough to keep many persons interested in getting together with Paula.

PENTHOUSE

SUN		3	10	17	24
MON		4	11	18	25
TUES		5	12	19	26
WED		6	13	20	27
THUR		7	14	21	28
FRI	1	8	15	22	29
SAT	2	9	16	23	30

NOVEMBER

Cindy McDee, twenty, finds life in Hollywood terribly exciting for a hell-raising preacher's daughter from the hardscrabble Ozark mountains. But getting a college education while pursuing a cinematic career and while dealing them off the arm as a free-lance drive-in taco palace waitress, doesn't daunt the mountain miss one whit—her scenic landscape (35-22-35) will undoubtedly see her through.

PENTHOUSE

SUN	1	8	15	22	29
MON	2	9	16	23	30
TUES	3	10	17	24	31
WED	4	11	18	25	
THUR	5	12	19	26	
FRI	6	13	20	27	
SAT	7	14	21	28	

DECEMBER

Existence is the paradoxical conjunction of two planes—physical and spiritual—for Lane Coyle. In finite terms, Miss Coyle, twenty-one, tips the philosophical scale with an irrefutable 35½-24-36 syllogism. Spiritually, she postulates, "You can do anything you want with my body—but don't get inside my head." Provoking passion Platonically is just Lane's thing, we guess, but we never metaphysical we didn't like.

PENTHOUSE

Hey Pépe, that was one of life's great Sunrises.

You can have a really great Sunrise of your own. Just add Grenadine and orange juice to an ounce and a half of nature's own, Pépe Lopez Tequila.

Pépe Lopez Tequila, in case you didn't know it, is squeezed from Mexico's fertile century plants. A more natural spirit is hard to come by. What Pépe Lopez can do for a Sunrise is just beautiful. (What he does to a Margarita is incredible.)

PÉPE LOPEZ TEQUILA

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Pépe also wants you to have a gorgeous full color Pépe Lopez poster of himself. It's 16"x20". It costs a dollar. And it's totally ridiculous.

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$3.00 each. Medium (____) Large (____) X-Large (____)
I enclose ($____) Size (____) Quantity (____)

☐ Please send me Pépe Lopez poster. ($1.00 each).
I enclose ($____) Quantity (____)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Limited time only. Offer valid only where legal. Allow six weeks for delivery.
Free with each order, Pépe's own Tequila recipe folder.

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Each Christmas the grown-up Clantons created chaos.

They played with the electric trains, the toy trucks, the balls and the bats. You name it.

The Clanton kids were left with nothing.

Last Christmas, Grandma Clanton saved the day. She put EarlyTimes under the tree.

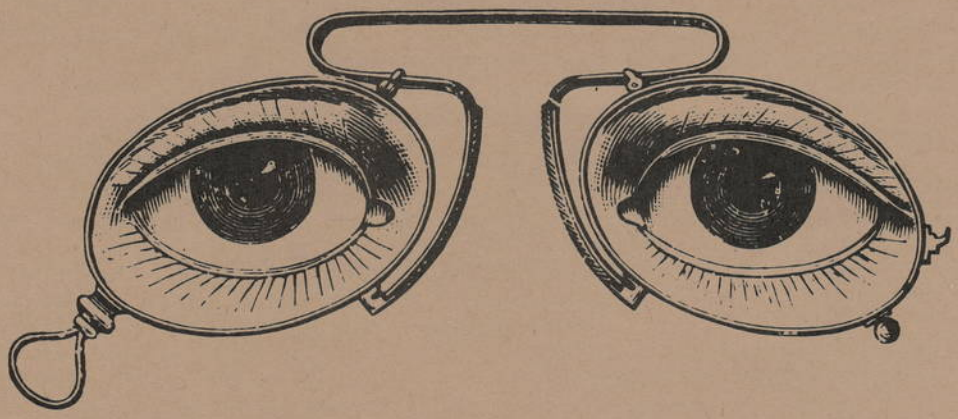
EarlyTimes.

In the Clanton clan, it's the gift that separates the men... from the toys.

EarlyTimes. To know us is to love us.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky • 86 Proof • Early Times Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky. ©ETDC 1973

VIEW FROM THE TOP



THE WISDOM OF GURU BADOU

You want to know what it's all about? Where it's really at? Well, I just got the word and I'm ready to lay it on you now.

It happened when, expecting to get into the occult scene and learn about Eastern philosophy, I went to see this Indian guru, Mohandas K. Badou. You see, I generally don't pick up on these fads until a year or two after they've peaked. Not that I'm slow exactly—cheap would be more like it. You'd be amazed how much you can save this way. Like buying Christmas cards in March.

Anyway, I figured it was time. So I asked my hip friend Gerard to put me in touch with his favorite guru. That night I was ushered through the beaded curtains at the back of the Fourth Street Deli and Pizza Parlour.

The smell of incense mingled curiously with the exotic aroma of pastrami as I approached the presence of the All-Knowing One. He gave me an understanding look.

"No need to ask, my son," he said. "I know what is on your mind. You have come to find out what it's all about, and where it's at. Is that not correct?"

"True. Utterly true, Guru Badou," I breathed.

"So sit down and listen," he said, motioning me toward an orange crate. He got right to the point. "A wise man of your country once said, 'The people of the world may be divided into two categories: those who insist upon dividing everything and everybody into two categories, and those who don't.'"

"Heavy!" I said.

"Listen to those who do," he continued. "For those who do not simply do not understand the situation."

"And what," I asked, "is the situation?"

"Good question. Well, to begin with, among the people of the world there are many such pairs of opposites. There are of course the males and females——"

"I've noticed that."

"——the young and the old, the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the bright and the stupid——"

"The naked and the dead?"

"Don't jump ahead," he scowled. "As I was about to say, all of these may be subdivided into another two categories. There are those who contribute toward the solution of problems and help the others. These are the positive types, or, as I call them, the Pluses. And there are those who add to the problems and retard progress. They are the negative types, or Minuses. Do you follow me?"

"So far, I guess."

"Then follow me one step further. The Minuses may also be divided into two groups. Those who may mean no harm but are only stupid. These are the Clods. They are found in great numbers everywhere. And then there are the genuinely, basically evil ones—the Bastards, or Bad Guys. These are fewer in number, but they are vastly aided in their destructive schemes by the Clods, who follow them in droves."

"And the point of all this?"

"The point, my son, is that if you would find happiness, you must learn to distinguish between the Pluses and the Minuses. Stick with the former so as to become one yourself, and avoid the latter. That's where it's at."

This gave me pause and caused my lips to form that cute, thoughtful smile so many of my friends have noticed and commented on from time to time.

"You seem skeptical," he said.

"I was just remembering a poem my mother used to drum into me," I explained. "I believe it was by Edward Wallis Hoch. How did it go? Ah, yes: 'There's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly becomes any of us to talk about the rest of us.' How does that grab you, Guru?"

"I am familiar with the verse. It is a clear indication that Mr. Hoch did not understand the situation. The fact is, there really are such things as Good Guys and Bad Guys."

"Gosh, now I don't know what to believe."

"That's a hopeful sign."

"Of what?"

"Progress. Let me ask you a question. Which explanation of the existence of man do you believe in, Creation or Evolution?"

"With a name like mine, what else? Evolution of course."

"I'm sorry, that's wrong."

"You mean I should believe in Creation, like it says in the Bible?"

"No, that wouldn't be any better. I'm afraid I led you into a little trap. You see, either way you put yourself into the category of Believers. And all Believers are Minuses."

"How so?"

"They have caused most of the suffering throughout the history of the world, because of their intolerance of what the other Believers believed in. This intolerance leads to inquisitions, pogroms, censorship, and witchhunts. The good guys, the Pluses, are all to be found among the Thinkers. And once you start believing, you stop thinking. That's the name of the game."

I took one more stab. "But I believe in democracy. Isn't that good?"

"Democracy is certainly good, as opposed to tyranny. But you don't advance the cause of democracy merely by believing in it; only by practicing it—and through practice, improving and perfecting it."

"Speaking of politics," I asked, "which are the political Pluses—the radicals or the conservatives?"

"Neither, I'm afraid. You see, they both tend to be Believers—one in the future, the other in the past or in the maintenance of the status quo. The conservatives want to keep what they have while the radicals want to take it away so they can become the future conservatives."

"Isn't it also a struggle between authoritarians who find themselves a home among the conservatives and the rebels who join up with the radicals?"

"Yes, but the rebels soon find that the radicals are authoritarian in their own way. Both camps are made up mostly of Clods, manipulated by a few Bastards."

"Then who *are* the political Good Guys?"

"Those who think for themselves and don't put down anyone for what they think."

"Meaning they believe in freedom for all, right?"

"Wrong. They *practice* freedom. Or, to put it another way, they refrain from the practice of censorship."

"And all the censors are Bad Guys?"

"Now you read me."

"And the struggle is between them and all the rest of us?"

"My son, you know at last what it's all about. Go forth and spread the word!"—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

IS THE BATCAVE A WOMB SYMBOL? EXPLAIN.

Academic respectability is after some unlikely folk these days. Its latest quarries are artists and writers of comic books.

Comic books? But those are *trash,* aren't they?

Mike Uslan would shake his head, sadly. Mike is a classroom pioneer, an intense semi-longhair whose enthusiasm is contagious. He instituted the first course in an American university devoted to the serious examination of superheroes. His course, at Indiana University at Bloomington, was only the first; now there are almost fifty, including a correspondence course created by Mike for Indiana's Division of Continuing Education, which has over one hundred enrollees.

"Oh, sure," said Mike, "some are looking for an easy 'A.' And I think some signed up out of curiosity. But generally, they turn around quick when they get into the course. They see it's worth getting into."

Some hard-line academics dispute this. To most people the term "comic book reader" is a put-down, meaning a functional illiterate. Consequently, the board at Indiana University that passes judgment on experimental courses was not overjoyed when Mike proposed his comics class, despite support from Professors Henry Glassie and Charles Boiles of the University's Department of Folklore.

"I think they were afraid of their peer group's reaction," Mike said. "I had to appear before the board and prove that the course could be academically relevant. It was very dreary in the beginning, but by the time I'd finished my pitch, one professor was asking me if I had the story in which Superman gets zapped by Kryptonite bullets."

Kryptonite bullets and Uslan's persuasiveness won the day. With the board's approval, the comics course was entered in Indiana University's 1972 winter catalogue.

Those aforementioned hard-liners will say Uslan's glibness and undergraduate frivolity were responsible for the immediate, enthusiastic response. However, they would appear to be wrong. A recent exhibit of comic art at Yale attracted record crowds. A similar showing at the Whitney Museum in New York in 1971 was just as popular. At the same time there was a renewed interest in mythology among academics, who have begun to mention Superman in terms usually reserved for Hercules and Beowulf. Then Mike Uslan brought comics to the classroom, was interviewed by the news media and the networks, and inevitably other young academics with a clandestine devotion to comic books made their own proposals.

Bob Parfirio teaches "The Role of the Hero in Popular American Culture" at the University of California at Fullerton. Comic-book study is a part of his course. He begins with Cooper's leatherstocking tales, progresses to the dime novels, the pulps of the Thirties and Forties, the comics, and finishes the course with a reading of a Bob Dylan biography.

Professor Batman.

"The hero concept is the unifying motif," he explains. "I start with highbrow works as a substantive basis for the kind of heroic figure embodied in superheroes. Along the way, I hope to demonstrate that the distinction between 'big culture' and 'pop culture' is largely artificial."

His iconoclasm notwithstanding, Bob's methods are fairly traditional, more strictly "literary" than Mike Uslan's. The Uslan study guide is divided into five sections: 1) comic characters as folk heroes; 2) the sociology of comics; 3) the psychology of comics; 4) artistic styles; and 5) the comic book as literature.

A question that is asked often of teachers of comics-related courses is how they grade. One superhero scripter who lectured at the Uslan class was personally concerned. He wondered whether he could continue producing the things, knowing his entertainments would be the despair of some poor sophomore sweating over a blue book. But the teachers are more interested in individual creativity and classroom participation than strict interpretations and formal finals. They grade everything from short papers to original comic strips.

"I expected a lot of work on the Flash's alter ego, et cetera," Mike Uslan said. "But I was surprised. I got essays and strips on everything from Carlyle's heroic concept to women's lib."

Course materials are a bigger problem. The learned treatises entitled "The Batcave: Freudian Symbolism in the Batman Cycle" and "Shazam: Existential Elements in Captain Marvel" don't exist yet. Mike Uslan recently published a textbook, *The Comic Book in America* (Indiana University Press), but it isn't widely available. His colleagues have to rely on the few hardcover collections of comic strips, Jim Steranko's two-volume *History of the Comics,* Jules Feiffer's *The Great Comic Book Heroes,* and selections from books like Gilbert Selde's *The Lively Arts* and

Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media*. To supplement these, the teachers bring in their private collections of yellowing issues and original artwork.

This sudden acceptance is making artists and writers of comics a touch jittery. For years, many of them have taken a perverse pride in their despised status. Now, they're being ushered into what might be a prison with ivied walls. But they'll have to chance it. Because they're caught for sure.—*Dennis O'Neil*

HOT LIPS IN LONDON

"The theater is what literature does at night," said critic George Jean Nathan. In London what theater does at night has an immediate impact on the way we live—the English stage long having been a nerve center of Western culture. In recent years, however, the show business of Britain has run largely on Yankee dollars drawn by the allure of the home of Shakespeare, Shaw, and Harold Pinter. But today a steep rise in London prices, coupled with uneasiness in the international money markets, is making American tourists and potential theater lovers wary of expending money even in the great British playhouses.

In an effort to scratch America's cultural itch and relieve imperiled London players, many British businessmen are relaxing somewhat their stiff upper lips and seeking varied means to make tourism less taxing for U.S. travelers. Travel agents can now provide their clients with money-saving excursions to stately homes garnished with sumptuous topiary gardens and, it is said, haunted by the spirits of earlier residents. Cut-rate pub crawling is another attraction, involving the visitor in the friendly warmth and camaraderie of old-fashioned taverns. And of course no visit to the city on the Thames would be complete without an inspection of Scotland Yard's sinister "Black Museum," a crypt of criminal souvenirs of such evil Englishmen as Jack the Ripper and "Hanging" Judge Jeffries.

As to the bankruptcy of dramaturgy, many airlines have joined in the financial struggle and contrived to whisk Americans out of their drafty massage parlors and into the plush seats of London showhouses as airily as their trade permits. Indeed the competition is fierce to serve "the colonials," as they still nostalgically call us. Probably the best deal is British Overseas Airways Corporation's "Show Tour," which allows thrifty theatergoers, for no more than $100 plus air fare, the hospitality of an English hotel, with excellent continental breakfasts, sizable shopping discounts, and a good deal of educative sightseeing. For your evening's entertainment, several first-class tickets are provided to the finest current plays.

After the show, the evening will be young, and for five dollars, no more than you would pay here for an introductory tap-dance lesson, you can scoot over to the London Penthouse Club and tie on the feed bag with the most exciting crowd of intellectuals and sportsmen in England.—*Roger Nixon*

SHOWS

AMERICAN GRAFFITI

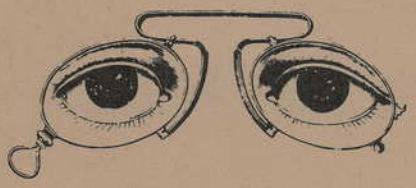
Mel's Drive-In stands at the center of things. The kids call it Burger City, and at dusk their cars begin to fill the parking spaces, radiating out like spokes from beneath the neon-lit canopy where carhops on roller skates carry the orders—burgers, French fries, cherry cokes—on trays that fit over open window frames. Everyone shows up at Burger City, but nobody stays. There are dates to be made, there will be a drag race to watch, there is the street to drive—the main street, where the cars cruise up and down and everybody exchanges greetings, insults, passengers. A dance is under way at the high school, and, for some, going back there will be like a last look into the past. Most of the kids in this crowd have graduated. Tomorrow, two are supposed to go east for college. It is early autumn, 1962, in a small town not far north of San Francisco.

By now, I think almost everybody has seen or has heard of this movie, *American Graffiti*, and must have a sense of what its world resembles. If Mel's Drive-In is at the center, then at the edges are some very different places: a junkyard where all the old cars go to pass into rust and memory; an overgrown road down by the water for private (or semi-private) loving; a drag strip, Paradise Road, just at the town limits; and somewhere beneath a powerful antenna, the local radio station, where Wolfman Jack broadcasts the favorite hits—like "Sixteen Candles"—all night long. A few seem to worship Wolfman Jack, but absolutely everybody listens to him all the time—his records, his line of crazy patter. If you were to close your eyes and tune out the conversations in the foreground, *American Graffiti* would be like an hour and fifty minutes of unsponsored radio.

Actually, the film covers about twelve hours—from just before sunset one day to just after sunrise the next. It deals mainly with four boys and four girls (more accurately: four boys, three girls, and one dream of a girl), though there are a lot of well-observed minor characters. There is a climax of sorts: the drag race on Paradise Road. There is a romantic plot—a separation and reconciliation between a girl and a boy who finally decides he won't leave the town for college—and even a comic romantic subplot. There are all these things, and more, and yet there is very little purposeful movement in the film. Except for one fellow, Curt, who finally does leave home for college, everybody pretty much ends up where he began—twelve hours older, possibly wiser, but otherwise unchanged. Lack of change is almost a theme in *American Graffiti*, an illusion of course, but an obsession nevertheless. It is like the cars that venture forth on the main street. Fast starts, jockeying for position, temptations, invitations—but nobody's going anywhere; nobody thinks there's anywhere to go.

Wolfman Jack.

For John (Paul Le Mat), the overage drag-race champion whose life, at twenty-two, is all behind him, this is a matter for some despair. For Steve (Ronny Howard), who, without quite knowing it, has already found his fate in the girl he loves, it is a matter for acceptance, for understanding that there is no reason to leave home if home is where you want to be. For Toad (Charlie Martin Smith), whose incompetence makes just getting from one block to the next a full-scale adventure, it isn't a matter at all. As it happens, Toad strikes it lucky. He picks up a good-looking dumb blond who likes all the trouble he gets into ("and then you got your car stolen, and then I got to watch you throw up . . . yep, I had a pretty good time.") and she turns a night of sustained misery into a kind of personal triumph. But for Curt (Richard Dreyfuss), lack of change is a matter for thought and possibly for terror. Curt doesn't have a girl: he has a vision. And unlike every-



one else in the movie, he is presented with genuine choices. He can stay home, like his favorite high school teacher, who chose not to compete back east and is now beginning an affair with a pretty student. He can become a Moose, a good citizen, like the men who provide his scholarship He can join the Pharaohs, the town hoods who virtually kidnap him and then offer him blood initiation when he proves he's better at juvenile delinquency than they are. Or he can follow his vision.

He runs into the vision on the main street. She drives a white Thunderbird. She is beautiful and sexy, and the very first thing she says to Curt is, "I love you"—except he can't be sure because she says it through a closed car window, and then he never sees her again. But he sees the Thunderbird, in the distance, turning a corner down the wrong street, always there and always out of reach. When he leaves town in the morning, flying off on Magic Carpet Airways, the Thunderbird leaves town on the road below him. It is beginning to keep pace, as it were, for life.

Anyone who is tempted to think that *American Graffiti* is just skillful nostalgia should keep Curt's vision in mind. Its source isn't in the American 1960's. It may be in the films of Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita, 8½*, etc.) where a girl, a vision in white, keeps eluding the hero while tantalizing him with memories of lost innocence and innocent desire. There is nothing so specific in Curt's vision, which is all for the future. But I find that vision fascinating because it is so perfectly artificial and because George Lucas, who made *American Graffiti*, had the imagination to stick it in the middle of his realistic movie as if it belonged—and oddly enough, it does.

For all its sense of time and place, for all its marvelously detailed performances and its authentic cars, *American Graffiti* is a powerfully abstract film—as much committed to exploring a country of the mind as to examining any town in northern California. Curt's vision is the most obvious clue to what is going on. But there are other clues everywhere, from the pulsating circle of Mel's Drive-In to the sounds and music of Wolfman Jack transmitted from somewhere out in the night. Before the night ends, Curt actually visits the Wolfman—who turns out to be a kindly loner with a broken refrigerator full of melting popsicles. That visit, as much as anything, seems to convince Curt that he has someplace other than home to go. The Wolfman also has a vision—of another Wolfman, a fantastic world traveler who stops by the radio station from time to time to drop off tapes and tell about his travels. Of course, he's a dream. But so is everything else: the girl in the white T-bird, the drag-race championship, home, security, the girl next door. *American Graffiti* promotes and rather cherishes dreams, which is one reason why it is such a beautiful movie.

George Lucas, who is twenty-eight and not too long out of film school at UCLA, has made only two feature films. The first was a low-budget science-fiction fantasy called *THX 1138*, about a tranquilized future society, a perfectly regulated underground city from which there is almost no escape.

THX 1138 offers a view of Hell, reduced to a kind of antiseptic perfection. *American Graffiti* offers an earthly Paradise diluted into a slightly sweetened self-history. But the Paradise and Hell belong in the same universe—almost mirror images of one another—closed societies, strangely isolated and led by disembodied voices in the night. And because their worlds are so closed, both films end by projecting the idea of escape—overt in the oppressive science fiction; covert, but very real, in the pleasant slice of small-town American life.

Lucas has more on his mind than merely recreating an ideal image of the past—the sort of thing that goes on in *The Last Picture Show, Summer of '42*, or even in *Bonnie and Clyde. American Graffiti* is more serious than any of these movies because it is centrally about something developing inside its director, a conflict, let's say, between freedom and conformity, that is beginning to show itself in rich and complex ways. Anybody can enjoy the movie for itself. But it is even more enjoyable to put it next to Lucas's first movie, and to see that between them they make a new kind of whole. It is the difference between just going to the movies and understanding the movies, and it is rare that you can do it so near the beginning of a director's career. I don't know what Lucas's next film will be like, but I'd take bets that it will really matter.—*Roger Greenspun*

Ronny Howard, Candy Clark, and Charlie Martin Smith of *American Graffiti*

SOUNDS

IMAGES, MIRAGES, AND NOSTALGIA

Nostalgia has gone berserk, chomping through the years like a horde of locusts in turnips, leaving entire decades mangled in its wake. Already the Fifties have been milked of their grease and the eye of reminiscence is focused on the great psychedelic era of the Sixties. But as the first *Great Hits of the Sixties* albums hit the racks, one thing becomes embarrassingly clear. The music of the Seventies is immersed in nostalgia for the Sixties. The aesthetics are so much the same that there were recently five albums in the charts by ex-Beatles. And the year's greatest rock "event," the festival at Watkins Glen, was yet another attempt to recapture the fabled spirit of Woodstock, complete with suffocating crowds, nude cavorting, drug abuse, and mud. Significantly, the festival's featured attractions were those Sixties' supergroups that had remained intact.

Yet the music industry's profits are at a record peak. Kids still flock to concerts—much in the manner of a conditioned response. Record sales hit the outlandish figure of $2 billion. Rock has invaded every facet of American culture. It jingles from supermarkets in Peoria; it sells mouth wash on television and God in enlightened church services; it has invaded school curricula under the academic pretexts of sociology, art, or poetry. In short, rock has become an institution.

But there may be a place for nostalgia after all, because the present rock generation has missed the inescapable electric feeling of involvement that accompanied the music of

the mid-Sixties. The Liverpool invasion kicked it off with a gusty primal scream. It echoed from San Francisco, picking up some psychedelic twists. It was rock—hard rock, soft rock, acid rock, folk rock—and at its core was idealism and irrepressible optimism. Drugs were still expanding vistas. Pacifism was a shining innovation (war is over if you want it). Sex came out of the closet and into the streets and parks. The music itself became a drug that produced a hallucination that the world could indeed be changed.

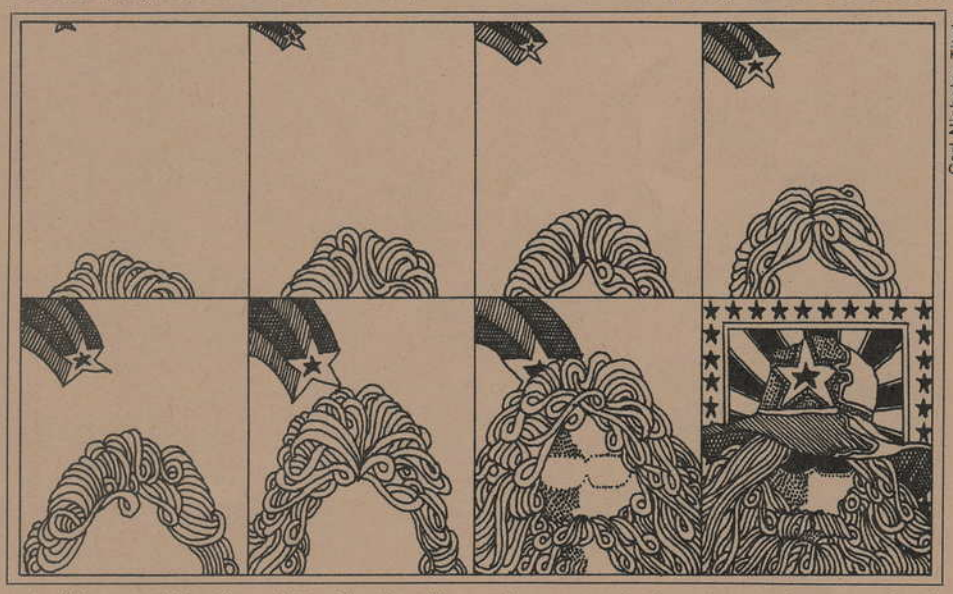
Above all, rock was the creation of the underground. It was the rallying point of a new culture that would reject the ways and means of the old, and where, as Frank Zappa would later smirk, "it won't even matter if you are fat." The ties that bound the underground together were based upon the music—the understanding of the drug symbolism in the Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit," the cosmic joke in Dylan's talking blues —and the creation of a common enemy (freaks versus straights, anyone over thirty). Like all false bonds, these would crumble under stress, but the initial effect was a sense of belonging and a source of identification that was euphoric.

The crumbling began when the euphoria gave way to a seriousness approaching fanaticism. As usual, John Lennon was an early forerunner of the trend. Lennon had initially displayed a wonderful sense of irony and humor about his position. "Those of you in the cheaper seats clap," he directed at the Beatles' first royal command performance, "the rest of you rattle your jewelry." This dissolved into a sort of "white man's burden," as he set himself up as a champion of peace, and became a guru to those who confused the emotional force of his music with an actual ability to effect political change. Meanwhile, Bob Dylan had been given the official seal of approval by professional critics and rock music became a subject for serious writing and criticism.

At the same time, the involvement of young people with the music was becoming as structured as organized religion. Rock's litany of saints was the artists' roster of any major record company; its martyrs were Jimi and Janis; its high priests, the promoters who were transforming the concert into a ritual of mass worship. Rock had its shrines (Liverpool and Woodstock), its churches (both Fillmores), and its devils (the narcs). Smoking grass involved passing a joint around in a ceremony disturbingly like the Sacrament of the Eucharist. And the virtues espoused were basically Christian reruns: cooperation instead of competition; peace on earth; and that old biblical saw, brotherly love.

Rock started to acquire a pretension and self-conscious awareness of its role as "the new art form." *Sergeant Pepper* had revealed the glories of production and Al Kooper was exploring it to its limits. Musicianship was reaching virtuosic heights. Cover art was more imaginative than ever. Even the names of groups had zoomed in creativity. Yet despite all this orgy of innovation, something was happening to the revolution. For one thing, it was turning into an industry.

The surest way to squelch a revolution is to assimilate its symbols into the existing culture. Or, to put it simply, if you can't lick 'em, join 'em. To accommodate their new stables of performers, the record corporations hired "house freaks" whose purpose was to act as translator between artist and management. This middleman was dropped when a new type of executive was created. Like Clive Davis, the recently ousted president of Columbia Records, this was essentially a hard-core company man who looked, talked, and acted hip enough for the artist to identify with. Above all, he involved himself personally with the development of his artists. With the distinctions between the money men and the artists so blurred, a common enemy was suddenly removed from the movement. The Establishment was becoming one of us!



Carl Nicholas Titolo

It was not long before the business world outside the music industry began to follow suit. Madison Avenue sprouted hair and adopted Peter Max as its patron saint. Rock bands were hired to open new hamburger chains and acid-rock chewing gum commercials vibrated on the radio.

Every youth section of every large department store had Steppenwolf blaring from the loudspeakers. The music that only a few years ago had exhorted an entire generation to renounce middle-class values was now inducing them to buy the latest fashions. American industry had learned to harness all the pent-up energy that was being thrown away free on FM and use it to *sell*. Underground had become big business.

But nowhere was the hard sell stronger than within the record companies. A new act would get an image and then the company would market that image. The company would write the ads and the radio blurbs and design the promotional T-shirts, gimmicks, and the record-jackets. Sometimes a group's name would be changed to fit its manufactured image.

The performers themselves were greatly affected by these changes. They were forced into facades of professionalism and detachment, away from the energizing force of their audiences. Those who couldn't separate their lives from their images fell by the wayside. They either died—victims of their own myths, like Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix—or they faded from the spotlight, like Joe Cocker, whose recent attempt to make a comeback was a disaster. Those who could make the transition into slick professionalism survived. Mick Jagger had learned at an early date the importance of a good image and he exploited it successfully through slick and stagey live performances. Paul McCartney and George Harrison both adapted gracefully. John Lennon fared less well. His desire to be taken seriously as an intellectual and artist, and the intensity of his self-promotion (as well as his wife Yoko's) kept him within the old involvement of the Sixties. He refused to "be cool" as the new decade demanded, and his record sales suffered.

The new crop of artists began as professionals, knowing full well how to keep their private lives apart from their professional identities. Most adept at this Superman-like dual identity is Alice Cooper, who has so far set the tone for the act of the Seventies. He

has simply made his music take second place to his image. His stage show is an elaborate vaudeville of titillating adolescent fantasies. It leans toward sadomasochism and homosexuality, depending heavily on symbols of sexual decadence, such as snakes and chicken feathers. The personality of Alice is merely an extension of his show—a cartoon figure of bizarre appearance and indeterminate sex. Thousands of teenagers emulate Alice, wearing weird getups and face paint and attempting furtively a kind of visual homosexuality. Yet when Alice walks offstage, he becomes a young man who likes beer and girls. A track star in college, he is now becoming very wealthy. The stars, the audience, and the music seem to have taken three separate paths. They meet for propriety's sake but the empathy is no longer there.

Two years ago James Taylor was playing to a capacity crowd in Madison Square Garden. In the middle of his set, he stopped, surveyed the crowd for a second, and said, "I want you all to remember that the *real* James Taylor is down there," pointing with his finger to the vicinity of the gaping orchestra pit. Taylor's depressive periods had been well publicized, and for a horrible moment I thought he was speaking metaphorically about his state of mind. Then I realized that above his head was a huge closed-circuit TV screen that the majority of the audience was actually watching. The blown-up, closed-circuited, televised Taylor was trying to force their attention back to the pinprick reality of the performer.

In a way, there you have it all. The manufactured fantasy has become too big for the reality. The image has superseded the artist and gone far beyond the audience. It is Hollywood, the old dream machine cranking out fantasies far removed from anything approaching our everyday life. And just as any housewife in the Forties would have been horrified to see Lana Turner in hair rollers at the corner grocery, no rock fan today wants his Taylor only as large as life.—*Lindsay Maracotta*

BLUEGRASS AT THE PHILHARMONIC

Outside, kids were offering to buy tickets at twice their official price. Inside, Philharmonic Hall was packed to the rafters for the first major bluegrass concert in New York in more than a decade.

The SRO house must have surprised everybody except the promoters. They were the folks, after all, who had been shrewd enough to book the two best contemporary bands in bluegrass, the Country Gentlemen and the Osborne Brothers, with Don Reno's outfit thrown in for authenticity.

The Philharmonic Hall concert was one of the most recent reminders of the great upsurge of interest in country music. New York City, for instance, has its own country radio station—WHN—and has hosted concerts by Ferlin Husky, Tammy Wynette, and Tom T. Hall. It is doubtful whether there is a major city from Boston to Los Angeles that does not have a busy bluegrass scene.

Bobby and Sonny Osborne.

The Country Gentlemen.

Bobby and Sonny Osborne have combined the basic bluegrass sound—mandolin, banjo, and high, piercing harmonies—with unique additions like drums and electric bass. Their material runs from such traditional tunes as "Rocky Top" (they made the original version a decade ago) to contemporary songs like John Denver's "Country Road."

The Osbornes' best album is *Bobby & Sonny* (Decca, DL-5356). Bobby's soaring tenor was never better. His work on mandolin and Sonny's on six-string banjo are excellent. The tunes include such standard bluegrass numbers as "Fireball Mail," "Knoxville Girl," and Grandpa Jones's "Eight More Miles to Louisville." Bluegrass readings are given to Merle Haggard's "Today I Started Loving You Again," two songs by Tom T. Hall, Ernest Tubb's "I Wonder Why You Say Goodbye," and Buck Owens's "Love's Gonna Live Here." Interestingly, the best tune on the album is Bobby's own "Windy City," a superb ballad about the corruption of urban living. The music on *Bobby & Sonny* is exciting and powerful. I should think it would make a good introduction for anyone trying to get into bluegrass music.

There are similarities between the Osbornes and the Gentlemen. Both groups have been together since the Fifties, though not necessarily with the same personnel. Both groups have managed to maintain their popularity during so many years by remaining eclectic and open to what is happening in contemporary music. Unlike the Osbornes, the Gentlemen have not tampered very much with their sound, although they have recently added a dobro, not a traditional bluegrass instrument, to their already full complement of guitar, banjo, mandolin, fiddle, and stand-up bass.

At Philharmonic Hall, everyone was bothered by the lousy sound system. The sound got louder and more distorted as the evening progressed. Only Bobby's unbelievable voice was untroubled by the technical problems.

The Gentlemen, who were named Band of the Year in the last two polls by *Muleskinner News*, a bluegrass magazine, are especially versatile. Last year the same poll named them best vocal group, best lead singer (Charlie Waller), best fiddler (Rick Skaggs), best bass player (Bill Yates), and best song ("Legend of the Rebel Soldier," on Rebel Records).

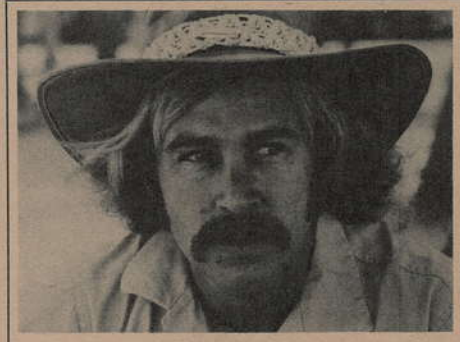
The Gentlemen's success with urban audiences, unlike most other country and bluegrass bands, is partially due to their appearance. Waller looks like an Irish revolutionary. Doyle Lawson, who sings tenor and plays mandolin, has the face of a broken-down English prizefighter. Yates looks like an insurance broker or a literary agent, and Skaggs is a baby-faced "good old boy." The newest addition, Mike Lilly, looks like one of those long-haired hippie freaks who have been turning up in recent movie westerns. Surprisingly, he is not having any trouble filling the place of Bill Emerson—considered by many the best banjo player in bluegrass.

The Country Gentlemen (Vanguard) is their latest release, their first since leaving Rebel Records last year (their earliest material is being rereleased on Folkways). The new album has a few traditional numbers like "One Morning In May" and "House of the Rising Sun," but most of the songs flow from such writers as Steve Young, Gordon Lightfoot, Kris Kristofferson, John Prine, Paul Simon, and Steve Goodman. Emerson was still with the band, and he and Lawson weave incredible improvisatory patterns behind Waller's baritone, truly the most beautiful voice in bluegrass.

Nobody has to wait for bluegrass to "catch on" to get into it. Country, rock, even jazz fans will find that bluegrass strikes responsive chords. If you want to find out what bluegrass is all about, these two albums are a nice place to start.—*John Gabree*

SHORT TAKES

A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean/Jimmy Buffett (Dunhill DSX-50150). Buffett is one of the new breed of educated, hip country singer-songwriters, somewhere between Kris Kristofferson and Steve Goodman, though he is a better performer and conceivably a better writer than either one. There isn't a bad tune in this collection and several cuts are marvelous. Buffett alternates between very personal ballads and funny, up-tempo rambles. He is perhaps the only singer around who could (and would dare to) deadpan the line, "Honey, why don't we get drunk and screw?"



Jimmy Buffett.

The Harder They Come/Jimmy Cliff (Mango SMAS-7400). Cliff is the number-one Jamaican rock singer, but the current reggae rage seems to be passing him by. That's too bad, because this album, the soundtrack of the first Jamaican feature film, is easily the best reggae LP yet. Not only are there six cuts by Cliff himself, but there are representative performances by such other Kingston acts as the Maytals and the Slickers. The best number is "Rivers of Babylon" by the Melodians, an unbelievable mix of reggae and gospel. If you want to understand why reggae is a real art form, get this record.

Rattlesnake/Jim Post (Fantasy 9425). Post has a career stretching back twenty years. He has been up the pop charts several times as half of Friend and Lover and with "Colorado Exile," the title tune of his first solo album. His second LP, *Slow To Twenty* (Fantasy), was one of the best records of last year. *Rattlesnake* is even better. The songs are more subtle and the performances, featuring Jim Schwall and Sandy Rhodes in the band, are superb. Fantasy probably doesn't have the wherewithal to promote it, but if enough people found out about *Rattlesnake*, it would doubtless move to the top.

NEW AND NOTABLE:

Van Morrison, who is an erratic performer on stage, is never less than terrific on records.

Van Morrison.

Allen Green/Visual Departures

Hard Nose the Highway (Warners BS 2712) is not his best, but should not be missed.

The Persuasions are hard to figure out. One of the finest vocal groups around, this a cappella quintet almost always picks dumb songs. *We Still Ain't Got No Band* (MCA 326), like its predecessors on Capitol, is a brilliant novelty item.

Glen Campbell's *I Knew Jesus (Before He Was A Star)* (Capitol SW-11185) has a side that features, in addition to the title tune, Charlie Rich's "I Take It On Home," Kinky Friedman's "Sold American," Lefty Frizzell's "I Want To Be With You Always," and Bob Dylan's "If Not For You," in solid if derivative renditions. Not bad for a performer who, on his last outing, managed to ruin "Sweet Fantasy," "She Thinks I Still Care," and "Running Scared," all in a row.

Sonny Stitt never quits. *12!* (Muse 5006), with Barry Harris on piano, Sam Jones on bass, and Louis Hayes on drums, has Stitt breathing all his usual fire into both tenor and alto. Superb.

Martin Mull and His Fabulous Furniture (Capricorn CP 0117), with its "Dueling Tubas" and its "2001 Polka," is funny; but at today's prices, is it funny enough to own? See him live if you get the chance.

Who but Elvis Presley could get away with

Elvis Presley.

"I'll Take You Home Again Kathleen"? *Elvis* (RCA APL1-0283) also has "Where Do I Go From Here?," "For Loving Me," and "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," though it has only ten tunes in all, averaging less than thirteen minutes a side.

Dark of Light (Cobblestone CST 9035) introduces Norman Connors, a virtuoso, avant-garde drummer fronting a band that includes Gary Bartz, Herbie Hancock, Cecil McBee, Eddie Henderson, and Stanley Clark. If jazz is enjoying a revival, these are some of the musicians responsible.—*John Gabree*

NOV. 22 1963

TEN YEARS AFTER

Ten years ago John Kennedy was killed. Ten months later, seven of the most trusted men in America told us what we hoped to hear but found hard to believe: a single kook killed Kennedy for his own kooky reasons; another kook killed the killer for his own private and totally unrelated reasons. Nobody else had anything to do with the two deaths in Dallas. Ten years later there are still twenty-five books in print wrangling about what happened in Dallas on that November 22 and 24—and why. Few of their authors credit the Warren Commission scenario of Lee Harvey Oswald as a lone assassin and Jack Ruby as a lone avenger.

These books survive a far greater number of books, pamphlets, and articles that ranged from confirmations of the official version, through meticulously documented doubts, to the most paranoid delusions of conspiracy.

However, Watergate has taught us that suspicion of conspiracy in high places is not a sure sign of paranoia, and it seems certain that neither the press nor its readers would now be so bumptious in accepting an official version of the suspect chain that linked the events in Dallas. Among the top journalists whose doubts escalated after an initial wary acceptance of the Warren Commission's re-

port were Dwight MacDonald, Murray Kempton, Richard Rovere, and Max Lerner. A more remarkable defector from official rectitude was Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times,* who concluded initially from the Warren report that "no material question now remains unresolved . . . evidence of Oswald's single-handed guilt is overwhelming." Three years and much research later, he had the guts to say that the report could not be the final word and to endorse a proposal that the commission's work be investigated.

Not much ammunition for the attacks on the report has come from new evidence, real or speculative. The evidence offered by these critics was readily available to the commission or its federal investigative agencies. Indeed, most of the evidence for the attacks comes directly from the commission's published twenty-six volumes of proceedings and from the 300 cubic feet of documents the commission regarded as irrelevant, and which it dumped unsorted into the U.S. Archives.

Whitewash, the first book that took flat-out issue with the official conclusions, was scrupulously confined to the commission's own records. The book was the work of Harold Weisberg, a passionate amateur. Despite its carefully researched facts, moderate tone, and competent if amateurish writing, publishers wouldn't touch it (though they praised it). Weisberg had to print it himself.

Mark Lane, the man who opened the floodgates of criticism and speculation, and who spawned and nurtured the large cult of conspiracy hunters, also had trouble getting his first book published. Lane, a New York lawyer and former legislator, persuaded Oswald's mother to retain him to defend her dead son. Although American law provides for no defense of a dead man, neither does it provide for his "trial," which the commission's investigation turned out to be.

Lane made himself as obnoxious as possible to the commission and squeezed every bit of publicity from his role as an open advocate for Oswald. Whatever his motivation, Lane's aptly titled book, *Rush to Judgment,* uncovered enough contradictions and neglected evidence to make it clear that if the commission's hearings had been conducted in the adversary context of a trial, and had he been the defense counsel, the record would have told a quite different story. One commission lawyer admitted that Oswald could not have been convicted on the commission's record. Advocate rather than disinterested investigator, Lane picked and chose his evidence, much of which he energetically collected himself. However, the commission also picked and chose its evidence. As Hugh Trevor-Roper wrote in his excellent introduction to Lane's book, "The Report of the Warren Commission is an advocate's summing-up. The fact that the advocate believes his own version is not relevant: advocates often do. Before judgment can be given, the advocate for the other side must also be heard. . . . When both sides have been heard, and not before, posterity may judge."

The commission became an advocate because of its expressed eagerness to "lift the cloud of doubts that has been cast over American institutions," and to "show the world that America is not a banana republic where a government can be changed by conspiracy."

To most of us who accepted the official version—with some headshaking—the first shock came not from the noisy and nit-picking advocacy of Mark Lane, but from the master's thesis of a then-obscure student of government, Edward Jay Epstein, who took as his project a description of the functioning

The Bettmann Archive

of the commission as a government body without precedent. Epstein's research led him far beyond his original intent and his book, *Inquest,* put him, however distastefully, into the company of Mark Lane.

Epstein delved into the inner operation of the commission and arrived at two general insights, judiciously developed and eloquently expressed.

First: by its nature and the circumstances of its creation, the commission's implicit purpose to dispel conspiracy rumors was bound to override its explicit mandate "to ascertain, evaluate, and report on" the facts. This is revealed in the conversations among the commissioners, reported by Epstein, when they were confronted with the rumor (along with some circumstantial evidence) that Oswald was a paid informant for the FBI. They panicked. Counsel J. Lee Rankin told them that this "dirty rumor"—dirty not because it was known to be untrue, but because it was "damaging to the agencies that are involved in it"—"must be wiped out insofar as it is possible to do this by this Commission."

After some soul-searching over whether to investigate the story, the commissioners decided that the best way to wipe it out was to ask J. Edgar Hoover if it was true. Hoover said it wasn't. The sources of the information, a reporter and a sheriff's chief deputy, were never questioned.

The commission never was an investigative team, but an extra-constitutional judicial body. The seven commissioners headed by the chief justice of the Supreme Court were chosen for their reputation for probity and not for any investigative skills or experience. Lawyers to a man, they hired a battery of forty other lawyers, who were also chosen for their image. Epstein wrote that there was not a single detective connected with the commission. The FBI, on which it relied almost entirely, had already reached its own conclusions and resented any review of them. So the commission did not develop evidence, it only reviewed it.

Epstein's second insight was more surprising to those of us who assumed that whatever its motives, the commission's review had at least been exhaustive. Epstein shows that, "Rather than being exhaustive, the Commission's investigation was actually extremely superficial . . . limited in terms of both time and manpower." The commissioners were busy men and their attendance at hearings and meetings was, individually, hardly more than occasional. The senior lawyers were also busy men, commuting irregularly from their offices scattered around the country, so that whatever investigation there was fell to a handful of juniors who were glad to get the $100-a-day consulting fee. One of these lawyers, when asked what the commissioners did, replied, "In one word, nothing." Another said the commissioners had no idea of what was going on.

The actual investigation didn't begin until after Ruby's trial, and if the time for writing the massive report is deducted, there were a mere ten weeks for interviews and hearings involving 552 witnesses.

Epstein was unable merely to submit his scholarly analysis of the commission's operation and go on for his Ph.D. He got caught up, as have hundreds of others, in analyzing, second by fractional second, what happened when Kennedy's car turned from Houston Street into Elm Street, passed the Texas Schoolbook Depository, and approached the "triple overpass." Once you're hooked into those six seconds, you're doomed to join the conspiracy freaks—I know, I'm probably the last convert.

Oswald alone could not have killed John

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

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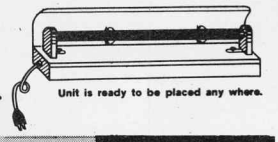
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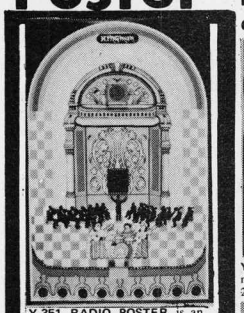
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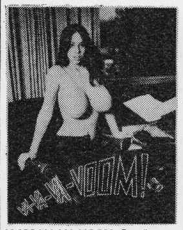

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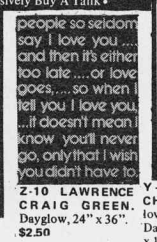
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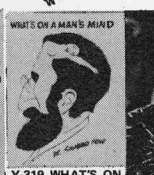

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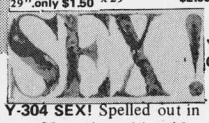

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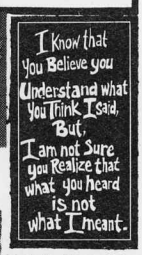
Y-160 GINA. Exciting full color unretouched photo, 23" x 31". **Only $1.98**

Y-286 WE ARE THE UNWILLING. LED BY THE UNQUALIFIED . . . Full color photo. 22" x 34". **$1.98**

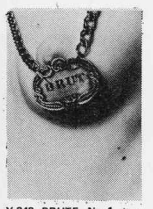
Y-101 MYSTERY POSTER? If you like suprises send $1.00 for (2) exciting posters – not shown – money back if you feel you were ripped off! (We try harder!)

Y-363 NIXON AGNEW Black & White Photo. Collectors Item 23" x 29". Only $1.50

Y-67 FLY UNITED. Day glow red, blue and pink on coated stock, 17" x 22" **$1.00**



Y-273 Day glow red on black. 20" x 31". **Only $1.50**

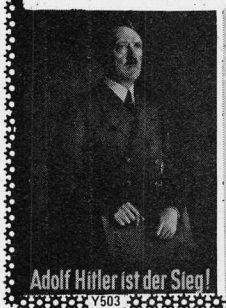

Y-348 BRUTE No. 1 is a beautiful young breast gently caressed by the famous Brute logo-label. A must for Brute users now or future and those with dry humor 22" x 28" **$1.00**

WORLD WAR I and WORLD WAR II CLASSICS

Y-503 HITLER propaganda portrait issued in 1943. Has never been seen in the U.S. before, 22" x 28", **$.2.50**

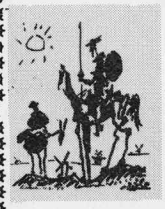
Y-502 ONCE A GERMAN always a German, 19" x 23", **$1.98.**

FOR COLLECTORS!



Y503

Y502


Y-74 DON QUIXOTE. Picasso litho. Black and white 24" x 30" **$2.00**

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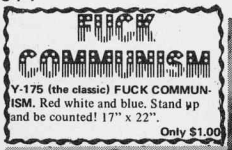
P.O. BOX 58, N.Y.C.,
N.Y. 10014

Y-272 THE BIG "A". You won't believe it! But this is the absolute end. Black and white photo (unretouched), size 23" x 29". **Staggering $1.50**



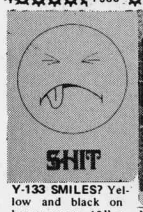
Y-175 (the classic) FUCK COMMUNISM. Red white and blue. Stand up and be counted! 17" x 22". **Only $1.00**

Y-346 ROOM SIGN color 11" x 17" **$1.50**

Y–263 LOVE IS A LOT OF BULL. Color rendition of a forgotton fact! 23" x 29" **$1.00**

Y-104 Astrology Positions Dayglow. 23" x 31" **$2.50**

Y-278 THIS ONE'S FOR YOU BABY. Black Light, orange on dark background, 22" x 34". **Only $1.98**



Y-133 SMILES? Yellow and black on heavy paper. 12" x 17". **Only $1.00**

Y-132 CHICKEN DELIGHT! Unretouched photo, 23" x 23". Black and white. **Only $1.00**

Y-267 BITCH, BITCH, BITCH. Black on White stock. 23" x 35". **$1.50**

Y-300 3-D POSTER!! 23" x29", with special glasses **$2.98**

Y-100 POSTER MOUNT. Good things come in small packages. Sticky Yippy is the miracle poster mount that works on all walls –even brick–and is reusable. Enough for 10 posters. **$1.00**

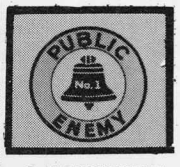
Z-8 CLASSIC CHAPLIN GIANT. Black and white photo, 30" x 40". **$1.50**

Y-500 I WANT YOU! 19" x 23", **$1.50.**

Y-60 WORK DILIGENTLY WITH INTEGRITY. You'll get your just reward. Full color on heavy stock, 12" x 17" **$1.00**

Y-190 FLUSHED! Full color photo 22" x 34" **Only $1.98.**

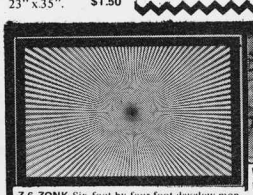
Y-62 #58-23-36 THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM. Vivid black and white on glossy stock. 23"x 31". **$2.00**

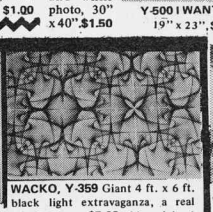


B-47 PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. Rebel Against Bell 23"×23". Red,blue and yellow. **$2.00**

Y-274 DAWN II. Unretouched color photo on varnished stock, 23" x 35". **$1.98**

Y-345 MALE NUDE Not shown. Artistic photo. Unretouched printed in silver, 11x17 **only 2.98**


Z-6 ZONK Six foot by four foot dayglow monster. A Mind Blower. Only $5.95. Shipped in four foot tube.


WACKO, Y-359 Giant 4 ft. x 6 ft. black light extravaganza, a real mind-blower. **$5.98** shipped in 4 ft. tube.

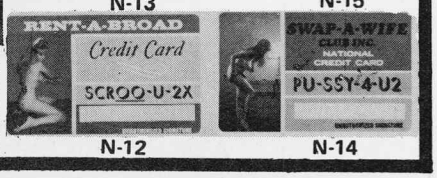
Y-161 WET AND WILD. Sumptuous color photo. 22" x 34". **Only $1.98**

Y-328 PAULETTE. Stunning full color photo, 6 feet high, 25" wide: Be bored by your door no more! Covers door. **Only $2.98**

YES ART CREDIT CARDS

ARE MADE OF STURDY PLASTIC EACH IS IN FULL COLOR AND STANDARD WALLET SIZE. WORTH **25.00** in laughs. OUR PRICE ONLY **1.50** each, all four **4.99**

N-13 **N-15**



N-12 **N-14**

ON VELVET

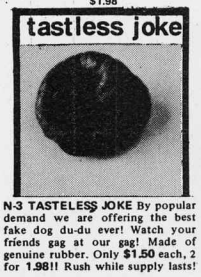
YES ART FLOCK POSTERS are actually printed on velvet flock in day glow color. These posters are perfect for framing. Each is 23" x 35". Only $3.98 each.

Y-374

Y-375

Y-376

Y-377



N-3 TASTELESS JOKE By popular demand we are offering the best fake dog du-du ever! Watch your friends gag at our gag! Made of genuine rubber. Only **$1.50** each, 2 for **1.98!!** Rush while supply lasts!

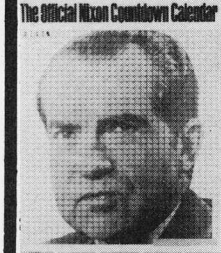
YES ART PHASE 8½ (cover-up)

STILL AMERICAS BEST BUY $1 up

our fantastic bumper stickers on other page

The heaviest human on record, weighed 1,069 lbs., was buried in a piano case. Now, for the first time a poster!!

Y-352 WORLD'S HEAVIEST MAN! 1069 lbs. without shoes!!! Printed in sepia 25" x 31". $1.00



Y-321 1973-1977 NIXON COUNTDOWN CALENDAR The greatest political poster made. Grid over Nixon's face is numbered with the days left in his administration "X" out each box until his term and face are gone 24" x 35" ONLY $1.98

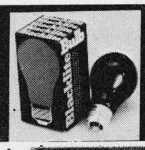
Y-322 SAME CALENDAR as above but in a smaller more convenient office size. Buy a number of these for friends. Only 11" x 17" and a watergate steal at $1.50 each.

YES ART BOOKS

P-6 THE ART OF SENSUOUS MASSAGE or how to make your bod and other bods feel good all over and have fun while doing it. Everything explained in language (English) and photos, (nudes) for the mental retards in the group. One of the better books on massage. Maybe one of the best. Who knows. Paper $3.95

P-25 SHOOTING STARS has been called one of the finest photo books of our times. But that was said by the publishers so who knows? Anyway it's all the rock stars captured on film by the folks at Rolling Stone and at the price it should be good. It's a style of shooting that's made its mark. Paper $9.95

P-23 MEIN KAMPF The complete unabridged edition by Adolph Hitler. Collectors item. 694p. $3.95



SPECIAL $1.99

B99—OUR FANTASTIC BLACKLIGHT BULB REGULARLY $3.99 NOW $1.99 FITS ANY SOCKET! LIMIT 3 TO A CUSTOMER! GRAURANTEED 700 HRS. SOCKET-TO-EM!

NOSTALGIA FROM YES Giant B/W Blow-Ups only 30" x 40" $1.50 each

Y-320 Bogie

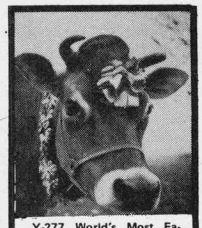
Y-372 Garbo

Y-371 Harlow

Y-255 Monroe

Y-370 Cagney

Y-373 Gable



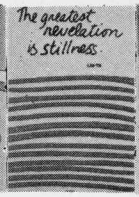
Y-277 World's Most Famous Cow appeal's to us. B/W photo 23" x 29" Only $1.00

WARMTH POSTERS

WONDERFUL lovely color posters to brighten and illuminate every soul. Heavy art stock suitable for framing. Read each carefully. only **$1.50** each.

Y-354 Love is the only strength which makes things one without destroying them

Y-353 Didn't you ever search for another star



Y-344 The greatest revelation is stillness

Y-343 Fences were made for those who can't fly

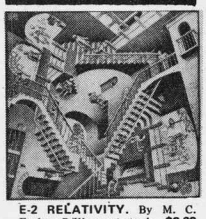
Y-358 I suspect people of plotting to make me happy

Y-188 CLEAN AIR. Add another window to your room. Full Color. $1.98 24" x 36".

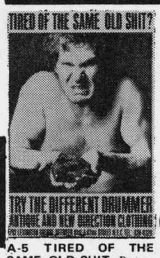
Y-115 BEEP BEEP YURASS. 23" x 29" dayglow color. $1.98.

Y-325 CLEAN UP! Day glow red & black 23"x29" Only $1.98

Y-334. CALL ME. beautiful color photo of girl with alluring stare. 25" x 35". $2.50

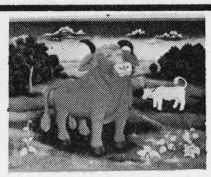


E-2 RELATIVITY. By M. C. Escher. B/W on art stock. $2.98



A-5 TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SHIT. Brown sepia. 23" x 35". $2.00

Y-165 WE ADMIT IT! THIS POSTER SMELLS! Just like strawberries, that is. Sumptuous full color black light photo scent lasts 6 months, 22" x 34" Only $2.98



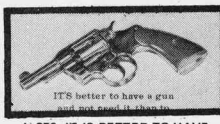
Y-336 THE BOSS full color painting of bull 26" x 36" $2.50

Y72. EXPRESS THYSELF. Photo progression. Full color photo. 24" x 30". $2.00

Y-95 TRICKIE DICKIE. Red China Commemorative Poster. (Unofficial) Golden Sepia on heavy stock. 23" x 29" only $1.50

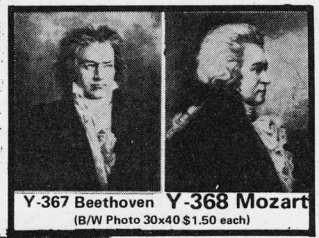
Y-189 THE CLASSIC HORSE. Serious full-color photo. 25" x 31". Only $1.98

Y-331 SNAKE SKIN! Really rare shot! Sensual b/w photo 22"x28". $1.98



Y-350. IT IS BETTER TO HAVE A GUN AND NOT NEED IT THAN TO NEED A GUN AND NOT HAVE IT. Send a copy to your legislator! 18" x 12", silver and black. 1.50 each.

Y-362 OFFICIAL LIST OF NIXON ENEMIES. On parchment. Collector's item. 17" x 22". $1.50



Y-367 Beethoven Y-368 Mozart (B/W Photo 30x40 $1.50 each)

Y-360 WHO PEED IN THE POOL? B/W PHOTO 23" x 29" Only $1.00

Z-14 THE CLASSIC LAUREL AND HARDY. Giant 30" x 40" photo $1.50

Y-212 ONE WAY Famous Jesus Sign, Black on Red. 22"x34" $1.00

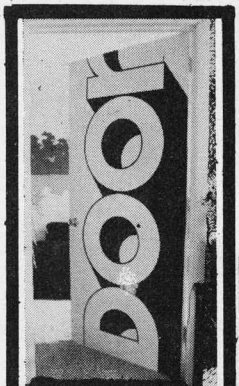
Y-323 WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS B & W photo 11" x 17" $1.50

Y82. RAQUEL WELCH #3 Black and white photo. 30" x 40". $1.00

Y-317 WOMAN — Full color photo to 22" x 34" $2.00

Y-119 MEANEST S.O.B. IN THE VALLEY. Revise of 23rd Psalm. Full color. Only $1.98

Y-151 MOLLY. Sensuous unretouched full color photo, 22" x 31". $1.98



C-31 Now Yes Art can solve your boring door problem with a 4 color door graphic (red, yellow, black, and blue). This exciting new item is perfect for any room and easy to hang! Fits almost any door, overall size is 87" x 42", only $10.95 complete. For full color book with over 35 8 feet wall graphics circle item C-51 and send 75 c for handling. Supply is limited.

Y-183 RATED X Full color day glow. 23"x31" Only 1.98

Y-131 FRIENDLY REMINDER. Full color, 11" x 17" on heavy stock. $1.00

Y-361 ENJOY TODAY TOMORROW MAY BE EVEN WORSE! 23" x 29" DAYGLO COLOR $2.00

Z-29 TV MAMA. You have to see it to believe it. Giant 30" x 40" photo. Sepia. $2.00

Y-364 3 Stugies 30x40 B/W $1.50)

SUPER LIGHT

Psychedelic, multi-image twin spectrum lamp. Covers walls in ever-changing patterns of color. This is the best made, accept no cheap substitute. Shipped with clear (naked) bulb, just pay your electrical bill and plug in. Creates fantastic illusions, never stays the same, may be used for interrogation, storytelling, or far out court appearances. ITEM L-1, $9.95.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

For quick delivery, send check, cash or money order to:

YES ART POSTERS Pen 54
P.O. Box 58, New York, N.Y. 10014

Add 95c for Postage on all orders.

A-1	A-5	B-47	B-99	C-31	C-51
E-2	L-1	L-2	N-3	N-12	N-13
N-14	N-15	N-16	N-17	N-18	N-19
N-20	N-21	N-22	N-23	N-24	N-25
N-26	P-6	P-23	P-25	Y-60	Y-62
Y-67	Y-72	Y-74	Y-82	Y-85	Y-95
Y-100	Y-101	Y-104	Y-106	Y-115	Y-119
Y-131	Y-132	Y-133	Y-150	Y-151	Y-161
Y-165	Y-175	Y-183	Y-188	Y-189	Y-190
Y-194	Y-212	Y-255	Y-261	Y-263	Y-267
Y-271	Y-272	Y-273	Y-274	Y-275	Y-278
Y-286	Y-288	Y-300	Y-304	Y-317	Y-319
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Y-358	Y-359	Y-360	Y-361	Y-362	Y-363
Y-364	Y-365	Y-366	Y-367	Y-368	Y-370
Y-371	Y-372	Y-373	Y-374	Y-375	Y-376
Y-500	Y-502	Y-503	Z-6	Z-8	Z-10
Z-14	Z-29	Z-31			

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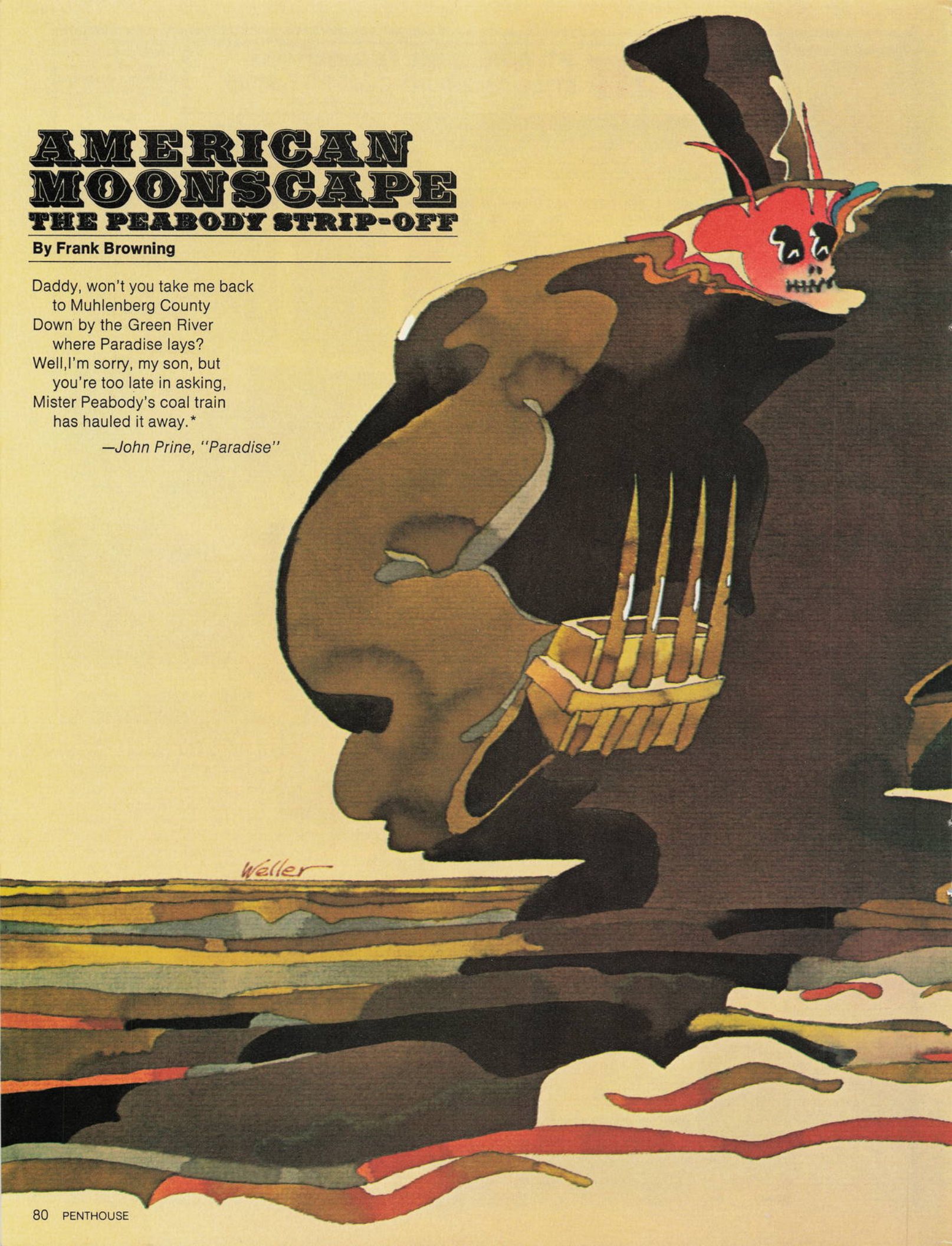
AMERICAN MOONSCAPE

THE PEABODY STRIP-OFF

By Frank Browning

Daddy, won't you take me back
to Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River
where Paradise lays?
Well,I'm sorry, my son, but
you're too late in asking,
Mister Peabody's coal train
has hauled it away.*

—John Prine, "Paradise"



Mr. Peabody descended into the earth long ago, but his coal trains have continued to haul away vast volumes of Muhlenberg County, Kentucky. The outfit bearing his name owns outright some 55,000 acres of Muhlenberg, or one sixth of the county, and it holds mineral leases on even more.

Muhlenberg and adjacent Ohio County, where the Peabody Coal Company also has immense holdings, are in the rolling scrublands of the lower Ohio River valley, lands very like southern Illinois and Indiana. There one does not see the shocking landslides and buried houses of Appalachia, and as a result it has become the place where King Coal—as the operators are often called—insists that strip-mining works. It is a place where the shovels and draglines and bulldozers supposedly leave the land as well-off as they found it. "Sometimes even better," the operators say. And that is why it is hard to talk about the natural, the cultural, and ultimately the human destruction that Peabody and its corporate colleagues have loosed upon Muhlenberg County.

"Only the dead are left," a narrator declared in a television documentary as the camera, panning across the endless series of bare clay ridges, stopped at an isolated family grave. In fact, a few trees, some grasslands, and an occasional demonstration fishpond also remain.

But the narrator's was the poet's error, for Muhlenberg County *has* been hauled away. On its eastern edge there are more

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than a hundred square miles of desolation. Most of the game and wildlife have left, and the streams are standing pools of sulfuric acid, sullen reminders of what happens when mineral veins are gashed open and their sulfurous contents left to drain unblocked. It is a reminder to Americans that destruction need not be dramatic and panoramic to be grotesquely final. What has happened to Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties at the hands of the world's largest coal company is that a body of productive farmland has been slowly and quietly plundered until what remains is neither living nor dead, but has only a stunted half-life, a presage of what is to follow as Peabody goes on carving gulches across the continent and around the globe.

"Power for Progress" declares the motto incorporated in all Peabody insignia, and few of the farmers, miners, and shopkeepers who live in the two counties along the sluggish Green River take exception to it. If mining means jobs, then it is a reckless man indeed who will object to the very engine of progress itself.

But Randall Sheffield did object. Randall Sheffield owns a 129-acre farm in Ohio County, three and a half miles from the house where he was born. He is thirty-two years old and raises cattle and grows beans. With luck, he just breaks even. He has a new house, and he does not want to move.

The Peabody Company doesn't necessarily want Randall Sheffield to move either. They just want to drive a three-and-a-half-mile coal conveyor belt across his farm and those of his three neighbors—blocking access from one field to the next, sending thousands of tons of coal roaring overhead each week, backing up drainage on the rich bottomland, and forcing him to drive beneath the belt to get to his home. The four farms are almost completely surrounded by Peabody's giant coal-stripping machines.

In most parts of America, a man's property is his own to dispose. In Kentucky the courts say otherwise, reaching back to a 19th-century statute that gives mine operators the condemnation right to construct a "railroad, overhead conveyor, or pipeline" for transporting their materials to the "most convenient point" on a public railroad or waterway. So against his will, the Peabody coal train, stoked by the law, is ripping through Randall Sheffield's property.

If Peabody wins its condemnation suit against the four farmers, Sheffield says, it will mean "the end of farming in the western part of Ohio County." The farmers have already spent over $4,700 in legal fees and have not even reached the state court of appeals. Last year, Peabody won the first round in court.

"I used to think that the law said something and that's the way it was," Sheffield says of his wrangling with Peabody and the courts. "But you've just got to get that out of your head. They're there for the people that's got the money to pay for 'em." With a touch of sorrow in his voice, he goes on:

> You take the road up to Rockport from Paradise —that's ten miles— and come over to Central City—that's ten miles —and then go ten miles down to Browder. That's a hundred square miles, of course, all strip-mined. There isn't anyone in there anymore. No one lives in a hundred square miles. . . .
>
> Paradise? There's just nothing there now— absolutely nothing. It makes me heartsick to go over there. A lot of people can grow older and go back home and say, "Well, here's where I played as a boy." I can't go back. There's not even any ground that I can walk over.

"You can't take a man to court that's got money. You can't do it. If you've got the money, you just don't have to worry.

"If these judges give 'em eminent-domain access through condemnation, how long's it gonna be before they want another little road over here, another one over there? It involves all these farms—they'll get 'em all eventually. In five years they'll have all the productive cropland in Ohio County sewed up. Most people—most businessmen that is—don't see this. They just think that Peabody's going to bring in a lot of money and they'll get a little piece of it. They just don't grasp it.

"Who's going to pay the taxes? There aren't going to be any farmers to pay the taxes. You're not going to have people coming in here buying bacon and eggs and milk. Peabody'll just move on and strip somewheres else, up in Illinois or somewheres. There won't be nobody."

Randall Sheffield's fear is not paranoid fantasy. All he has to do is look upriver to the Muhlenberg County town they used to call Paradise. There, in 1960, some two hundred people supported two general stores, a school, a gas station, and the other usual amenities of a river village. In 1973 the only clearly living thing there was a tiger lily, which had somehow survived in the shadow of several hundred thousand tons of coal piled high for the furnaces of a TVA power plant.

Paradise is the heart of the emptiness of Muhlenberg County—a testament to the progress that power has brought. Seventy-five years ago it was the county's third river port, a launching and receiving dock for corn, cattle, logs, and the then fledgling coal industry. There were three tobacco-processing factories, four saloons, and "downtowners" would chip their own coal from a seam butting out of the road bank. Half the residents had come over from Scotland, attracted by a Scottish mining entrepreneur who had set up an ironworks in Adrie Hill, a mile upriver.

James Gilmour, whose grandfather came to work the iron, has the round, ruddy-cheeked face of his forebears. "Oh, it was excellent land there along the Green River. Matter of fact, just to the right of Paradise, there was a little five-acre field I remember when I was a kid. You could go down in the spring and there'd be four to six inches of sediment from the high waters. I know that for forty years my father never knew any fertilizer to be used on it. And each year, corn—boy! ears that looked like they were eighteen inches long."

How had it changed in James Gilmour's more than seventy years?

"You take the road up to Rockport from Paradise—that's ten miles—and come over to Central City—that's ten miles—and then go ten miles down to Browder. That's a hundred square miles, of course all strip-mined. There isn't anyone in there anymore. No one lives in a hundred square miles. That was solid farmland, and there was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

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Below is Victoria clutching her tiger, which she received for blowing the socks off an avid admirer, and blow them off she did!!! Victoria had a plan of action back in those days when you courted a lady. She used music — soft, subtle, seductive music churning from her gramophone — to set a mood.

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SEDUCTION

Eros - Rod McKuen
Hello, Hello - Claudine Longet
Somethin' Stupid - Frank Sinatra w/ Nancy Sinatra
Live for Life - Ferrante & Teicher
My Rock and Foundation - Peggy Lee
Can't Take My Eyes Off You - Vikki Carr
Strangers in the Night - Frank Sinatra
Moonlight - Shelby Flint
My Sweet Lord - Peggy Lee
Something - Perry Como
Where is Love? - Shirley Bassey
Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya Huh? - Dean Martin
This Heart - Sergio Franchi
You Stepped Out of a Dream - Lana Cantrell
Reach Out for Me - Dionne Warwicke
Kaleidoscope - Rod McKuen
Maybe This Time - Tony Bennett

PASSION

The Gentle Touch - Rod McKuen
Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars - Andy Williams
A Man and a Woman - Claudine Longet
We've Only Just Begun - Perry Como
Embraceable You - Andy Williams
Eternity - Vikki Carr
All the Things You Are - John Gary
Tender is the Night - Tony Bennett
I Don't Know How To Love Him - Yvonne Elliman
Je T'aime - Jane Birkin
Clocks - Rod McKuen
Theme From Eros - Rod McKuen
I Will Love You - Shelby Flint
Theme From Mondo Cane - Riz Ortolani
Theme from Romeo and Juliet - Henry Mancini
Theme From Love Story - Henry Mancini
Love Them From Phoedra - Nikis Theodorakis

FOREPLAY

The Love Seekers - Rod McKuen
The Look of Love - Shirley Bassey
Tell Her You Love Her Each Day - Frank Sinatra
I'm Confessin - Dean Martin
All the Things You Are - Lana Cantrell
The More I See You - Sergio Franchi
Fools Rush In - Dean Martin
It's Impossible - Perry Como
Speak Low - Lana Cantrell
When Somebody Loves You - Frank Sinatra
For all We Know - Shirley Bassey
Unchained Melody - John Gary
Take Me for Now Love - Englebert Humperdink
(They Long To Be) Close to You - Dionne Warwicke
The Touch of Your Lips - Andy Williams
The Best is Yet To Come - Tony Bennett
Help Me Make It Through the Night - Peggy Lee

CLIMAX

Something Beyond - Rod McKuen
I've Never Been a Woman Before - Shirley Bassey
For the Good Times - Englebert Humperdinck
My Way - Lana Cantrell
Rules of the Road - Tony Bennett
Stanyan Street - Rod McKuen
As Long As He Needs Me - Dionne Warwick
The Shadow Of Your Smile - Sergio Franchi
You Don't Have to Say You Love Me - Vikki Carr
If Ever I Would Leave You - Andy Williams
There Will Never Be Another You - Lana Cantrell
If You Go Away - Rod McKuen
Smile - Tony Bennett
If You Go - Lana Cantrell
Softly As I Leave You - Frank Sinatra
I Wish You Love - Andy Williams
Somewhere My Love - Ivan Rebroff

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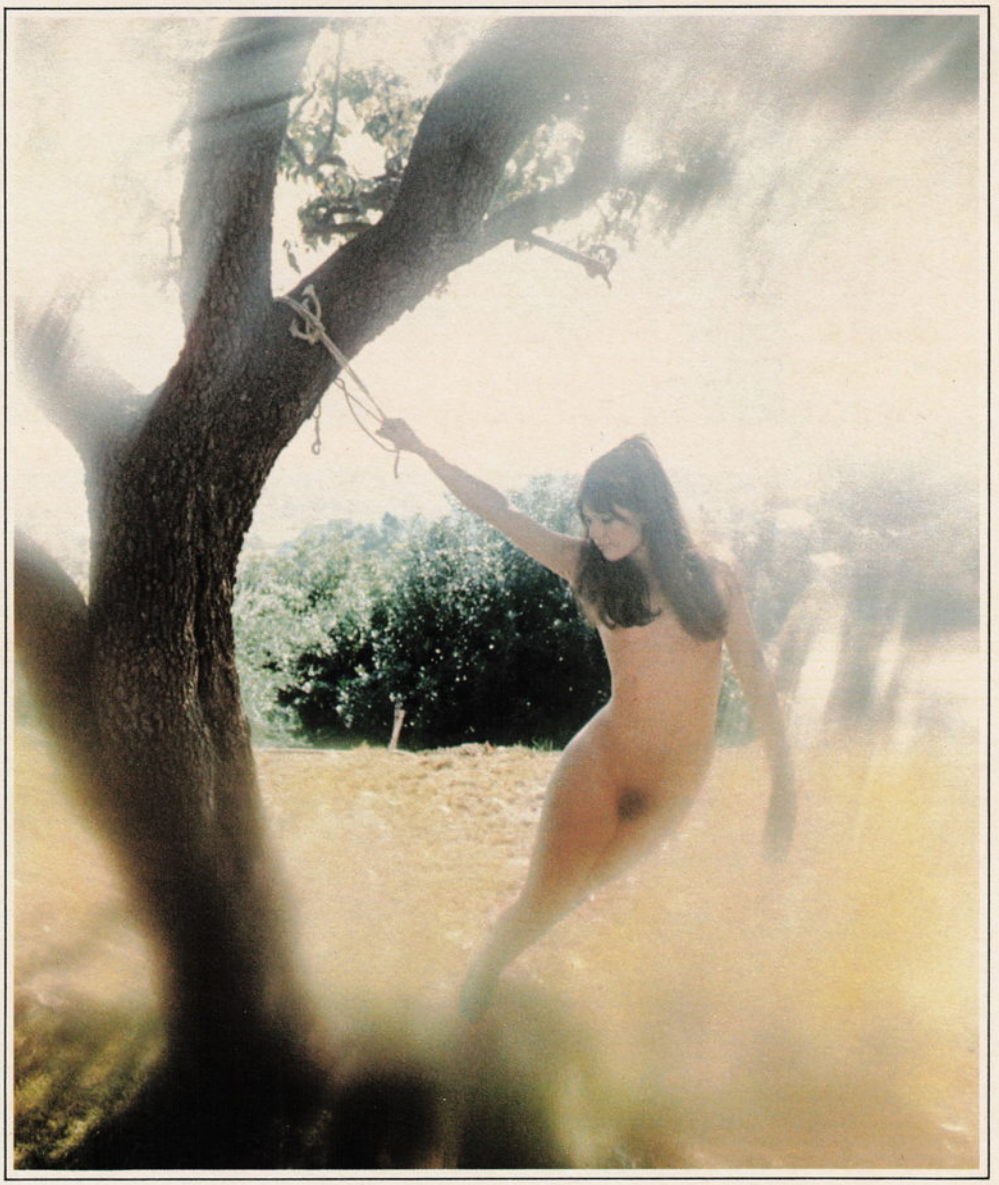


EXPLORER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH NELSON

Some are born to sweet delight, or so one poet said. And those not always being born are always dying, said another. No experiential idler is Tracey Sullivan, a twenty-one-year-old nymph with the manner of a lady, the mind of a sage, and the body of a child—the spirit, indeed, of eternal pubescent youth, who hails, as might be expected, from the L.A.-blasé, Frisco-mystic state of California.

"I'm a native Californian. I was born in San Francisco. I went to the University of California at Berkeley, where I got my degree in philosophy. I was going to go for my Ph.D., but there are no jobs available, so I just dropped it. Now I'm trying to get into modeling and save enough money to get a house in

northern California. I want to do a lot of writing up there... in time adopt children of different nationalities. I really want a career in writing, and I don't want to get married. I have a guy now who lives away from me; we see each other when we want but still have our own privacy. I think that makes for a stronger relationship, because we both respect each other's needs and wants."

A fervent fan of variety's spice, Miss Tracey (34-24-35) openly avows her addiction to the new—an ever-increasing need to widen her threshold to sexual, physical, and intellectual sensations. In all sentient beings there is a capacity for exploration and fresh awareness—in the lower primates it enlivens the first few months of life, then vanishes; in humans it persists throughout a lifetime. In Tracey Sullivan it is a series of constant awakenings, a minute-to-minute curtain raiser. "There's something fascinating about the female body.... If I love a woman, I'll hug or kiss her. My man finds that wonderful and respects me for it. I think a woman-to-woman relationship is very important—there are things you don't discuss with men that you can with women. When I'm close to a woman I express myself with contact—physical contact, grabbing, touching, holding—the most meaningful relationships aren't created through talking, but through physical expression... I have a great appreciation of the female body. I can appreciate a female body much more easily than I can a male body....

"I like to have sex, but I don't like to rush it. I like a lot of foreplay. I think Americans are spoiling sex. All that

sex in commercials, using sex to sell things like deodorants. I think this overexposure spoils sex in the bedroom.

"As far as abortion goes, I think it's absolutely essential. I would definitely have one rather than have an unwanted child. I think it's cruel. I sympathize with women's liberation, but I don't believe in the organization part of it. I think when it comes to position and salary, men and women should be equal, there should be no job discrimination because of sex....

"Before I became a vegetarian, I experimented in all kinds of psychedelics. I found that marijuana stimulates you to sex—if you don't fall asleep. Mescaline was the most aphrodisiac of the lot. I think it's nice to take drugs occasionally to enhance a sexual experience, but a natural act is far more beautiful, if you really dig someone, you don't need anything. I wouldn't touch drugs now, not even an aspirin.

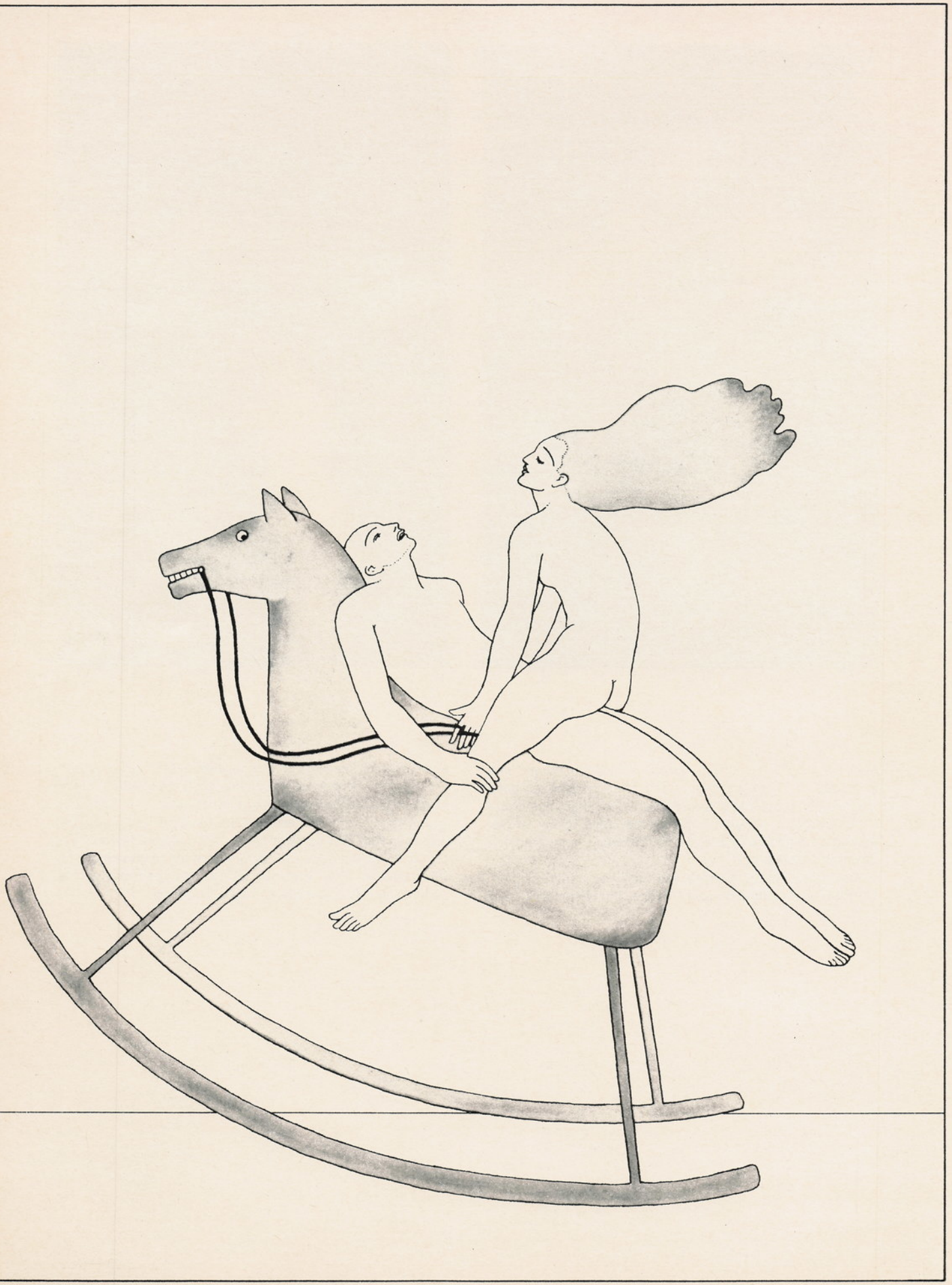
"I've done a lot of reading about nutrition and the hormones they put into meat. Some of them are very dangerous to man, and the coal tar they use to dye the meat red is poisonous too. Meat is very complex, hard for the human body to break down and digest. Mainly, I eat lots of raw fruit. It's supposed to help your sexual abilities.

"I also have a strong interest in psychic phenomena. I've been studying it for about three years. I think the most exciting thing about it is the discovery of the energy forces projected by your body. After you die, the energy forces are still there. You can't kill an energy force. This has been documented and verified, and I use this as my argument for reincarnation. I also believe in telepathy and I have one girl friend in Brazil that I am able to communicate with through telepathy. I originally got into psychic discoveries through my classes on Einstein's theories of physics and science."

For all that she subscribes to the affirmation of life by daring, committed *living,* Tracey Sullivan is an intensely private person. "I get the most enjoyment out of having a cup of coffee, an intelligent conversation, back-

packing, usually by myself, to get away from people and to be alone. There are two ways I like to spend my time alone—getting out into the country and just sitting there and looking around, or turning out all the lights in my house, putting on classical music, burning incense, and just lying down and meditating."

Touch her. Tracey touches you back—an equal reaction. Together you explore, discover, define. But ultimately Tracey must repair to her own space, fragile yet imperishable, poised like a pioneer in the outback of your brave new world. "We're living at the beginning of a whole new era, or at least our young people are. We feel like the old Spaniards probably did when they first came to South America and here to California. It was the dawn of their new era, the beginning of the Renaissance. I feel like they did, a little tired and a little scared, but too excited not to go on."



Paul Psorakis

The Twelve Days of Christmas

by
JOHN DELANEY FORD
Illustrations by Tony Escott

Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 14, 1973

Dearest John,

I went to the door today and the postman delivered a Partridge in a Pear Tree. What a thoroughly delightful gift! I couldn't have been more surprised.

With deepest love and affection,

Aberdeen xxx.

Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

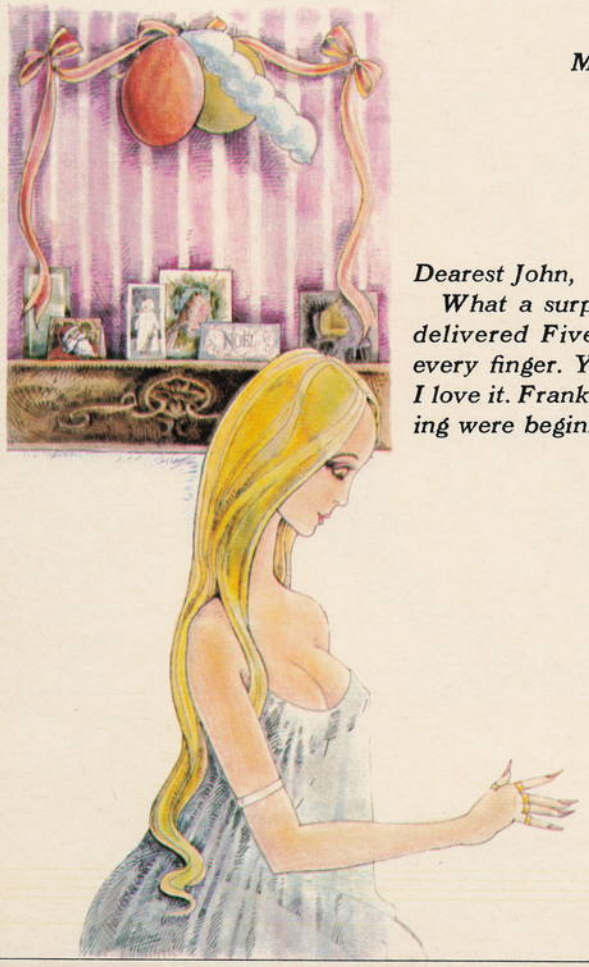
December 15, 1973

Dearest John,

Today the postman brought your very sweet gift. Just imagine—Two Turtle Doves! I'm delighted at your very thoughtful gift. They are just adorable. You big silly, what next?

All my love,

Aberdeen xxx.



Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 18, 1973

Dearest John,

What a surprise! Today the postman delivered Five Golden Rings; one for every finger. You're just impossible, but I love it. Frankly, all those birds squawking were beginning to get on my nerves.

All my love,

Aberdeen

Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 16, 1973

Dear John,

Oh! Aren't you the extravagant one! Now I really must protest. I don't deserve such generosity—Three French Hens. They are just darling, but I must insist, you've been too kind.

Love,

Aberdeen xx.

Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 17, 1973

Dear John,

Today the postman delivered Four Calling Birds. Now, really, they're beautiful but don't you think enough is enough? You're being too romantic.

Affectionately,

Aberdeen

Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 19, 1973

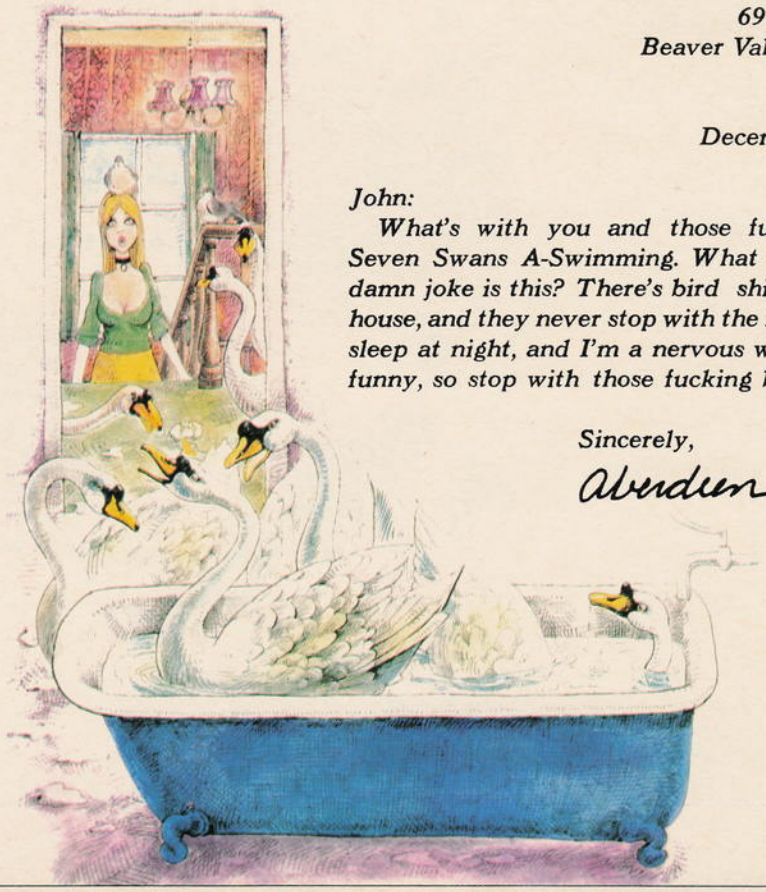
Dear John,

When I opened the door there were actually Six Geese A-Laying on my front steps. So you're back to the birds again, huh? Those geese are huge. Where will I ever keep them? The neighbors are complaining, and I can't sleep through the racket.

Please stop.

Cordially,

Aberdeen



Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 20, 1973

John:

What's with you and those fucking birds? Seven Swans A-Swimming. What kind of goddamn joke is this? There's bird shit all over the house, and they never stop with the racket. I can't sleep at night, and I'm a nervous wreck. It's not funny, so stop with those fucking birds.

Sincerely,

Aberdeen

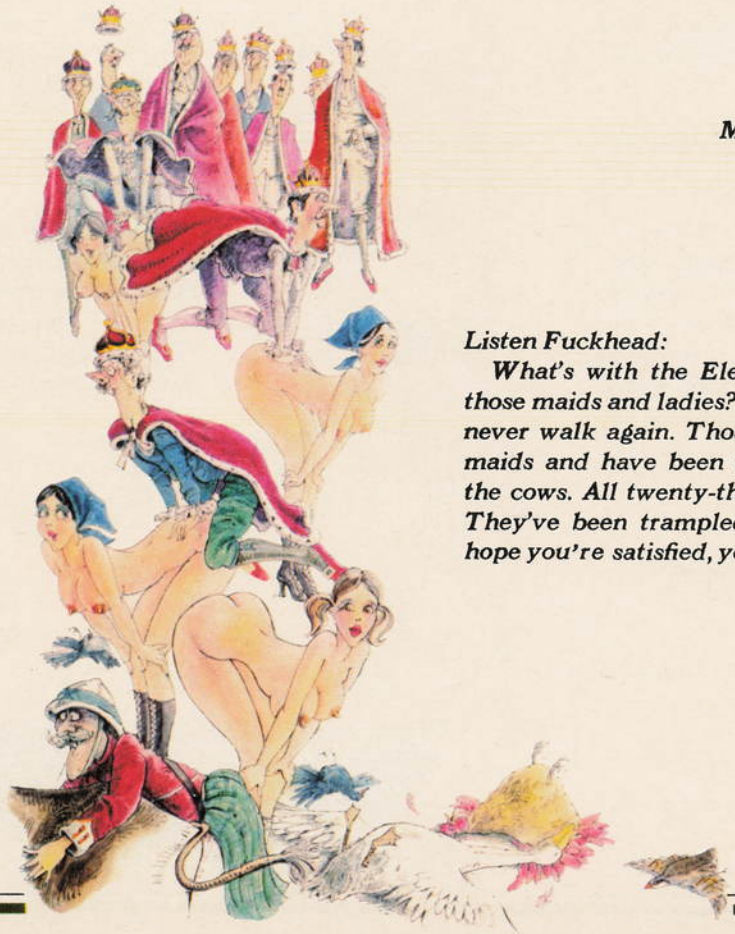
Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 21, 1973

Okay Buster:

I think I prefer the birds. What the hell am I going to do with Eight Maids A-Milking? It's not enough with all those birds and maids a-milking, but they had to bring their goddamn cows. There's shit all over the lawn, and I can't move in my own house. What are you doing to me? Just lay off me, smart-ass!

Aberdeen



Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 24, 1973

Listen Fuckhead:

What's with the Eleven Lords A-Leaping on those maids and ladies? Some of those broads will never walk again. Those pipers ran through the maids and have been committing sodomy with the cows. All twenty-three of the birds are dead. They've been trampled to death in the orgy. I hope you're satisfied, you rotten, vicious swine.

Your sworn enemy,

Aberdeen

Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

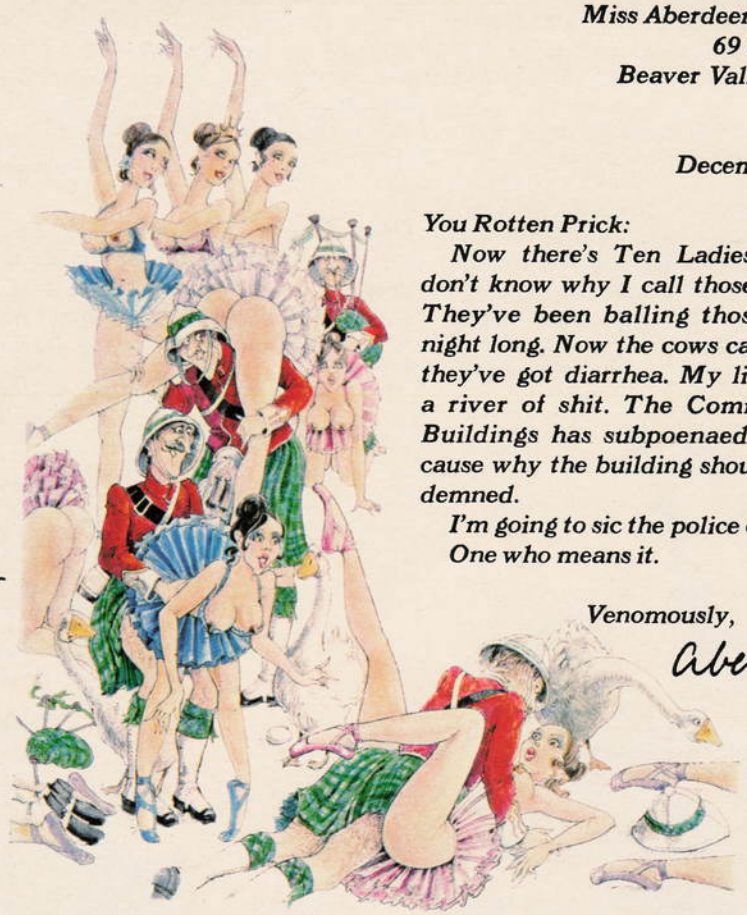
December 22, 1973

Hey Shithead:

What are you? Some kind of sadist? Now there's Nine Pipers Playing. And Christ, do they play! They've never stopped chasing those maids since they got here yesterday morning. The cows are getting upset and they're stepping all over those screeching birds. What am I going to do? The neighbors have started a petition to evict me.

You'll get yours,

Aberdeen



Miss Aberdeen McHolstein
69 Cash Avenue
Beaver Valley, Colorado

December 23, 1973

You Rotten Prick:

Now there's Ten Ladies Dancing. I don't know why I call those sluts ladies. They've been balling those pipers all night long. Now the cows can't sleep and they've got diarrhea. My living room is a river of shit. The Commissioner of Buildings has subpoenaed me to give cause why the building shouldn't be condemned.

I'm going to sic the police on you.
One who means it.

Venomously,

Aberdeen

Law Offices
Badger, Bender and Cajole
303 Knave Street
Denver, Colorado

December 26, 1973

Dear Sir:

This is to acknowledge your latest gift of Twelve Fiddlers Fiddling, which you have seen fit to inflict on our client, Miss Aberdeen McHolstein, The destruction, of course, was total. All correspondence should come to our attention. If you should attempt to reach Miss McHolstein at Happy Dale Sanitarium, the attendants have instructions to shoot you on sight. With this letter please find attached a warrant for your arrest.

Cordially,

J. M. A. Badger

Badger, Bender and Cajole

While Winthrop Hopgood was watching the naked neon girl and waiting for the Indians to attack, he had some further thoughts on what was wrong with America.

In another part of the Navajo New Mexican reservation they were dancing.

In still another piece of Indian Country, young and white Mary-Forge wore her long, lank, orange-colored hair like an Indian and when she moved it swung like a bell. Mary-Forge taught an open-air school for Indians. The school was held in a learning hogan, but she called it an open-air school anyway because she could think of no other name. Only the brave came. She charged the Indians work. They had to clean the hogan and make the fire and keep the fire going. Only the brave came meant that there were no books in the school and that scared off some Indians. Being one, being part Indian, I know. The problem is that, except for the brave, people expect books. Mary-Forge said "No books."

"Listen here, Mary-Forge," the missionary said. "You can't say that."

"I did."

"We are agreed," the missionary said.

"Good old Father Duffield," Mary-Forge said.

"That sounds like a line from a bad movie," the missionary said.

"I'm not a father. I'm not a Catholic."

"Then what are you?"

"An existentialist missionary."

"Oh God," Mary-Forge said.

"You believe," the missionary said, "that existentialists are the property of yourself."

"I will never accept an existentialist missionary."

"Why not?"

"Because you can't be an existentialist and a missionary."

"You can't run a school without a man and without books. Think about that, Mary-Forge."

"I will think about that," Mary-Forge said. She looked out at the wide, serrated shock of Indian country that undulated, rose and fell in a quiet riot and gentle swirl of fabulous, then muted-serene colors to the border of Mexico. And she thought about it. This is what she thought:

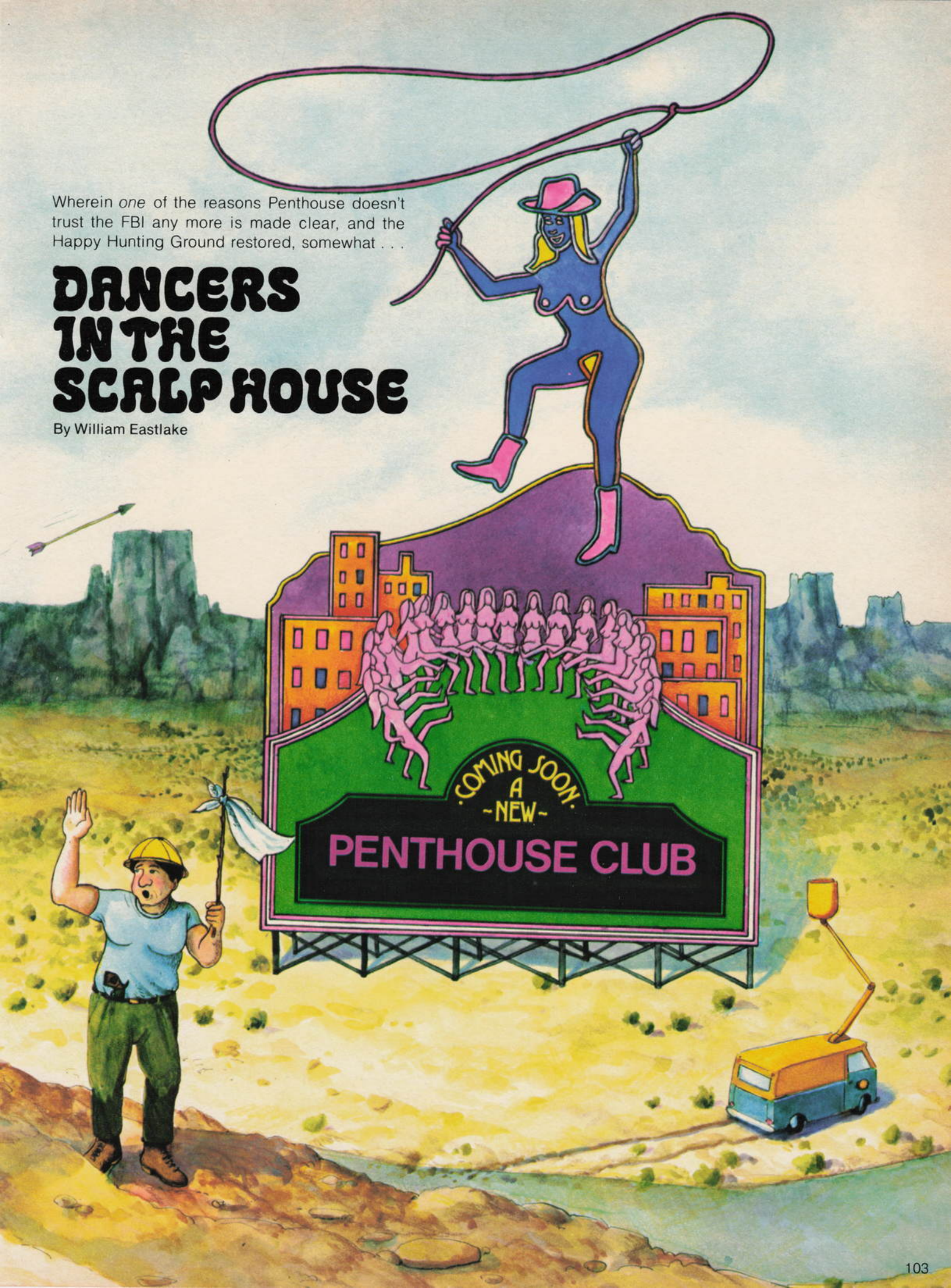
She would tell the class about the wnite

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

Wherein *one* of the reasons Penthouse doesn't trust the FBI any more is made clear, and the Happy Hunting Ground restored, somewhat . . .

DANCERS IN THE SCALP HOUSE

By William Eastlake



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EMPEROR DICKIE AND THE SEXTH AMENDMENT OR WOULD YOU BUY A DIRTY POSTCARD FROM THE MAN?

HUMOR
BY
HENRY MORGAN

The title below is merely an eye-catcher and tells you nothing about Censorship and the Supreme Court and Human Dignity and God and Sex, which are what this article is about.

Oh, and also the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, that tiresome, worn-out collection of twaddle which was fobbed off on a freedom-loving people by those dirty Commie conspirators, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, and the lot.

It *is* about the Emperor Dickie, Viceroy of Vietnam, Monarch of Mitchell, Regent of Rebozo, King of Kissinger, Mandarin of the Moon, and, by the grace of God, of Agnew, Ataturk.

This is the Lord under whose firm hand and watchful eye a grateful people have renounced sirloin for soybeans. The man under whose guidance the giant oil companies have conspired to clean the air by raising the price of gasoline; the man who has thoughtfully turned over the moneys from ITT and Robert Vesco to a small group of Plumbers; the man who, starting out in life as a simple, unprincipled California ambulance-chaser, has managed to wrest the government from the hands of the Congress, ruin the value of the dollar, turn mutual distrust into violent racism, build two millionaire's homes on other millionaires' money and, as a crowning gesture, made lists of his enemies, microfilmed the names of the intellectuals, packed the Supreme Court with Greek Colonels, and declared sex to be legally dirty.

And that's the crux, the nub. This is owing to the fact that the Nixon Supreme Court has declared the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and of the press to be . . . inoperative. Under the new, strict constructionists of the Court, the Constitution no longer exists.

The Emperor himself declared that it didn't exist for war . . . his personal Court has decided that it doesn't exist for anything else.

For the information of those dullards who are either too stupid to read the papers or who spend all their time canning gherkins, the Court ruled recently that "local communities" can now decide whether or not to ban anything that doesn't agree with their ideas of propriety.

Still babbling, the Court went on to say that what is "acceptable" in New York (that cesspool!) might not be acceptable in Creevy's Creek, and that therefore Creevy's Creek can arrest the folks and put them in the naughty-house.

What all this actually comes down to is that the Emperor, whose bride apparently gave birth to two kids by artifical insemination, has decreed that your body is dirty. Dirty enough in New York, but absolutely filthy in Pious Acres, Utah.

It is now official doctrine and law that anything you see, hear, or smell that makes you think about getting laid is un-American.

This is the new definition of obscenity.

Odd, because it had long been considered by literate people that Stupidity is the main obscenity. This goes back to the Bible. If Moses hadn't been so sick and nervous when God was talking to him, he certainly would have noted that the actual First Commandment was "Thou shalt not be a horse's ass."

Old man Mose got the rest down right enough. Coveting thy neighbor's wife is wrong, and he was right. You covet up the lady across the way, why you land in the courts, or you become obliged to swap wives . . . neither of which is particularly sanitary.

But God didn't say thou shouldn'st covet Somebody.

And He couldn't have believed for a minute that the coveting *apparatus* was dirty. . . . He had made it. Not a lot went into the makings, of course, but still, He made it. God was pleased with it, so when He found out that Adam had covered it with a fig leaf, He got goddam mad.

When the Most High discovered that man was ashamed of his cock, He said, "You shall eat henceforth only by the sweat of your brow."

But the Supreme Court is made up of lawyers, not ministers. And at least five of them are *grateful* lawyers . . . grateful enough to turn the law, or bend, fold, spindle, and mutilate it. Or ignore it.

What the Court has now said is that in the future the artist will not be able to communicate according to the mores of the literate section of the community; he will have to abide by the wishes of the sex-tormented Calvinists of Bide-A-Wee, Oklahoma.

For the simple fact is that nobody writes a book or a song or makes a movie that *ignores* the local laws of Bide-a-Wee, or West Fart, or Peachtree Cramp. Artists of all kinds are obliged to sell what they create, and they must sell it to as many people as possible. When a man wants to make a movie, he has to tell the money people what the movie is about; if the proposed venture just *seems* to run afoul of the censors of Pardeesville and Slobbertown, the money needed will not be forthcoming.

Censoring is a delight to grubbers. What nicer way to grub a buck than by going underground? Who ever made more money than the bootleggers in the days of Prohibition?

Clean movies won't have the problem, of course. If it's a picture about blood—good, rich, human blood, spilling from the bodies of people who have been shot, stabbed, maimed—if, in short, it's about a *true* obscenity—no problem.

If Stupidity is the major obscenity, and it is, the others follow it under subheadings. It might help to make a list:

STUPIDITY
Violence
Racism
Oafishness
Loutism
Crassness
Inhumanity
Boordom
Greed
I'm all right Jackishness
Knavery
Pettifoggery
Cheating the Welfare
Appearing on "Let's Make a Deal"
Hypocrisy
Nationalism
Religion
Being a lawyer
Being a Supreme Court judge
Moronism
Writing or reading *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*
Mopery
Doing it with statues

Still, the Court isn't concerned with these offenses. Nor is it bothered by the thousand and one affronts to human dignity that the ordinary joe faces every day of his life. There is no law, for example, against television commercials. There is none against selling farms to high-rise developers. There is no law to protect pensioners, Indians, Chicanos, or blacks.

Nor is there a federal law that protects women.

Nor the earth itself.

Nor the seas.

The advertising media tell you that if you wear Playtex you have a better chance of getting it in the sack. If you use the right mouthwash, deodorant, or depilatory; if you drive the right car; if you keep your skin and hair forever young, remove the wrinkles, buy satin sheets, build up your chest, learn to tango, speak French in restaurants—you can get it.

No law against advertising it all day, every day.

But you can't watch it or read about it.

Because the Emperor doesn't do it.

And Mrs. Emperor doesn't do it.

But Tricka does it.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

GROUCHO

It's no easy matter to interview Groucho Marx. Many journalists have taken advantage of the conflicting memories of the survivors of the vaudeville era to construct their own fantasy versions of the golden age of American show business, usually painting the sordid and scandalous side a bit rosier than it was. Groucho has consequently been wary of interviewers who might distort his statements. When Richard J. Anobile—editor of the best-selling *Why a Duck?*, an illustrated compendium of the Marx Brothers' wit—proposed that they collaborate to produce *The Marx Bros. Scrapbook*, a volume of interviews and memorabilia distributed by W. W. Norton, he offered the great comedian a chance to set the record straight. Groucho plunged enthusiastically into a series of comprehensive discussions, remarking, "I'm going to be eighty-three years old. At this age I don't give a damn what I say about anybody or what they say about me."

Of all those comedians whose careers made Broadway and Hollywood the greatest capitals of satire in the 20th century—artists like W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Ernie Kovacs—only Groucho survives, and continues to enlighten and enliven our times with his inexhaustible spirit and wit.

Groucho's career began in vaudeville in 1905; his brothers followed later. In 1924, their fame already established, they became the darlings of Broadway, where they starred in three musical hits. Fearsome critics, including Alexander Woollcott and Percy Hammond, proclaimed them geniuses. Their unique wit and style, combined with first-rate writing and music, made them unbeatable. Never before had Broadway audiences been exposed to such hilarity.

By the time the Marx Brothers went to Hollywood, they were in their forties and had conquered Broadway. *The Cocoanuts* and *Animal Crackers*, their first two films, are among the earliest stage musicals to be filmed, and serve as perfect examples of the Broadway musical of that era. The films were instant hits and Broadway lost the team forever. The brothers moved family and friends to Hollywood in 1931, where they remained for the balance of their careers. In all, they produced fourteen films and were box-office stars until they disbanded in 1949.

Groucho is still very much in demand, as a sold-out national tour of one-man shows he made in 1972 proves. *An Evening with Groucho*, recorded by A&M at Carnegie Hall in New York, is currently heading to the top of the charts.

Anobile talked with Groucho at the star's costly but unpretentious home in Beverly Hills. The interview covers Groucho's early years in vaudeville and burlesque and the formation of the Marx Brothers' act. It offers some scathing and irreverent insights into the personalities and events of that distant era.

Here, in his own words, are the candid impressions of the rich, wild life of America's funniest humorist.

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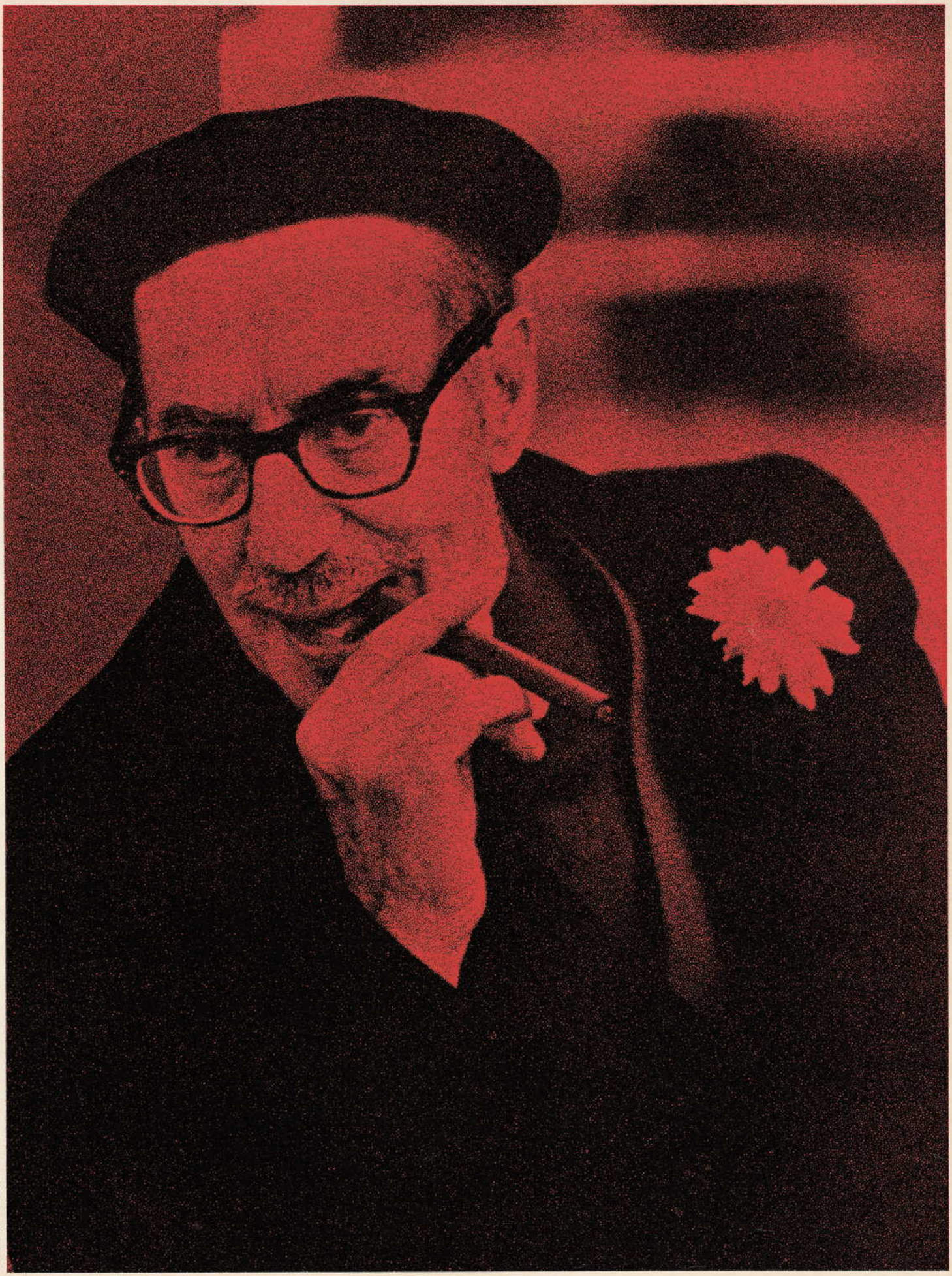


Courtesy A&M records

Penthouse: The earliest reference to your entry into show business is that in 1905 you answered a newspaper ad——

Groucho: Yes, in the *New York World* if you want to be accurate. It's out of business now, but it was one of the great newspapers of its day. It had the best writers and that's what makes a newspaper. It had columnists like Alexander Woollcott and Franklin P. Adams. You don't remember Adams, but in those days we all tried to get a piece into his column. When I finally got a little piece into his column, just a little piece, not more than an inch, I thought I was Shakespeare. Well, Adams is dead!

Penthouse: That job you went after was as a singer with the Loring Trio.

Groucho: The Laroux Trio! And Laroux was a fag. The first time I saw him he was wearing lipstick. I had never seen a fag. I had heard of them and when I saw him with the lipstick I figured that's what was meant by the term fag. I didn't know what the word homosexual meant in those days. Homosexuals! That was a hell of a big word for a fourteen-year-old.

Penthouse: Why did you answer the ad? Had you been singing elsewhere?

Groucho: I sang in a Protestant church on Madison Avenue every Sunday and got a dollar for it. It was a gentile church but as soon as I found out I could get a dollar for singing there it didn't matter that it wasn't a synagogue.

Penthouse: What about your brothers, what were they doing?

Groucho: They were all schmucks!

Penthouse: Were they doing anything related to show business?

Groucho: Chico was working because he was eighteen. When we did our first musical, *I'll Say She Is*, we had thirty chorus girls in the show. By the time we got on the road Chico had fucked at least fifteen of them. That's what he did. Fucking and shooting pool. He was very good.

Penthouse: Were you the first member of the family to become involved with show business?

Groucho: Yes. Harpo was working in a butcher shop delivering frankfurters and then he got a job as a bellboy at the Savoy Hotel. There was a famous English actress in town and Harpo had to walk her dogs every morning. One morning he took out the dog and a bigger dog attacked and killed the dog Harpo was walking. He was put out of work, so he went back to the butcher shop.

Penthouse: What was Gummo doing at this time?

Groucho: He was in school, I think. I was about fifteen and Gummo about thirteen. I talked with him just the other day. He's a nice guy. His wife is ill. He's about eighty years old. You know, people get older even if they live in Palm Springs.

Penthouse: When did you leave school?

Groucho: Oh, I don't know. I never finished public school. But my letters are in the Congressional Library, which proves that you don't need an education to be a writer.

Penthouse: At any rate we now have you singing with the Laroux Trio.

Groucho: Leroy Trio! Might as well get his name right. L-E-R-O-Y. He's a fag and he can't sue us. He's dead.

Penthouse: Aside from fucking, where was Chico employed?

Groucho: He mostly fucked but he was working in a small nickelodeon or whatever they called it. Gershwin had been playing the piano there but he went on to higher things musically, so he quit. Then Chico got the job. And he stayed there about a month playing piano as background for silent movies. Then he either went back to fucking or ended up in a poolroom. When he quit he got Harpo the job. But Harpo could only play one song on the piano which was *Love Me and the World is Mine*. That didn't fit in with the average movie! He kept playing that all the time. Pretty soon the management got tired of hearing the same song. So Harpo was fired. He only lasted a month.

Penthouse: A month with one song. That's not bad.

Groucho: Well, remember the people who went to the movies only paid a nickel to get in. What could they expect? We always had a problem with Harpo. You see I was still singing in the church choir and getting my dollar. But I was finally fired when they figured out what was wrong with the choir.

Penthouse: You accepted the job with the Leroy Trio. How long did you stay with them?

Groucho: Yes I did take the job. I was getting paid four dollars a week plus room and board. Besides Leroy there was another guy named Johnny Kramer. I remember when we left New York. My mother fixed a box lunch for me to eat on the train. It consisted of sandwiches and bananas. After a while on the train, I asked Leroy where I was to sleep. I assumed we had sleepers. He says, "Well, you've got an overcoat. Put it on the seat and lay on it."

So we opened in Grand Rapids. Johnny Kramer was a tap dancer and one night his shoe went flying into the audience and the manager fined our act twenty-five dollars. From there we went to Colorado to some town where there was an Elks' convention. All the Elks were drunk. At that time Elks were mostly bartenders. We played there and went on to Cripple Creek where Leroy ran away with Johnny Kramer. They were stuck on each other.

So I was stranded. I had no money with which to get home so I got a job driving a grocery wagon between Cripple Creek and the next town. Now the only horse and wagons I had seen were the ones the breweries used in New York. I'd always see them going down Third Avenue. But here I was having to drive this horse and wagon between these two towns. I was terrified because I had to go over this mountain and when I looked down . . . Christ, there must have been a four-thousand-foot drop! Just to get through that, I ran the horses fast and one day one of them dropped dead. I got fired and got a job in a store that had been converted into a movie theater. I would sing to various slides which would be projected on the screen. My first song was *Love Me and the World is Mine*. So much for my career at that time. I finally wrote to my mother and she sent me money to get back home.

After that I did an act with a girl named Lilly Seville. She had no talent but she was as beautiful as any woman I have ever met. She had come from England and was playing in the U.S. in vaudeville. She needed someone to bolster her act because she didn't have any talent. She was probably fucking some agent in order to get jobs in vaudeville.

Penthouse: What kind of an act was it?

Groucho: She sang a couple of songs, but she couldn't sing very well. My voice had changed by that time so I could sing pretty good. I *didn't* sing *Love Me and the World is Mine*.

Penthouse: How long did the act last?

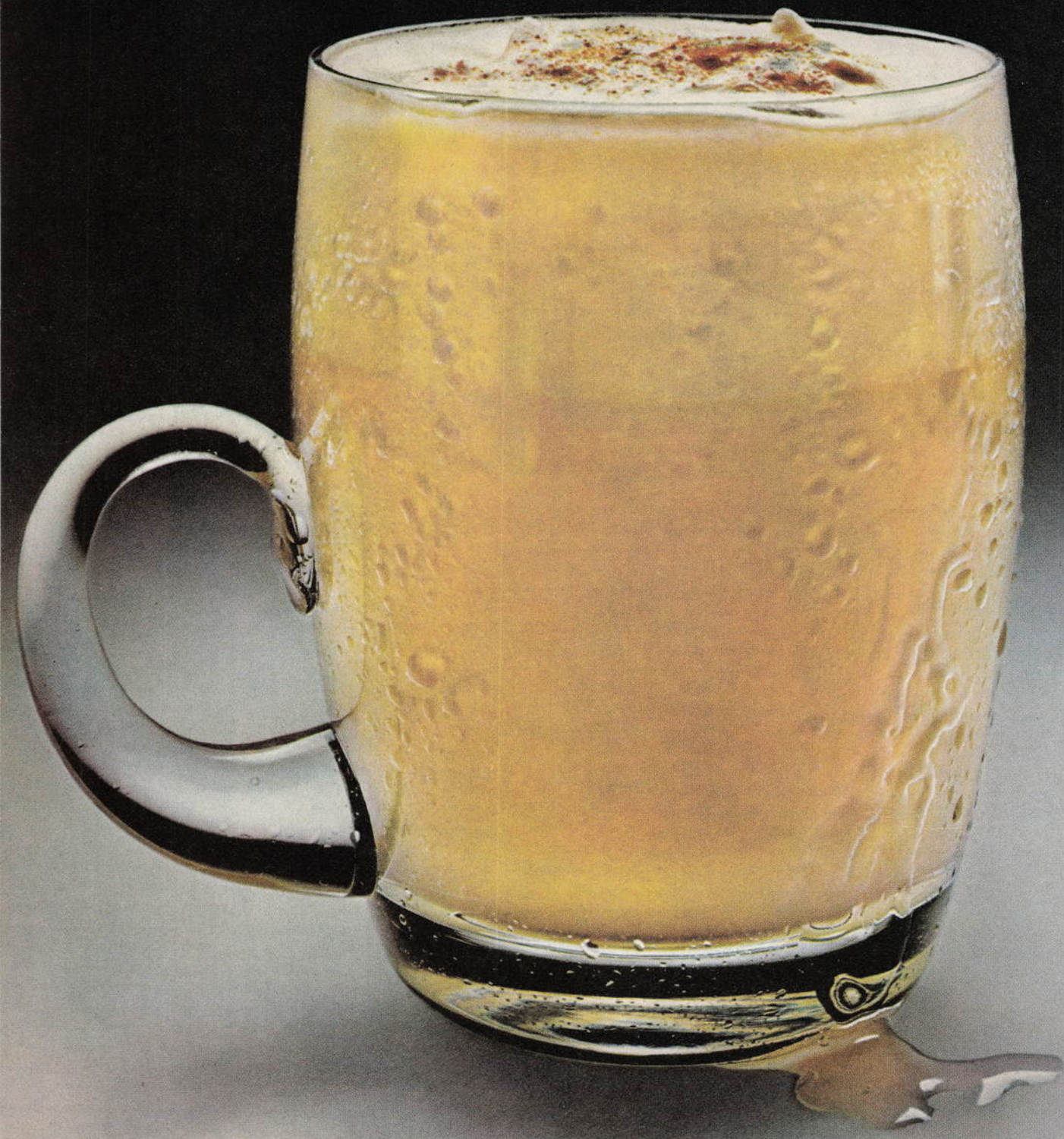
Groucho: Well, let me see. I played the Interstate circuit with her. That was Birmingham, Fort Worth, Dallas, in fact all of Texas. On the bill was a guy who had a live act. I mean he had lions, tigers, and other wild animals. After the seventh week Lilly Seville ran away with

> I was an innocent boy and I got gonorrhea from a hooker in Montreal. Then I was sorry. You know what they say. Once you have it you never get cured. Anyway, to hell with that!

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

White rum. For a traditional eggnog.



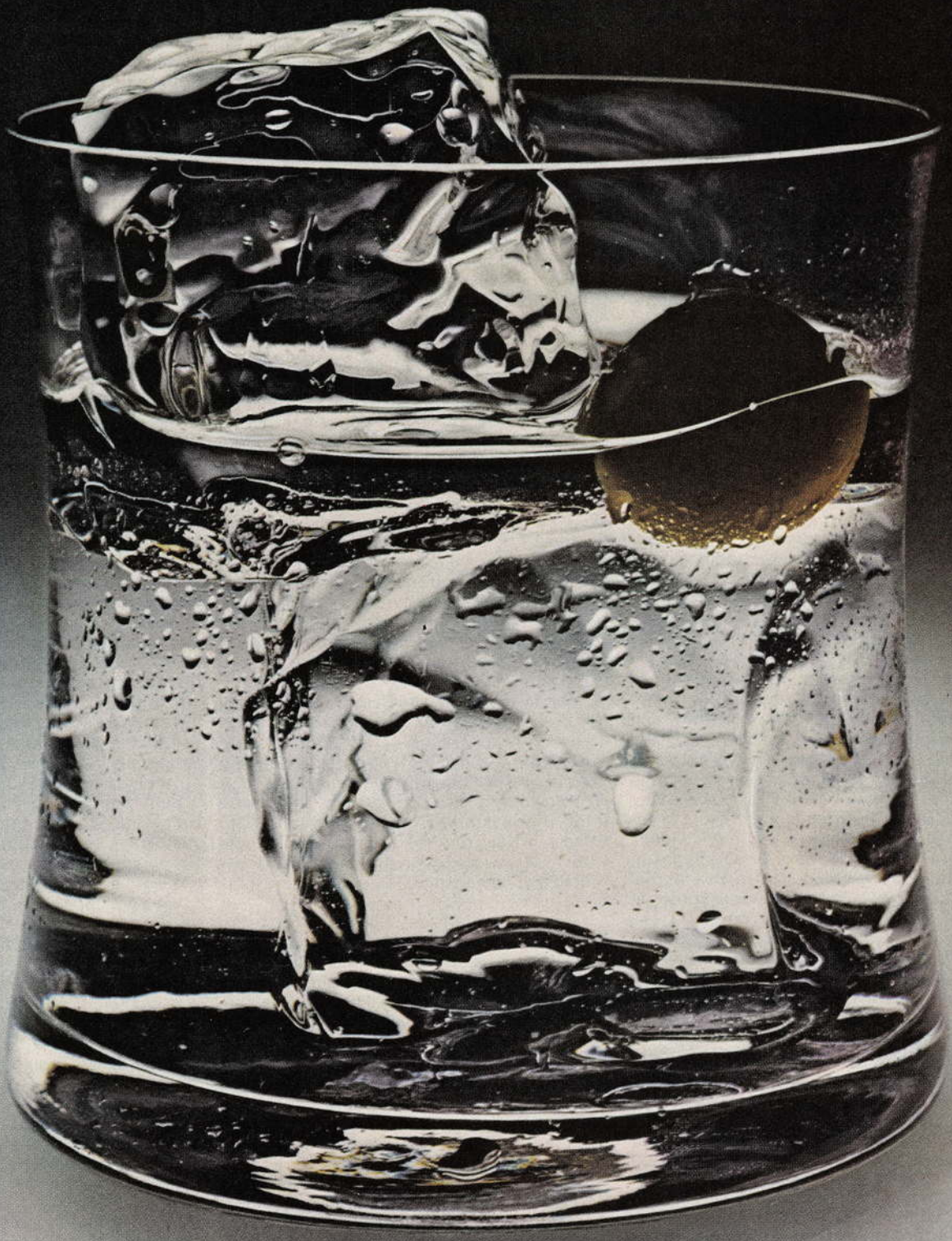
Taste how light a traditional eggnog can be when you make it with clear, white rum from Puerto Rico.

Just beat 12 egg yolks till light. Beat in ½-lb. sugar till thick. Stir in 1-quart milk and a fifth of white Puerto Rican rum (or gold Puerto Rican rum if you're a *strict* traditionalist). Chill 3 hours. Pour into punch bowl. Top with nutmeg.

Or simply combine 12-oz. white (or gold) rum with a quart of prepared eggnog mix. Now you've got it!

©1973 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Or an untraditional martini.



Everyone knows a martini is made with gin or vodka. What else is there?

There's clear, white rum from Puerto Rico. Light because no aromatic flavorings are added. Smooth because it's aged in oak casks for a full year—by Puerto Rican law.

Try a whole week of holiday martinis—made with our white rum. We'll bet it becomes a tradition.

PUERTO RICAN RUM

For free recipe book write: Puerto Rican Rum, Dept. C-4, 1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

him. And I was stranded again, only this time in Dallas. I had no money to get home.

Penthouse: Weren't you saving anything from what you were being paid?

Groucho: No. I was only getting eleven dollars a week and that was without room and board. I did have some money but I lost it. I lost my grouch bag. Do you know what that is?

Penthouse: No, I don't.

Groucho: Vaudevillians used to carry them around. It's a thing that you'd put around your neck. Something like a tobacco pouch. It was made out of leather and you'd keep money in it. And either the lion tamer or Lilly Seville stole it one night, so I was stranded.

Penthouse: You seem to have been fair game for these people.

Groucho: I was an innocent boy. Why it wasn't until the following year that I got gonorrhea from a hooker in Montreal. Then I was sorry. You know what they say. Once you have gonorrhea you never get cured. Anyway, to hell with that!

Penthouse: How did you get back from Dallas?

Groucho: My mother sent me a bag full of stuff—bananas and sandwiches—and some money for the train. I was only a kid at the time and people on the train gave me some stuff. I finally got back to New York. I never saw Lilly Seville again. I was an innocent kid. I didn't know anything. Oh, I knew there was such a thing called fucking but I had never encountered it at that time. I was getting horny: I was around fifteen or sixteen.

Penthouse: What happened when you got back to New York?

Groucho: My mother got me a job with a play called *The Man of Her Choice.* It was a terrible play. They used to have a lot of plays in those days that never played Broadway. They played other circuits. I got a job with that show and I went on the road again. The leading lady had a big greyhound. I used to walk him every morning while she was sleeping or fucking with the manager of the show. There was no such thing as Actors' Equity in those days and I got stranded again in Chicago. I know this sounds funny but it's true. You can't make these things up! I was getting twenty-five dollars a week for that show. I kept twelve dollars a week to live on and sent the rest home to my mother. I was a good boy! So what with room and board, I ended up with no money when the show closed. Well, my mother sent me more sandwiches and bananas and then I got home. Why don't we just forget about all these experiences?

Penthouse: Now, you get back to New York. What are your brothers doing when you get back?

Groucho: Chico is fucking. I don't know what Harpo was doing. I think by this time he had found my grandmother's harp in a closet and had begun to play it. You see, my grandmother and grandfather were in show business in Germany. They had a wagon show which they pulled around to every town in Germany. I don't know what it was called, but my grandmother played the harp. But the harp she played had no pedals on it, which meant there weren't any sharps or flats. And this was the harp that Harpo found. Without any sharps or flats he could only play six songs.

Penthouse: One of which must have been *Love Me and the World is Mine*!

Groucho: No-o-o, I don't think so. But he practiced very hard. He was basically a musician. He could play any instrument, given the time to practice with it. Harpo also played the piano and clarinet. He loved music.

Penthouse: Were your grandparents living in New York?

Groucho: Yes, they lived with us in New York and when we moved to Chicago. We lived in Chicago for twelve years. I saw Ty Cobb play baseball many a day at White Sox Park. We lived right near there. We bought a house for twenty-five thousand dollars. We paid a thousand down and owed the rest. The vaudeville season would end by summer because there was no air conditioning in those days. The theaters were tiny and they had to close in the summer. We couldn't get any work and we'd live on the money we had saved. I'd go to the baseball park every day to see Ty Cobb. But we were talking about *Man of Her Choice.* I'll tell you about the second-act curtain.

There was this fella in the show who was in love with the leading lady, who I wanted to fuck. This was on the stage, not off! Because off the stage she was fucking the manager. In one of the scenes at the end of the second act she was in a hospital and she had the deed to her home or some goddamned thing. This fellow comes in and a fire starts. Now, you couldn't have flames on the stage so they had her lying on some crummy couch over which there were yellow and red ribbons hanging to make it appear as if flames were all around. This guy was telling her how he loved her and all the while he was stealing the deed and sneaking his hand underneath her, and as he starts to leave I walk on stage carrying a gun and say, "Stop! Move one step and I'll blow you to smithereens!" And then the curtain came down.

Then I'd run out on the stage and sing three Jewish songs and then we'd resume the show. By the third act the audience didn't give a goddamn about the show. Boy, do I remember the woman in that show. As I say, I used to walk her dog. But she was fucking the manager.

I was very horny then. Jesus Christ, I'd have fucked a cow—anything! I finally ended up with the clap in Montreal. I remember this doctor who catered to theatrical people. There were a lot of doctors like that on 57th and 58th Streets in New York. All the theatrical people with the clap would go to this doctor. He finally retired and came out to California. I can't think of his name.

Anyway, I got back to New York after being stranded in Chicago. By this time I was pretty sick of sandwiches and bananas. Chico was playing the piano for a music club in Pittsburgh and doing a lot of fucking. Harpo was a bellboy. He didn't have any specific talent and he couldn't talk well.

You see, I could talk. Chaplin once said to me, "I wish I could talk on screen the way you do." The last time I met him was when they gave him the Oscar. We were both at the same party and he came up to me and said, "Keep warm." I know what he meant by that because when you get old like us you get cold. I never forgot that. But I've known him since I was eighteen. He was in vaudeville too. He played the Sullivan Concert circuit and we played the Fantasia circuit. Fantasia, the guy who ran the circuit, was the biggest cocksmith in the world.

Penthouse: What about Chaplin?

Groucho: So, anyway, Chico was a good pool player. He used to play me. He'd have to get fifty points and I'd have to get fifteen. I was a fairly good player but I could never beat him. In every town we'd stop at, we'd go first to the poolroom and then find a hotel. Chico would offer to play anyone in town for five dollars and he usually won. I think it was in Winnipeg when I decided one day that I wasn't going to hang around the pool hall. Instead I went for a walk down the main street where I came on a nickelodeon. I think they charged ten cents to get in. It was a real dump. Chaplin was doing an act there called "A Night at the Club." I never heard an audience laugh like he made that audience laugh. I went back to tell the boys about him. I told them, "I just saw the greatest comedian in the world. I don't know who he is, but you have to meet him." We had to leave for the next town but we managed to get acquainted with him there. He was getting twenty-five dollars a week and was dressing with five other guys in one room. The stink of stale makeup was awful. Chaplin would wear a high-necked shirt. He'd wear it for two weeks, then wash it and put it on again. He had only one shirt!

I remember once when we all were in Salt Lake City. We went to a whorehouse. But Chaplin was so shy that he wouldn't go with any of the girls. So he spent all evening sitting on the floor playing with the madam's dog. He was too shy to take a girl to bed. When we got to the West Coast he was offered a job in the movies by Mack Sennett. You've heard of him? Anyway, he didn't take the job and when I saw him the next time I asked him why. He said, "They offered me two hundred dollars a week to put on the act and go with Mack Sennett. Nobody can be good enough for two hundred dollars a week." Five years later I went back to California and he was living in a huge home and fucking all the leading ladies. And he became the world's greatest comedian.

Penthouse: How did the first Marx Brothers' act come together?

Groucho: My mother decided that we should form an act. She figured the more people in the act, the more money we'd get. So an act was formed with me and Gummo. It was a singing act. We also had a girl named Mabel O'Donnell in the act. I think she had a glass eye. She was stuck on me and she was a fucking nuisance. On top of which she was ugly.

Some time later my mother decided to put Harpo into the act. She booked our act into Henderson's Coney Island and that was where Harpo appeared on stage for the first time. At the opening performance he shit in his pants.

We were hopeless amateurs. On the bill with us was one of the greatest acts in show business. A quartet called the Quartet and they could really sing. We went on before them. Harpo couldn't sing at all and Gummo's voice was changing, so although he was supposed to be a baritone, part of the time his voice sounded tenor. We didn't last too long with that act. It was called the Four Nightingales. Then we became the Four Mascots and finally my mother and my Aunt Hannah joined the act and we changed the name to the Six Mascots. Now neither my mother nor her sister had ever been on stage before this. But the more people we had in the act, the more we'd be paid.

I'll never forget one town where we played. The property man was supposed to have put out two golden chairs for my mother and my aunt to sit on. They were supposed to come out and sing a couple of songs. That day they both tried to sit on the one chair and both of them fell to the floor. And that was the finish of my mother and my aunt in the act.

Penthouse: So then the original Marx Brothers' act was only you, Gummo, and Mabel O'Donnell?

Groucho: Yes. We played some pretty good theaters because basically Mabel O'Donnell was a pretty good singer in spite of the fact that she was cockeyed. Her big problem was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

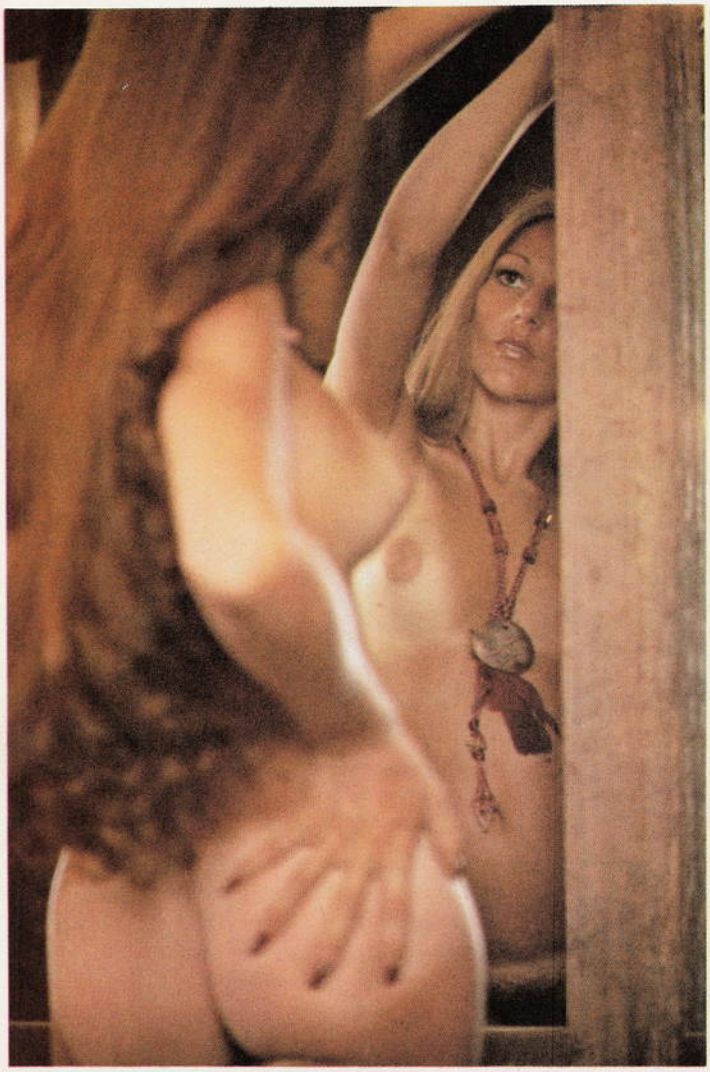
"Sex is a physical
attraction. I don't have
to love someone
to have sex with him."

SANDY

TIME OF HER TIME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM PERIOR

"I guess I'm not a *nice* girl," admits Sandy Robertson. "I'm very forward and possessive when I go after a guy—and I'm a woman who knows what she wants, even if he doesn't. But then it takes two to tango, as they say." The slim chance of a dance with Miss Robertson (36-23-36) would send men in flocks to their nearest rumba studios—it's certainly been a powerful inducement for them to buy everything from tacos to typewriters. "I was born in Asheville, North Carolina, where Thomas Wolfe, the famous novelist, grew up and later wrote about. When I was eight or nine, we moved to the Midwest, where I stayed through high school. Then when I was nineteen during the



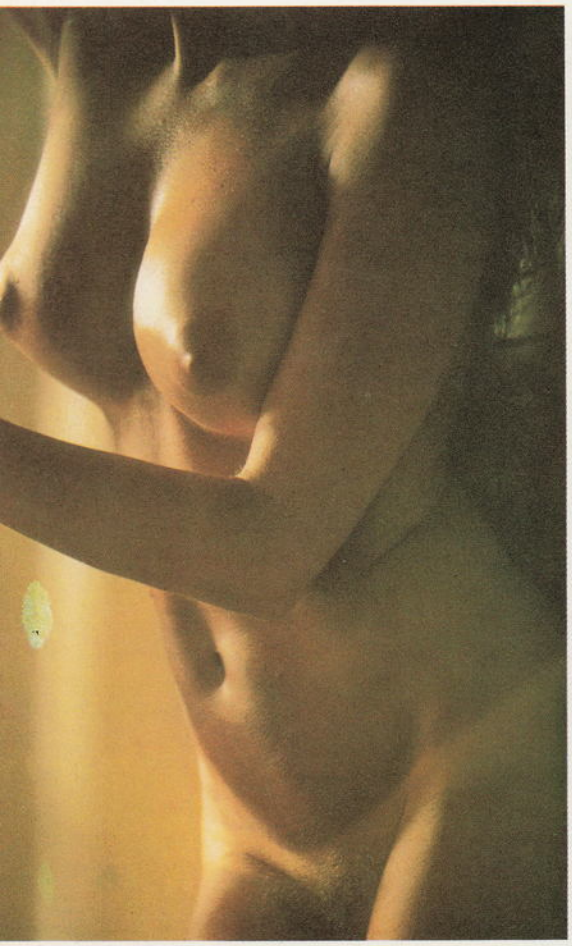
so-called Summer of Love, I headed out to the Coast and got into modeling in San Francisco. I pitched everything. I was on billboards all over the country, catalogues, posters, matchbook covers, buses, package labels—you name it. And the funny thing is that I don't remember a single product they paid me to say was the greatest... oh... detergent which had completely changed my life and made me the most beautiful woman in the world. Because, whatever it was, I didn't need it, if I say so myself...."

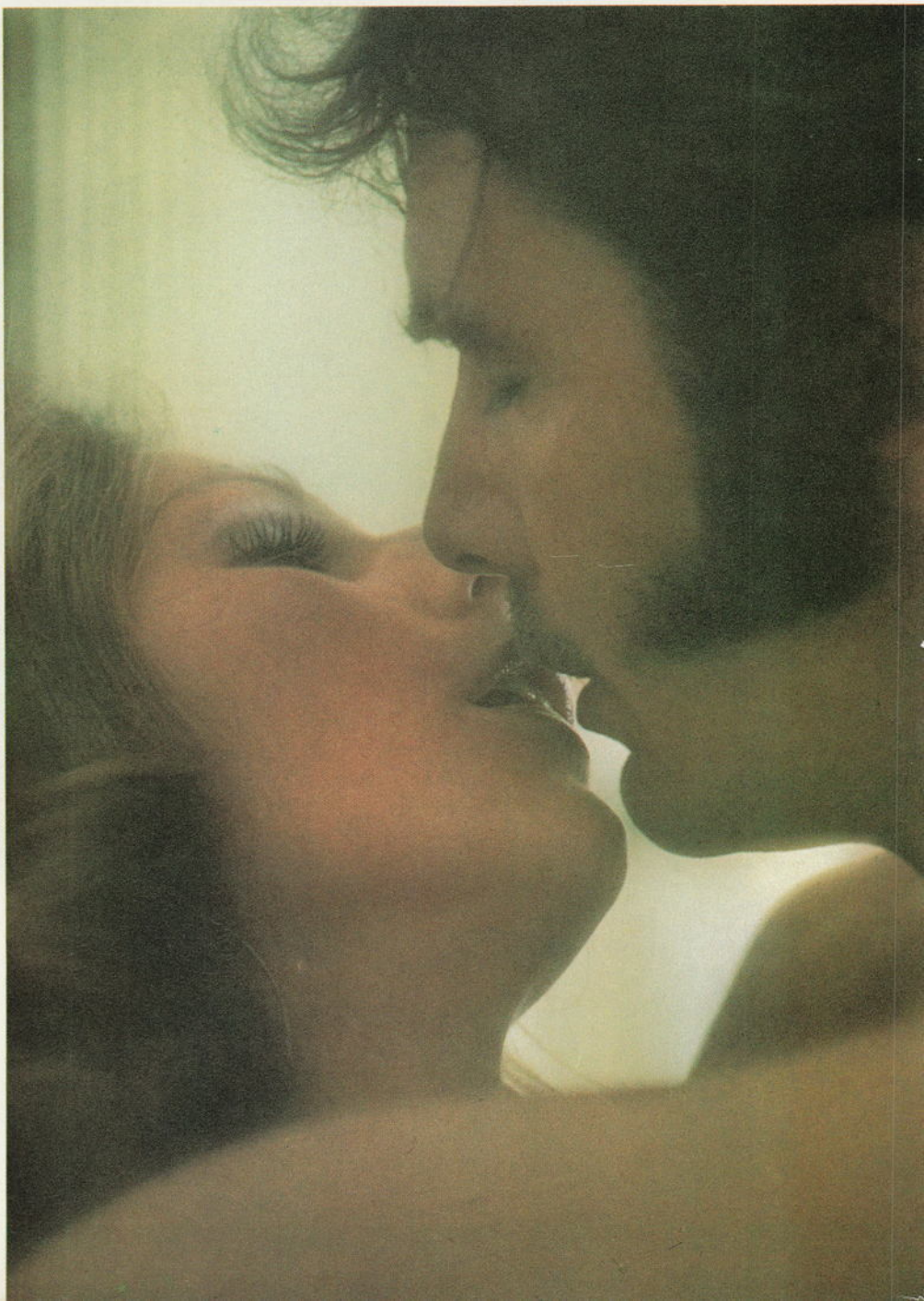
But the expressive and aggressive spirit of Asheville could hardly thrive for long in the mercenary milieu of Madison Avenue West. "I always loved the movies.... I was in love with every male star of the Fifties—James Dean, Marlon Brando, Robert Mitchum—and I always felt some kind of... *spiritual* kinship with Marilyn Monroe. After a year or two in Frisco, where I'd been going to all these movie houses where they show only old films, Bogart and *Frankenstein* and all that, I just decided one night I wanted to be in show business. I mean, I never grew up thinking I'd be a great actress with a million dollars and limousines and an Oscar. I just realized I wanted to perform. I guess I've been pretty lucky." Indeed. Sandy Robertson, like Babe Ruth and Einstein, is a natural. Moving south to Los Angeles, she quickly found movie work to do—or rather, work found her. She's been in films like *The Mad Bomber, The Terminal Man,* and *Love Song,* and television shows including "Hawkins" and "The FBI" and the Sally Field special, "Girl With Something Extra." "I don't tell myself it's great art or anything, but it *is* fun. It's entertainment for millions of people, and if you can help millions of people to enjoy themselves, then it's worth it. More than Nixon's doing, anyway....

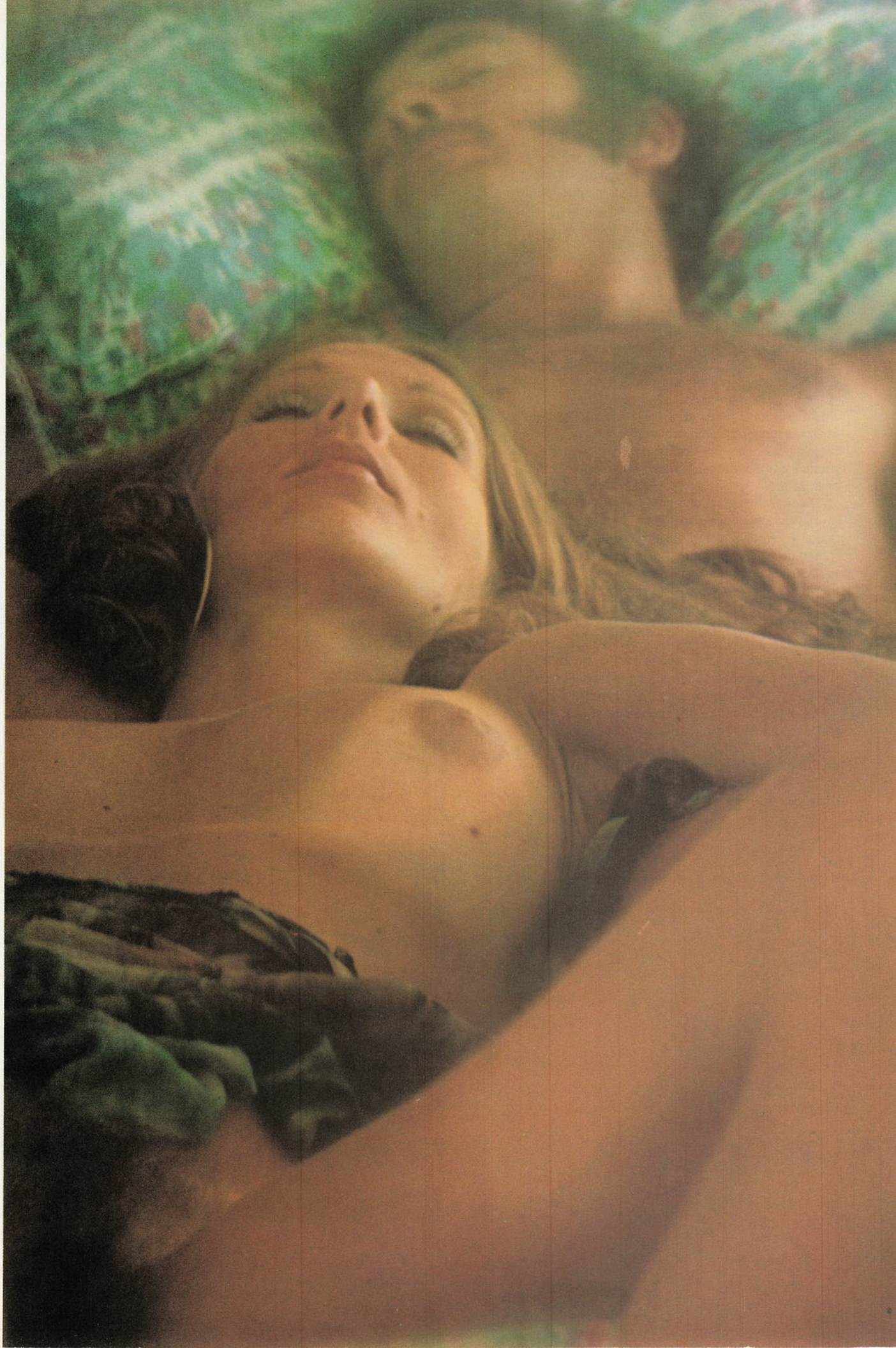
"When it comes to men I prefer a man who is attractive and preferably rich. I love Englishmen because of their accents.... My idea of an ideal date is to have a nice quiet dinner with a drink while sitting in front of the fireplace listening to some soft music. I like to get into my men both mentally and physically. Another great time would be spending a day outside with nature, horseback riding, swimming, and having a picnic in the woods, rather like the picnic pictures in the first issue of *Viva.* Anything outdoors turns me on. If I had my way, I'd like to have a ranch about thirty minutes from the city, with horses and dogs and, of course, the man I love."

Sandy is a one-man woman. "It gets confusing when I'm dating more than one man at a time. They both want to see you the same night; then they run into each other, and that's not healthy. I find the best thing is to have one man at a time, each of us living at our own place, seeing each other when we want. But I wouldn't make any demands on him, and I wouldn't expect any demands on me.

"Sex and love are definitely two entirely different things. Love to me is having someone who really, honestly cares about me and is considerate, thoughtful, and kind. Love is when each





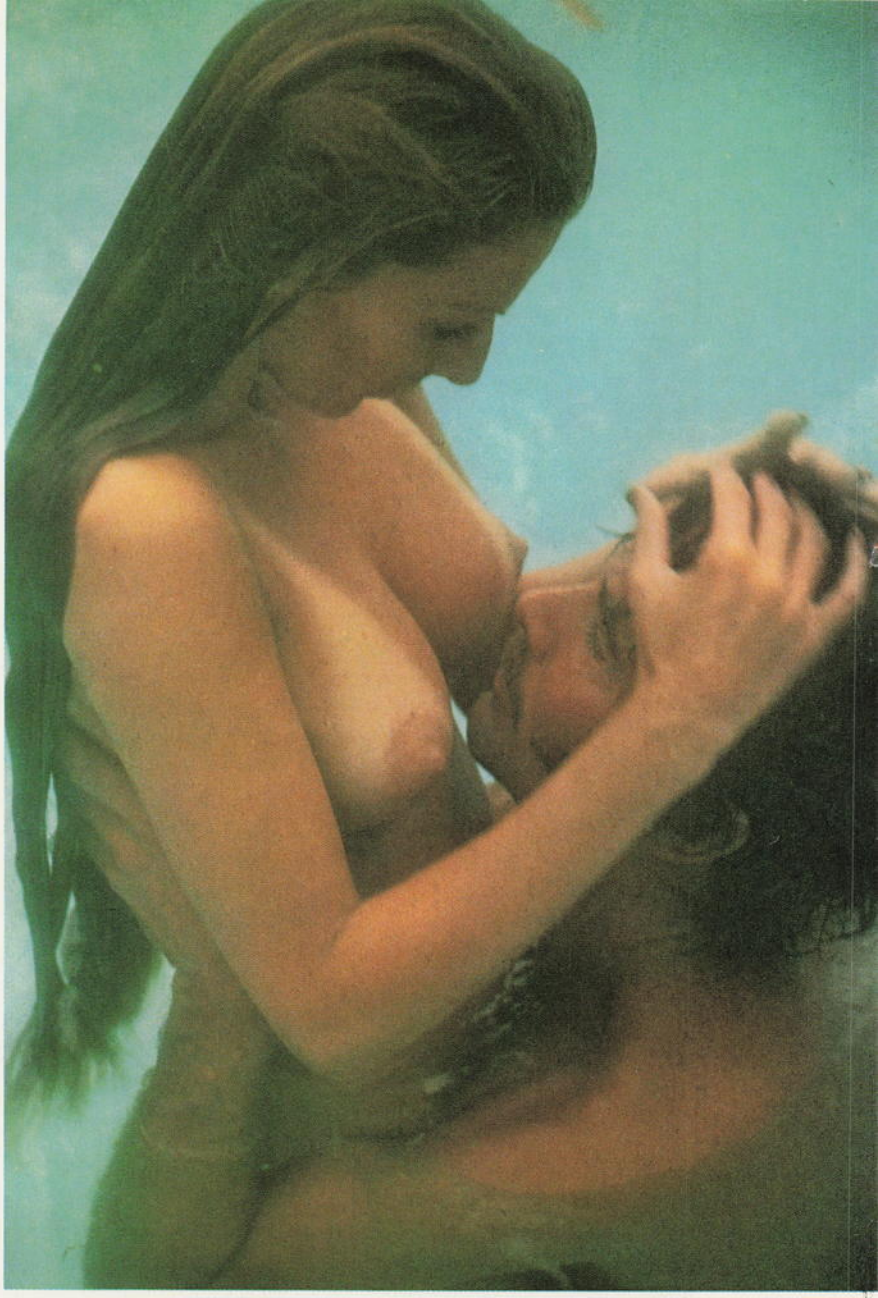


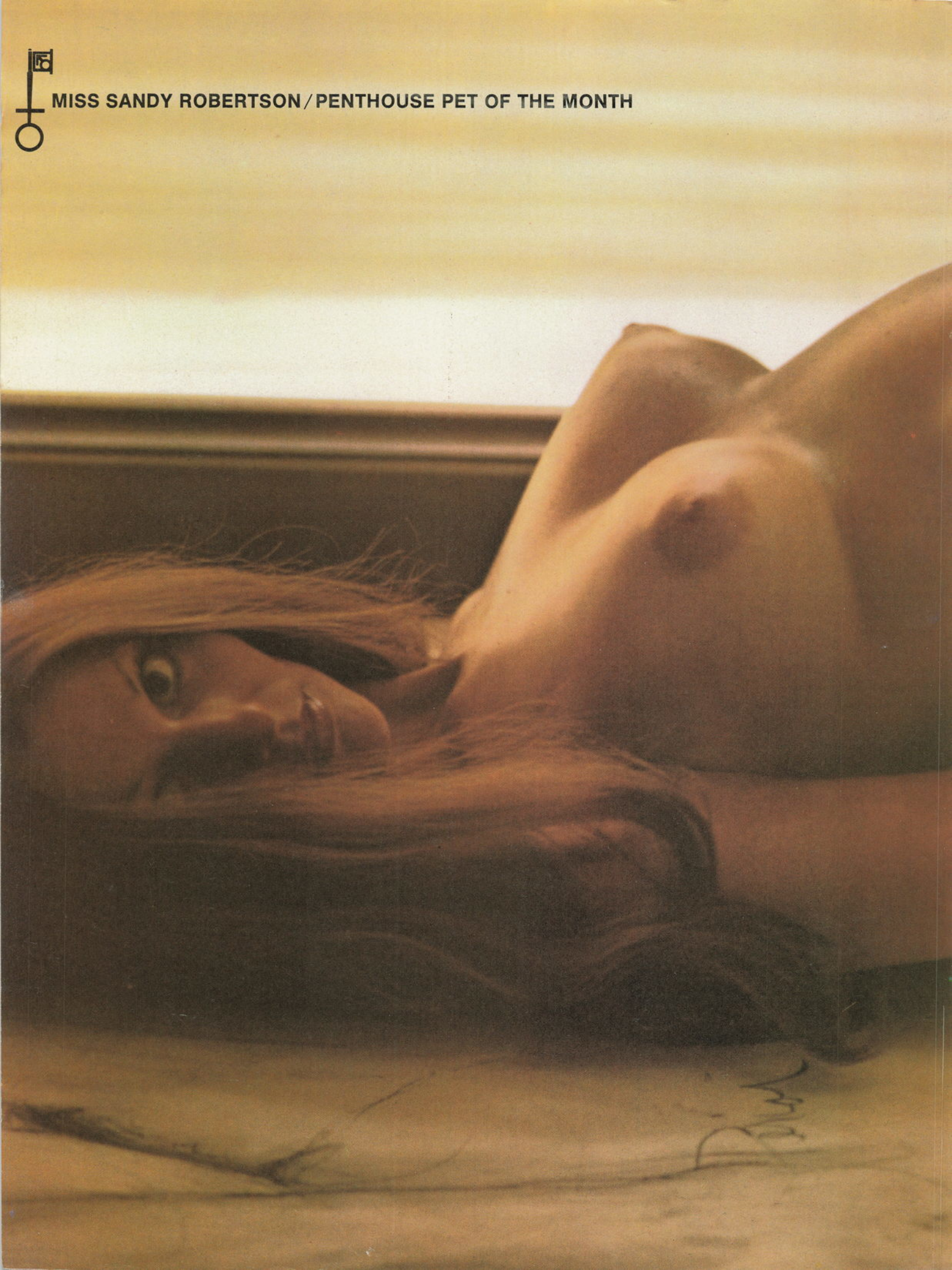
person respects the other equally.... Sex is a physical attraction. I don't have to love someone to have sex with him. I'm physically attracted to men who are really good looking... a pretty face turns me on. My lover has to have a good body and a good personality. I guess the personality is most important for the relationship to last. I like to laugh and I like a man who can make me laugh.

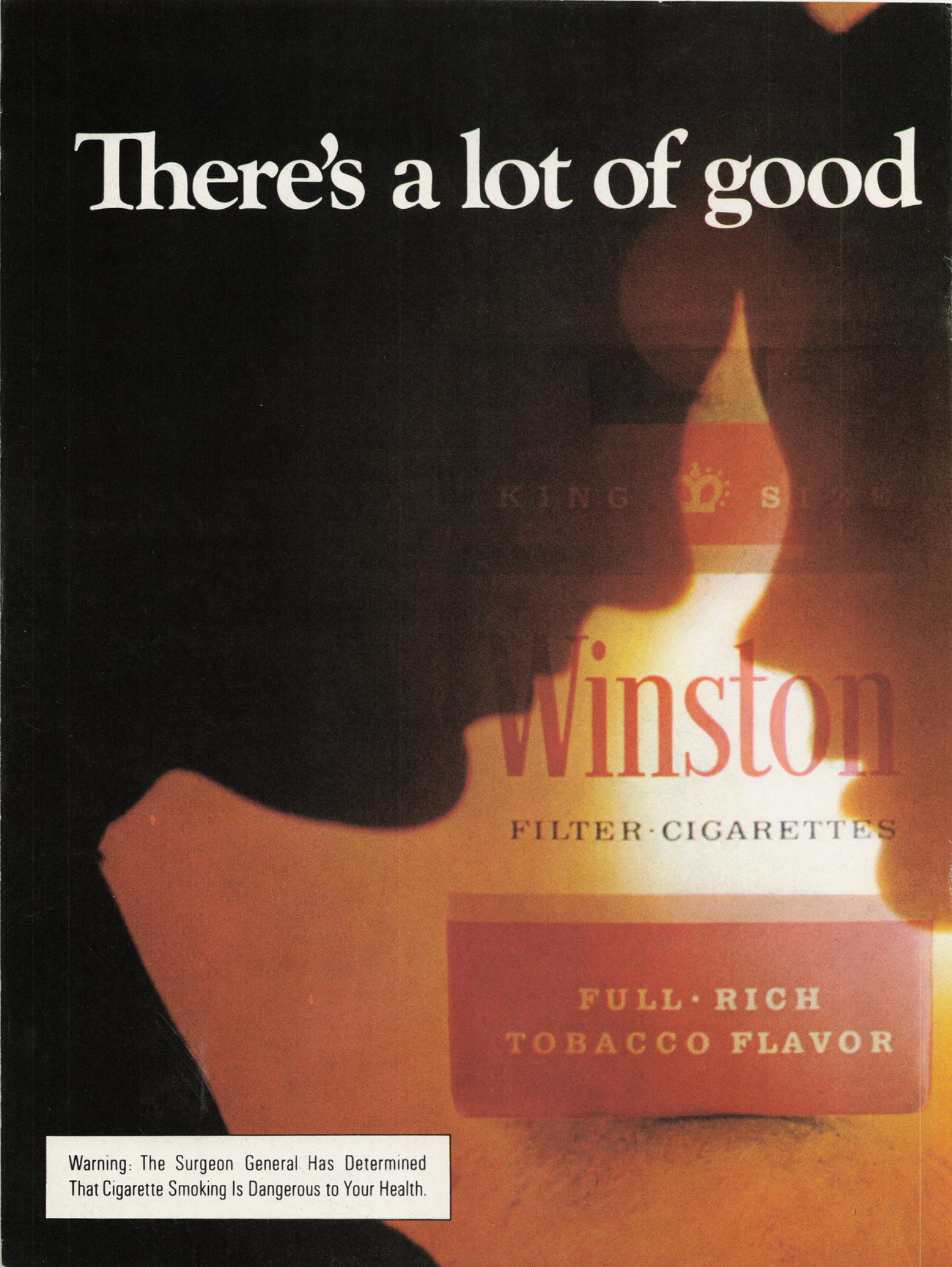
"I love nudity. I run around the house nude all the time. I like to be comfortable and clothes are too confining. As for public nudity, such as nude beaches and so on, I'm not really into that. I think nudity should be private. Appearing nude in a magazine is exciting, though, because I think a woman's body is beautiful, and when it's photographed tastefully it can be very erotic. Contrary to what you might think, appearing in a magazine can be a very, very private trip.... I don't think I could ever get it on with another girl, because what would she have that I don't have? But I can think of a *ménage à trois* with two men, *if* they were both Chuck." Chuck's the handsome fellow playing squishy games with our heroine in the photographs over yonder.

"I don't wonder much about the future, although of course I'm concerned for my career... but because I like living for the moment, and being free to do whatever I want with anyone I want, marriage just isn't for me right now. There are too many things I want to do and see before I get married and make that kind of commitment. I'm very interested in my career, and marriage just wouldn't fit in. I guess later in life I'd like to settle down, but as for the time being—marriage is a long way off."

In intimate conversation or cinemascopic close-up, Sandy Robertson seems the essentially American girl: both the unpretentious starlet of the new Hollywood and the radiant, gracious, and quietly determined daughter of the Old South. Sandy's one of the reasons America's such a great country to live in. And Sandy's why movies are better than ever.




MISS SANDY ROBERTSON / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH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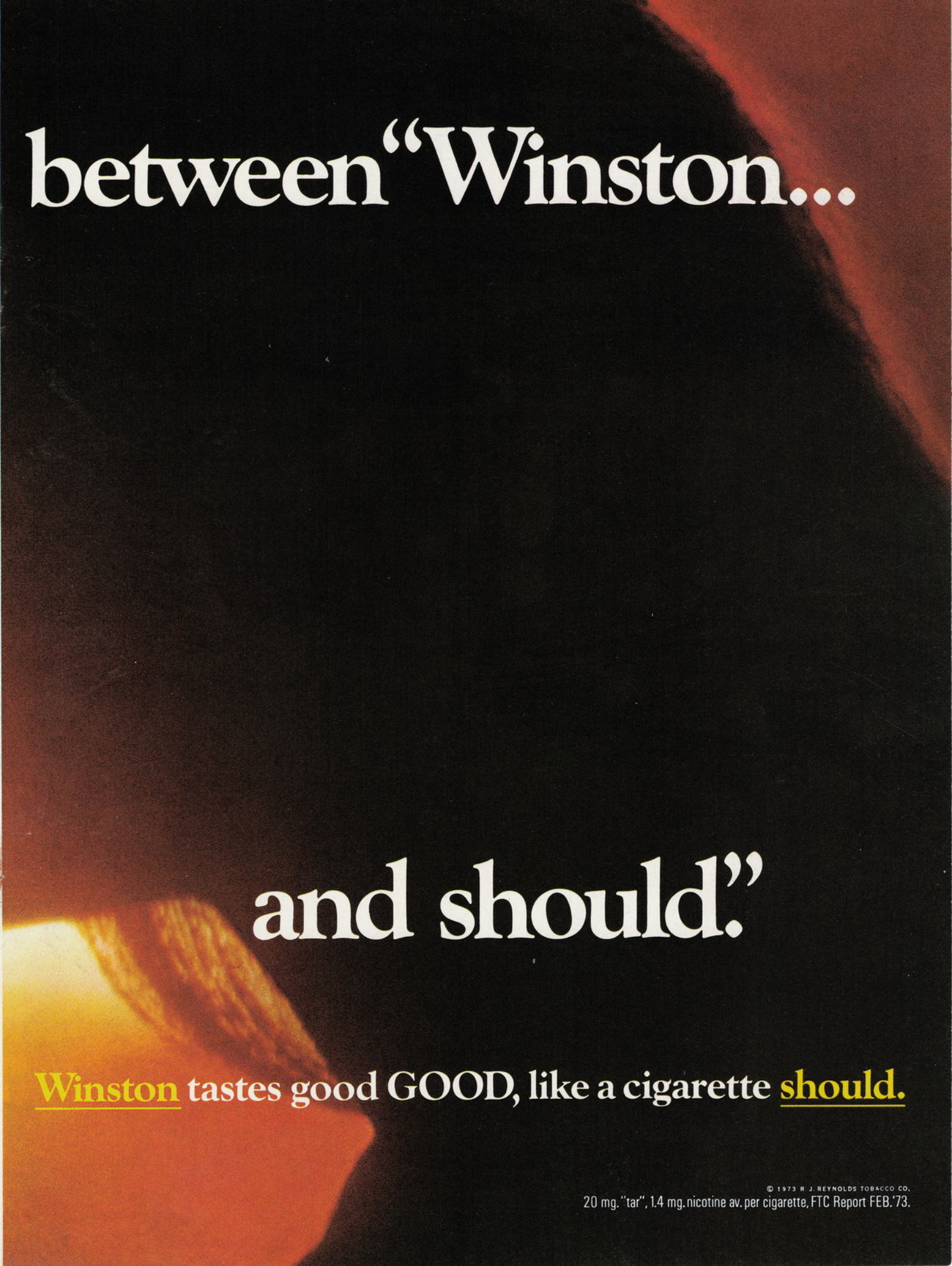

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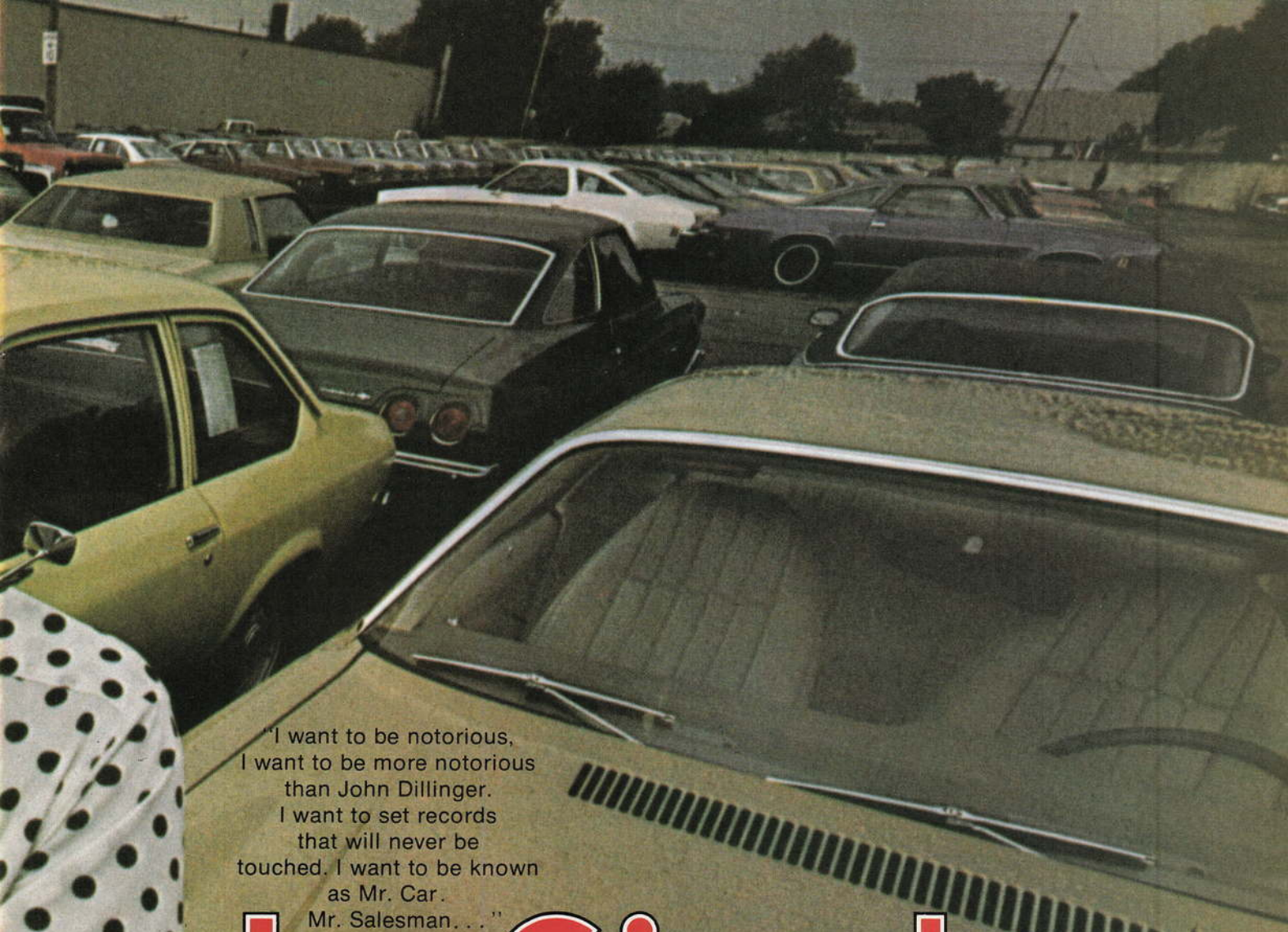
Photograph by Klaus Lucka



"I want to be notorious,
I want to be more notorious
than John Dillinger.
I want to set records
that will never be
touched. I want to be known
as Mr. Car.
Mr. Salesman. . ."

Joe Girard:

selling cars like hot buttered popcorn

By Tom Ricke

John Rodgers, a balding, middle-aged factory worker, had been thinking about it for months and could resist the temptation no longer. He took the afternoon off and drove his four-year-old car over to a small office on Detroit's east side.

John Rodgers was ready to be seduced, and he had come to the right place. Joe Girard, the absolute pro, had made three other men and a secretary that morning. John Rodgers was going to be easy. He would buy a new Chevrolet with FM stereo radio, air conditioning, power steering, and power brakes—and for the next three years he would be paying more for the car than he thought he could afford.

Soon it was Rodgers's turn to see Girard. The two men looked at each other across the desk for a moment before Girard introduced himself. Neither wore a jacket or tie. Girard had a carefully kept one-day's growth of beard. Rodgers began to relax a little. This was no fancy, high-pressure salesman. This salesman was an ordinary guy, just like him.

Rodgers told Girard that he wanted to buy a small economy car—perhaps a Vega or a Chevy Nova. And then the two of them began to talk about where Rodgers had gone on his vacation the summer before and how he planned to drive to Florida this summer. Girard listened patiently. He perked up when Rodgers said he always wanted a big car with everything on it to make his trips more comfortable, but he knew he could never afford one.

On cue, Girard's penetrating eyes fixed on Rodgers's face and never left it for a moment.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

Balloonheads

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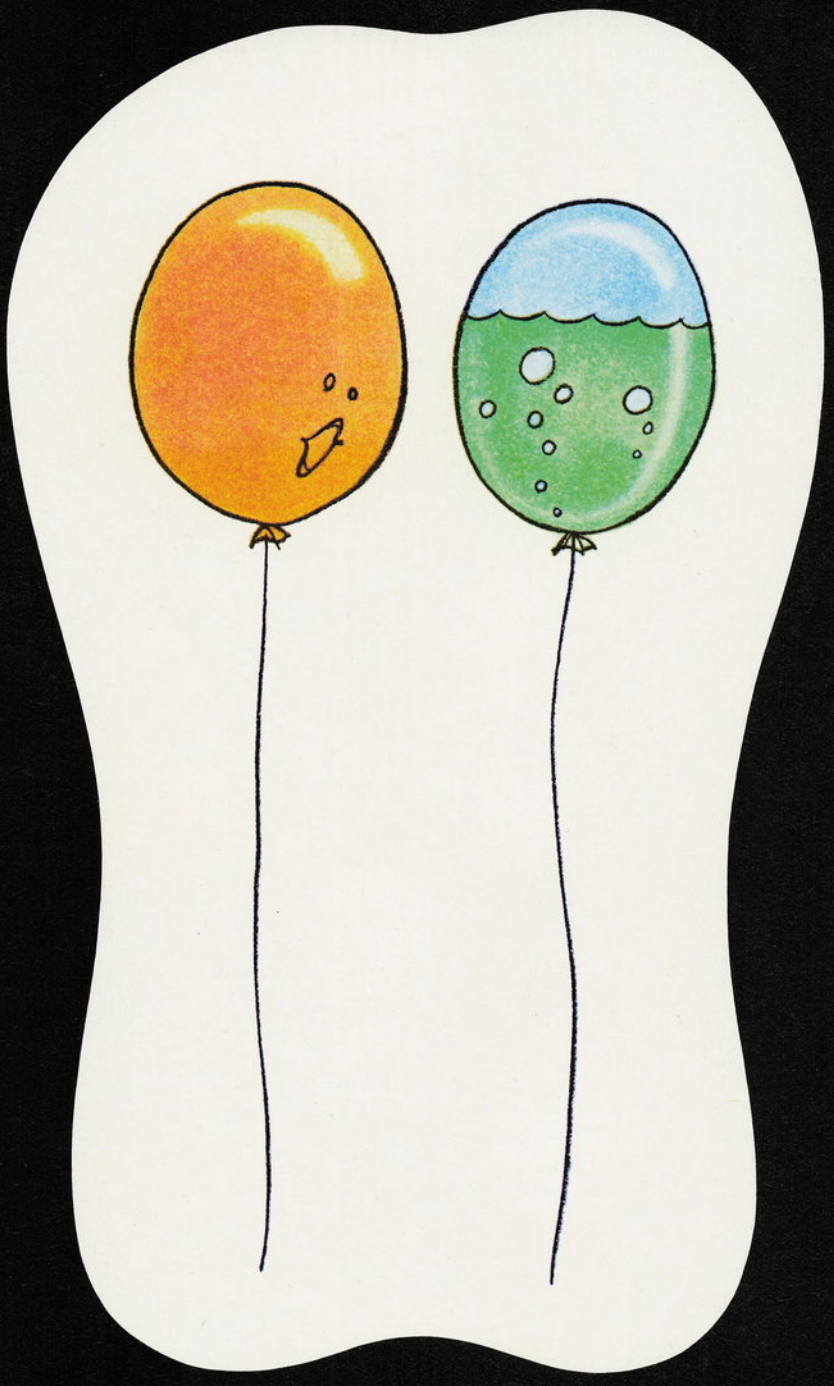

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GROUCHO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

that she always went off key. That's why we finally had to let her go and ended up getting some boy to take her place.

Once we had a fresh kid from Brooklyn in the act. A real son of a bitch. I'll never forget him. We were in Cincinnati and there was a burlesque show in town. We used to sit in the lobby of our hotel every day wishing we could meet the girls from that show so we could get laid. One day we got an invitation from the manager of that show. He had seen us sitting there. We were playing the Gerson circuit at the time. A small-time circuit of about thirty theaters. Gerson would always book in ten acts but only play five. Each act would have to show what they could do before going on. He'd then pick the five he thought best and fire the other five. Our act, by then, was pretty good.

So this manager of the burlesque show invited us to a dinner one night in honor of the leading lady. She was supposed to be about twenty-five years old. She was really about fifty! But the manager was fucking her and he decided to throw this birthday party. The whole burlesque crowd was there. The girls and everyone. But Freddy, that little son of a bitch, ruined everything. The manager got up to make a speech about this wonderful girl he had. He was half drunk. The birthday cake was brought out and he said, "I want you all to know this wonderful girl who I love dearly. She's only twenty-five years old and I love her." Freddy got up—and remember we were there on a pass—and said, "I'd hate to hang for all the years she isn't forty-five!"

Well, the manager grabbed the knife to cut the cake and started to chase Freddy and all of us. That was our last chance to fuck those girls. Freddy was a wise guy. He had never been on the stage before, although he had a pretty good voice. He stayed with the act until we could get somebody else who could sing.

Penthouse: Where was your father all this time?

Groucho: My father was the worst tailor in New York, including Chicago and L.A. To begin with, he could never cut a suit. Do you understand tailoring? You have to measure somebody to be able to cut the suit. But he could never find his scissors because Chico always hocked them. Whenever he wanted his scissors he'd have to go to a pawn shop on 98th Street where he'd find them hanging in the window. But besides that, he never took any measurements. My mother did that and she was half German and didn't understand clearly. So Sam, my dad, could never make a suit properly and he always had to get new customers. He spoke a Low German, which my mother had taught him. That's the kind of German they'd speak between Holland and Germany, which is where she came from. He came from Alsace-Lorraine. You have no idea what we went through.

I remember once my father had a customer named Stockfish. He ran a confectionary store on First Avenue. My father had made him a suit and packed it in a box. He said to me, "Go see Mr. Stockfish with this. He has a confectionary store and he'll fix you a soda." So I went all the way from 93rd Street, where we lived, to First Avenue. It was about twelve blocks. When I got there with his suit, Stockfish gave me a chocolate soda. He took the package into the back of the store where he lived and a moment later I heard a roar. There wasn't any pants, just a vest and a jacket. Before you knew it, he started to chase me. I wanted to grab the soda and take it with me but I didn't have time. He would have killed me!

But my father was a gentle man. He'd take a whisk broom that he had and hold it over his head and say, "I kill you if you do that again!" But he never hit any of us. I loved him. He was a nice man. But a lousy tailor.

Penthouse: Let me see if I can get this straight. We now have Harpo in the act——

Groucho: That's right. After all, my mother couldn't leave him in New York. Who would she leave him with? My father was making his bad suits and besides he was always at the pawn shop looking for his scissors!

Penthouse: Chico was not yet part of the act.

Groucho: That's right. He was playing pianos in various halls on Long Island. When he quit he got Harpo a job playing in one of his places. Harpo never realized that it was a whorehouse and everybody was arrested by the police, including Harpo who was still playing the piano. I guess my mother just figured that the best thing would be to put him in our act.

Chico ended up working for a music publisher in Pittsburgh. He could play the piano pretty well. But he would never practice because he was too busy chasing girls. Even when he was part of the team and we made the big time, he still didn't practice. Before we'd do a show he'd go into his dressing room and put the stopper in the sink. He'd fill it with warm water and soak his hand for about ten minutes. Then he'd say, "That's enough practice!" Yet the average guy who plays professionally practices five or six hours a day.

> Chico could play the piano pretty well. But he'd never practice because he was too busy chasing girls. He'd fill a sink with warm water, soak his hand for ten minutes, and say, "That's enough practice!"

Penthouse: Your Uncle Al Shean, who was a big comedian in his day as part of the team of Gallagher & Shean, eventually wrote an act for you and your brothers. What was that act?

Groucho: We were doing a school act. I played the teacher. Part of the act was called "Mr. Green's Reception." The idea was to have the first act where I was a schoolteacher and a second act that took place some years later. I was the same teacher but much older. I didn't know anything about age so I wore a snow-white wig. I must have been about thirty years old then. My aunt was in the act, too. She was then about fifty years old and she played a little girl. We needed her because she had a great voice. Since she was in the act, my mother also decided to join in. But she couldn't sing at all.

Penthouse: Is this the first act that incorporated any comedy?

Groucho: Oh, yes! Christ, we used to kill the audience with laughter.

Penthouse: The act you're describing now is "Fun In High Skool"?

Groucho: Yes, it was a very funny act. Harpo used to wear a funny hat during the act and all through the act I'd try to get him to take it off. He'd take it off and put it on again. Gummo was in the act. He played a Jew comedian. And we had a fairy in the act. The guy wasn't actually a fairy but that's the part he played. He'd say, "Strawberry shortcake, huckleberry pie. Are we in it. Ra, ra, ra!"

His name was Paul Yale. He married one of the girls in the act. She played one of the students. Jesus, how I wanted to fuck her! But she didn't like me, she liked Paul Yale.

Penthouse: How long did the school act run?

Groucho: Quite some time. It was a big hit. I remember one joke. I'd ask Harpo, "What is the shape of the earth?" And he'd say he didn't know so I'd try to help him. I pointed to my cuff links and said, "What shape are these?" He'd say, "Square." And I'd say, "No, not these. The ones I wear on Sundays." He'd say "Round." "Now then," I'd say, "what is the shape of the earth?" And he'd answer, "Square on weekdays and round on weekends!" That always got a big laugh.

Penthouse: My research shows that the Three Nightingales emerged in about 1909. Harpo joined the act in 1910. Mabel O'Donnell was still with the act so it became the Four Nightingales. From what we have discussed thus far I gather Harpo just sang with the act.

Groucho: If you could call growling singing!

Penthouse: Sometime after 1910, Aunt Hannah and your mother, Minnie, joined the act. It became known as the Six Mascots. About how long did this act last?

Groucho: I couldn't tell you exactly. It was a terrible act except that Aunt Hannah had a good voice. But that was hardly an act. As I mentioned, it finally broke up when my mother and Aunt Hannah ended up on the stage floor after a chair collapsed.

Penthouse: When did Chico come into the act?

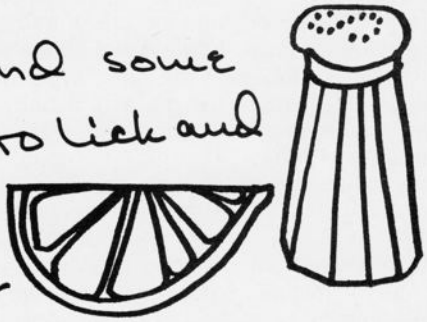
Groucho: I can't give it to you exactly. He was working for some music publishing company in Pittsburgh where he was also fucking and playing pool. You know, Chico's the one re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 189

I like to count the bottles in my window

by Marylee

I've got thirteen bottles of Cuervo on my window sill now (and some more in the closet on the floor). the way they got that way is from just taking a little in a shot glass and some salt to lick and then chew on a lime



my favorite ↓ Cuervo Especial!

my Jose Cuervo ↓ candlestick

for special weekends when we all get together to talk about life and things we make Jose Cuervo Sunrises with a little Cuervo Tequila, orange juice and then a splash of grenadine to settle to the bottom and it's really nice looking.

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In six more minutes, Girard convinced the factory worker that he could afford the big car. "After all, it's only fifty dollars more a month, only twelve dollars a week; hell, that's beer money. Right, John?"

Rodgers agreed except for one thing. He explained to Girard that he was a deeply religious man, and he thought that buying such a big, lavish car was . . . well, a bit sinful, a bit wasteful. He told Girard he would talk it over with his minister and call the salesman later in the week.

Girard looked at the stopwatch concealed on the top of his desk. He had seven minutes left to make the sale.

"What's your minister's name? What church do you attend?" Girard asked politely as he grabbed a telephone directory.

Girard dialed the church and asked to speak with Reverend Moran.

He handed the phone to Rodgers.

"Reverend Moran?" Rodgers asked politely. "Yes, this is John Rodgers, the usher at church. Well, I'm doing fine, sir. I wanted to ask your advice on something. See, I thought I would buy a new car. The old one's got sixty thousand miles on it and, you know, it will soon be at the point where I will have to put money into it every month to keep it running.

"Well, I am over at Merollis Chevrolet now, and this salesman, Joe Girard, really he has the lowest prices in town . . . well, he has a pretty good deal for me. Now I thought that instead of getting another small car, I would get a large sedan, you know, it would have a larger resale value. . . . Is it a good price? Well, I think. . . ."

Girard grabbed the phone.

"Reverend Moran, this is Joe Girard from over at Merollis Chevrolet. Just a minute, let me take this on my private line."

Girard put the call on hold and walked to the outer office and picked up a phone so Rodgers could not hear him.

"Reverend Moran," Girard continued, "how many people have you got in your church? Twelve hundred. Say, that's quite a congregation. Listen, I sell a lot of cars, more than anyone else around here, and because I sell so many, I sell them real cheap. I've got this deal with other ministers around town, I thought you might be interested in it. You send me a customer, and if he buys from me, I'll send your church twenty-five dollars. That's right. Twenty-five dollars for each customer who buys a car. Certainly, my prices are low."

Girard walked back into his office and handed the phone to Rodgers.

"Yes, reverend," Rodgers said, "I, well, I hoped that you would approve. Yes, I think it's a good deal. I'll show you the car after services Sunday."

John Rodgers didn't have a chance. He was dealing with Joe Girard, the number one retail auto salesman in the world.

Only ten years ago Joe Girardi (he changed his name from Girardi to Girard four years ago when two potential customers in one week walked out of his office, refusing to buy from a "dago") was just like John Rodgers. Joe Girard, in his words, was Mr. Nobody. He never finished high school. He was on the verge of bankruptcy after losing what money he had in a home-building deal. He used to be Mr. Assembly-Line Worker. Mr. Average. Then he learned to sell cars.

He started in 1963. By 1964 he was the top Chevy hustler in Detroit. By 1965 he was the top Chevrolet salesman in Michigan. By 1966 he was the top Chevy salesman in the country, the world. And he's stayed on top every year. Number one for seven years in a row. Before Joe Girard, a salesman would be number one for a couple of years at most. But he did it for seven years in a row, and last year, after selling 1,207 cars and trucks, Joe Girard beat out the top salesmen from Ford and Chrysler. No one in the world sells more cars on an individual-sale basis than Joe Girard.

"Mr. Automobile," he calls himself. "The world runs on wheels and I sell more than anyone else." He lives in a small mansion in Grosse Pointe Shores, just short of three blocks from Henry Ford II. He grossed $125,000 last year; this year he's heading for between $150,000 and $180,000.

"I'll do anything to make a sale. They have names for me. They call me animal, they call me crazy, and I love it. If I see a customer down on the showroom floor looking at the car, I'll get down there with him. If the guy has a baby, I'll kiss the baby. I'll kiss the wife. If he wants to get kissed, I'll kiss him. I'll compliment the wife on her clothes even though she's wearing rags. That makes her husband feel good; it makes her look good. Hey, you got a beard. I hate beards, but I'll tell you how I wish I could grow one like yours.

"I'm always looking to relax a customer. I don't get into the sale; that's bad. No doctor gets right into surgery without finding out a little about your hurts. I give you twenty minutes of my time. I can't spare more than that, and if I can't sell you in twenty minutes, no one can.

"I've had people come in here and tell me they like my shirt. 'You like my shirt?' I say, 'here!' I unbutton it and take it off. 'I want you to have this shirt because I want to sell you a car that bad.' They get embarrassed. They tell me to put the shirt back on. And they buy from me. They all buy from me."

The walls of Girard's small, wood-paneled office are covered with plaques, award certificates, and pictures of Joe with his arm around everyone. Behind his desk is a file cabinet. The bottom drawer opens up into a refrigerated bar. In his top desk drawer he has placed cartons of six popular brands of cigarettes.

If the customer is nervous and wants a drink or two while thinking over the deal, Girard will mix him a drink. If the customer wants Girard to drink with him, Girard will drink with him. "Hey, you give a guy a couple of drinks, he's yours. You own him."

Outside his small office, four young men who work for Girard prepare the customers for "surgery." Joe calls these men his "interns." They do all the paperwork necessary for a car deal. (Not one of them has finished high school. Girard will not hire anyone with more education than he has.)

One of the interns is Girard's oldest son, eighteen-year-old Joe Girardi, Jr. He and the other three men Girard employs do all the running around other car salesmen have to do themselves.

They take the customer to the used-car lot to have his old car appraised. They fill out applications for bank loans and papers stating exactly what kind of car the customer wants. If the customer needs to go to the bank to get money for a deposit, one of the men will go with him.

And before each customer goes in to see Girard, one of the interns will call first and fill Girard in on what the customer has said beforehand.

Often during the day, there's a line of customers waiting to see Girard. "I haven't taken the floor in almost five years now. I work by referrals only. I have what I call a bird-dog system. I created it years ago, and anybody that sends me a customer after they buy from me, I'll pay them twenty-five dollars. Everything that comes in now is all bird dogs. I get them from the South, from relatives of people living here. I get them from California. Last year I got a couple from Alaska. Here in Detroit, I got all the plants locked up. All the Chevrolet plants in Hamtramck, Warren, all over—they buy from me. I can almost say I own every plant in this town—every Chevrolet plant. Bird dogs—every supervisor and union steward in the whole joint is my bird dog. Remember, when I pay you twenty-five dollars, I own you. Nobody will take you away from me, 'cause I've paid you. Any good-sized plant in this town is full of Girard salesmen, every shift all over, every way, coming in and out. . . ."

"Most salesmen don't give a shit about the customer after the sale, or even before the sale, because there's so many people around who want cars these days—you win a few, they figure, and you lose a few. You can't keep everybody happy, they figure, so fuck 'em, who needs 'em? Well, I'll tell you, I need them. Because I'm shooting for all their friends, their sisters, their wives, their family, all the guys they bowl with. You see, that's where a lot of salesmen miss the boat. A guy comes in, he wants to be kissed, he wants to be pacified, he wants someone to console him. Handle the guy! Kiss him! He might go bowling that night and someone might bring up he wants a new car. You think he's gonna send the guy to you? He hates your guts if you wouldn't listen to him."

Joe Girard wears three carats of diamonds on the little finger of his right hand and drives a top-of-the-line Cadillac. He worked twelve hours a day, six days a week to get where he is now.

He took a beating at first. Other salesmen thought he was crazy to sell his cars at the prices he charged. And to pay a customer

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

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THE CONTINENTAL WAY

I plan to visit Europe this fall and thought that some information about European girls might help me. What is their attitude toward Americans? Do they feel differently about sex than we do? I would also like to know about brothel prices there.—E.P.

Europe is generally known for its more liberal attitude toward sex—especially Stockholm and Copenhagen. In Denmark, the porno shops do a flourishing business. There are plenty of guides to the various nightclubs, and if the law has not changed lately, you can find many live sex shows in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Holland. You might even be asked to participate on stage! Girls in the northern countries are extremely easygoing, and you often do not even have to pay to have sex with them. Group sex is pretty popular now in Paris, but be prepared to take a date along or you won't be allowed in a swinging club. If you don't have a date, ask any cabdriver where the action is. He can direct you to some expensive nightclub, or, if you explain that you just want to get laid, the local red-light district. In Amsterdam, the best place to go and window-shop is the canals, where the young girls (in the last few years, they seem to have gotten younger) display their merchandise. If you want to get whipped or tied down, I am sure you will see some lady in black with high boots and all kinds of whips and chains hanging behind her. The ladies come in all colors and shapes and ages. Take your pick. In Italy, the same is true, but you will find the women are not too pretty because of their mustaches. In London, you will find the action in Shepherd's Market and Piccadilly Circus. You can always call an "escort service" listed in the phone directory, but you are taking a chance with these girls because they are often nice, prim, proper married ladies who will dine and wine with you and then go back to their husbands. However, some will turn tricks.

The going rate in Amsterdam on the canals is still very cheap, approximately fifteen to twenty-five dollars. In London you can pay as little as five dollars for a street hooker up to an average of twenty-five dollars for a private hooker. Of course there are the higher-priced ones that go for fifty or a hundred dollars—but don't worry, you can usually chisel them down, particularly when the night is late and business is slow. Paris is about thirty to fifty dollars. In Milano, Italy, all you have to do is go to the center of town and you can pick up hookers on any corner. Brothels are forbidden in Italy and France; in Holland and Germany, prostitution is legal and available at all times.

SISTER LIPSTER

Your views on incest expressed in your column intrigue me, as I have two beautiful and sexy sisters, aged twenty-eight and sixteen. I was first introduced to oral sex by my elder sister four years ago. At first it was only cunnilingus (she had just been divorced and I was the substitute for her husband), but later she persuaded me to allow her to fellate me. It was the best move I ever made, and now my preference for oral sex is profound. A month ago I persuaded my younger sister to go down on me as well. To my great surprise she knew exactly what she was doing—her boyfriend must have taught her well. My only regret is that I've never screwed either of them. I suppose it's out of prudish inhibitions. In fact, until my freshman year at college I'd never screwed anyone, and I was worried

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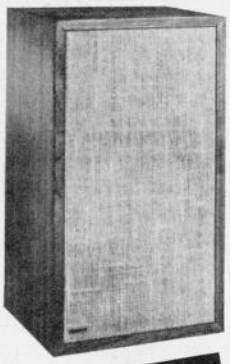
This year Dynaco has added great new components, each of which refines the art. They've engineered a tuner, the AF6, that beats the old problem of local interference in AM signals with a 3-step audio band width circuit. They've also increased the efficiency of its FM reception, and——

Dynaco has brought out, fresh from rigorous, testing the Stereo 400, a moderate priced amplifier that was designed with 400 watts to challenge other manufacturer's top of the line products. One of the things that makes this amplifier new is a completely different cooling system to allow for long play without problems.

Since it was first brought out in 1968, Dynaco hasn't found a way to improve on the performance of the A-25. So they've left it alone. Maybe one day there will be a significant breakthrough in the efficiency of bookshelf size speakers. When it happens it will probably happen at Dynaco.



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how my performance would compare to others. By the end of my first year I had made it with five different chicks, and they helped to ease my doubts, but I still made it only while on pot. I find oral and even anal sex quite easy to discuss, but I'm still uneasy about vaginal intercourse, which for my generation is unusual. Also, I've noticed that all of the chicks I've had (and me, too) enjoyed having analingus performed on them. What do you think of this? Will I get to accept screwing more easily, or is there something wrong with me?—D.E.

Your frustrations come from your incestuous affairs. The fear of getting your sisters pregnant has held you back all these years from having normal vaginal intercourse. Now the damage is done and your complex can only be partially overcome when you are high. If you were not high, your guilt feeling would probably creep up on you. Incest is still a heavy "head-trip" for most people because it has always been a forbidden game, which makes it more attractive to some but also more frustrating if you're afraid of being found out or getting pregnant.

Incest can definitely be psychologically damaging. However, there are numerous cases that I know of myself where brother and sister have had sex for many years until one of them moved out of the house or got married or voluntarily decided to end the relationship.

None of those friends of mine suffered guilt feelings. If both parties agree, then incest should not cause too many problems. Just don't make babies. And in your case, stop worrying and remind yourself that you did nobody any harm.

TUNE IN, TURN ON, ZIP ME UP

I recently took over the ownership of my father's corsetorium with great joy, as I am addicted to wearing women's underwear and hosiery. Every day at work I wear pantyhose under my suit and this excites me so much that I have to go and relieve myself in the men's room about four or five times a day. On one of my trips there I surprised one of the hosiery salesmen sitting on the john wearing only a garter belt and black nylons, masturbating. He was shocked and speechless when I discovered him, and he tried to hide his huge hard-on. He felt more at ease, though, when I dropped my pants to show him my black sheer-to-the-waist pantyhose. He went back to masturbating and I started as well while watching him. We've since graduated to masturbating each other, and I am dying to give him a blow-job. I have confessed everything to my wife, including this homosexual affair, and not only has she left me but she's threatening to expose me to my employees. I'm sure that this would destroy both myself and my business. How can I reason with her and make her understand that I'm not trying to spite her, it's just the way I'm made?—D.M.

Be assured there are many more men with the same fetish. Not all of them are so lucky as to own a corsetorium, or so unlucky that their wives find out about their transvestite habits.

In your case, I would recommend that your wife go and see a psychiatrist with you. He will most probably tell the two of you that you are a fetishist, that there are more men who share these same feelings, that it is really harmless to society and just a matter of doing it more discreetly.

The fact that your wife threatens to walk out on you when you really need her help shows you she couldn't really love you. This is the trouble with some women—they tend to forget the good things you do for them. When you confess something supposedly bad, they quit. The same happens when a husband gets caught in a whorehouse and his name is splashed in the papers. For just a few minutes of fun and games, his wife will sue the man for every penny he has.

I honestly do not know if your wife wants to listen to reason or to what the psychiatrist will have to tell you. But maybe she will realize that you are still the same good husband with or without garter belts.

ANGLE OF DANGLE REVISITED

My problem is a functional one that causes me some personal embarassment. When my penis is erect it takes on a downward curve which sometimes causes my partner some discomfort. I would like you to advise me which intercourse positions would give the most satisfaction and comfort to my girl—I feel that you can probably help me because with your great experience you've

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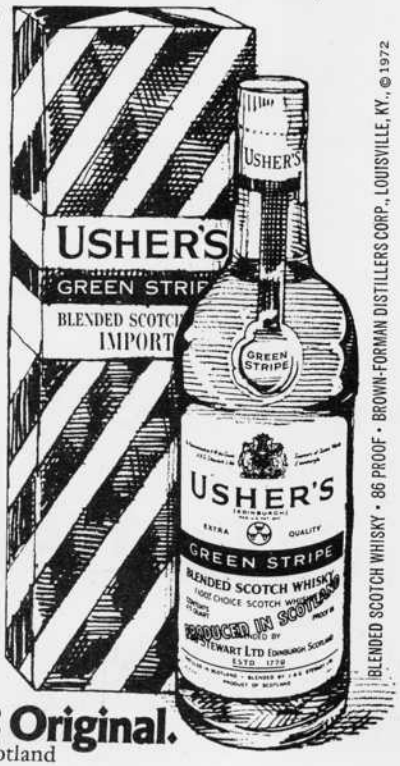

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probably encountered one or two guys with similar problems.—E.J.

Experiment with your partner and let HER tell you which position she prefers. You really should not be asking me, when there is so much fun to be had with your problem by simply doing your homework.

BE A GOOD WIFE BUT A WOMAN FIRST

I'm married to a guy who digs strange chicks, porno movies, grass, and lots of sexual variations—but only outside the home. I dig the same things (except chicks). As far as he's concerned, I'm supposed to behave like the perfect puritan housewife. During the seven years of our marriage he's only screwed me when *he* wants it, never when *I* do, and he doesn't bother with any preliminaries, not even a kiss. Before we were married we were very passionate and loving, but he cut all that out on our honeymoon. When I tell him our sex life is lousy, he says that's the way it is when people are married. I may be stupid, but that stupid I'm not, especially when I know he has a ball with other women when he's away from home. I'm sexually liberated, and your books have helped to make me more so, but what use is it if I don't have a husband who wants me?—H.R.

You seem to be held captive by one of the Western world's typical chauvinistic boyish men. Presuming you are an attractive woman and have a healthy instinct for a good love life, you will have to change your husband's habits or divorce him or find a lover. How imaginative are you, anyway? With your newly gained knowledge, YOU should be the aggressor. Arrange the right props, like candlelight, a delicious meal, incense, a sensual rubdown, a hot prepared bubble bath, music, sexy nightgowns, etc. Women's libbers will hate me for this, but sometimes it is nice to do anything you can to lure your husband into the bedroom rather than chase him out of the house. Instead of having him come home drunk, why don't you ask him to take you out so you can both enjoy a porno movie and get high. If you still cannot liberate him, at least try to educate him. Show some interest in his porno magazines, even supply him with some new ones. I know it might be embarrassing to go into a porno shop, but more and more women are seen in such shops as buyers and lookers. As far as other chicks are concerned, sometimes a threesome is advisable, provided you are turned on by it as well. Have open conversations with him. Try to come to a satisfactory solution. If he goes out, so can you—without having to give him any explanation. However, try not to hurt each other. If you really prefer being with him and having him back in your arms, be completely open about what you're feeling. He will, hopefully, understand that you are a truly liberated woman. Maybe he will open his eyes for the first time and realize that he can get all the pleasure and sex and excitement he wants right in his own house. Good luck to both of you.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 218

Joe Girard:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

twenty-five dollars for sending another customer? That was outrageous. But Girard was thinking of the future. He worked to become the K-Mart of automobile salesmen.

Now he sells so many cars that he can afford to have the lowest prices around and still make a handsome profit.

He is a self-educated master psychologist. He has read one book in his life; it took him a month and he didn't like it. He can't even remember the title.

His eyes never leave a potential customer while they're talking, and as his approach gets harder—no, not really *high* pressured, low-keyed pressure: "You're a hell of a guy and I'm a hell of a guy, and the price is right. So why don't you buy from me?"

And he tells the customer what the customer fears is true. Service is lousy everywhere, not just at this dealership. And the cars. "Doors fall off, fenders fall off—hey, I'm not saying that's going to happen to your car, but it happens a lot. Last week, one had a hole in the gas tank and the week before the door wouldn't close on a couple of them."

But here's the clincher. Joe Girard is worth at least another one hundred dollars in service because one of his men will make sure you are not put off in the service department. Joe Girard will make sure you get good service.

"You should see me sometimes. I need a shave. I always need a shave. That's the way I sell. I never wear a tie. I wear slacks and a shirt. I'm me. I don't want to be better than the guy who comes in off the street.

"Mister Small. That's the guy who runs the world for us, and that's who I want to be like. When somebody comes in, I always put myself below him. I make him feel like a king—real quick—and by making him feel that way, he's going to buy from me.

"I let you talk. You got 105,000 on that car? Where have you been? And then I'm going to listen that you went to Yellowstone Park, California—and I'm listening. I'm gonna let you spill your guts. I'll spend twenty minutes with you. I'll mix you a drink, give you a cigarette. . . .

"So I'm listening. 'Jeeze. No kidding! You were in Disneyland?' Again you're spilling. 'And then you went to San Diego? Is it as nice as people say?' You're spilling. How the hell can you walk away from me after you've been telling me how great and fantastic you are? Now you got to buy from me. . . ."

As he talks, Girard's gesturing hands seem out of control. He is acting his part on the stage. He is so proud of himself, so proud of how he, former Mr. Nobody, sells more cars than anyone else. How he is number one in the world. NUMBER ONE. He can't stop telling you all about it.

"I study people. I watch people all the time, their eyes, their lips, their jaws where the muscles are, and at the end of every day, I go home and study what happened during the day. Why didn't I get that guy? I do my homework. Oh! I know why I didn't get that guy! You know what I'm gonna do? Tomorrow I'm gonna call him back and I'm gonna get him back, some way. . . ."

On Wednesdays, Joe Girard rests.

He drives over to the posh Town and Country Club in Southfield, Michigan, where he spends the day in the steam baths, whirlpool, swimming pool, sauna, and television room.

"I used to work six days, but now I'm up there so big I deserve this day off," he said as he walked up the deep blue-carpeted stairs to the men's locker room, checking out his reflection in the glistening silver wallpaper.

The color-keyed lockers are surrounded by deep red carpeting. Men dressed as servants follow you, picking up towels after you. You put your shoes outside your locker; when you come back, they have been shined. Girard loves that kind of class.

He joined the club because it has a wide range of facilities, and because most of its members are wealthy men who own their own businesses—millionaires, big shots, wealthy doctors, and lawyers. Girard enjoys standing naked with them one day a week.

"I ain't scared of nobody," the number-one car salesman says. "You know what I say to myself when I come here? I say, 'Joe, these people are made out of the same shit you are. They are as scared of you as you are of them.'"

At forty-four, Joe Girard is a long way from what was once an Italian ghetto on Detroit's lower east side.

He came up the hard way. Every night he and his brother would walk to the railroad yard a couple of blocks away and crawl under the fence. While his brother acted as a lookout, Joe climbed on the coal cars and filled up a burlap bag with enough coal to keep the Girardi house warm for a day. He was picked up and arrested several times for things like stealing hubcaps and being involved in gang fights. He was a bellhop at the Sheraton Cadillac hotel; he sold vegetables from a pushcart; he worked a few years making cars on the assembly line.

"I've been kicked around all my life. You talk about prejudice, you should have seen the prejudice against Italians in those days. All my life I've been kicked around. All my life I wanted to be number one in something. I want to be number one and I want everyone in the whole world to know it.

"I grew up very poor. For eighteen years I had nothing. I never had nothing. I never was nobody. But I always had a dream that I wanted to be something and I tried a lot of things. Finally, I found this. And when I started clicking, I said, 'I'm gonna take over.' And I did. I don't consider it work anymore. I enjoy it. There are people who are just satisfied to work and pay their bills. Me, I want to be number one. I know I'll never be number two as long as I'm selling cars. I have to drive to be on top and I'll never be number two. Never. No way."

It was in the winter of 1962 when Joe Girardi went to his best friend for advice. "I was in debt over my head. I needed to make some fucking money. Jack, my best friend, had been selling cars for some time. I wanted him to help me get a job selling cars."

Jack became one of Joe's enemies when he told Joe he couldn't make it selling cars.

"He told me one in ten makes it and one in a hundred makes any money," Girard says, a touch of bitterness still in his voice.

Girard got a job selling cars. In 1964 he earned $40,000. In 1965 he grossed $60,000. Every year his salary grew larger as he sold more cars. Every year he made copies of his W-2 income tax form and sent it to his former best friend.

When Girard was named the top Chevy salesman in the U.S., he called Jack: "I got news for you, cocksucker, one in two million makes number one." Then he hung up.

Girard is in the large whirlpool at the Town and Country Club, talking loudly and gesturing wildly as he tells how he made number one. Everyone around him can hear, and one after another they stare at him.

"I want to be notorious," Girard says, "I want to be more notorious than John Dillinger. I want to set records that will never be touched. I want to be known as Mr. Car . . . Mr. Salesman."

He wants to be on the Johnny Carson Show and tell millions of people that he is the number-one retail car salesman in the world.

"Those other people on that show. I mean, what makes them so special? What makes them more interesting? Hey, I could put on a show. I could tear the place apart . . . I mean when I go into my act. . . ."

He wants to be known as Mr. Car. He wants a book written about him, he wants to make videotapes he can sell to every car dealership and sales company in the country—*The Secrets of Joe Girard*.

But Joe Girard, for all his money and success, is not really satisfied with his life. He says that some nights after work he drinks too much.

His wife is not proud of him or of his success. She calls him "Mr. Big Shot." "She doesn't understand that she couldn't have that nice car she drives and all those clothes she wears and that big house and the maid if I didn't do what I do.

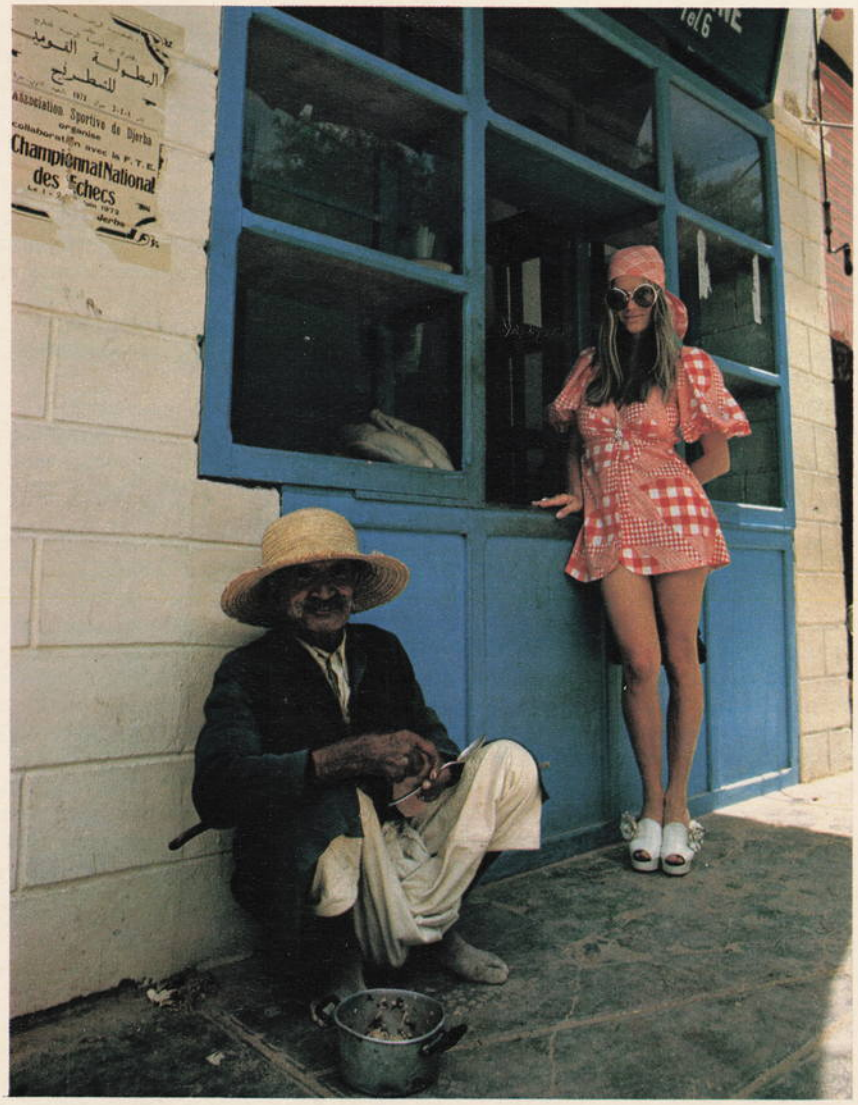
"I ask her, 'What do you want? Do you want me to go back to being nothing? Do you want to have nothing, like before?' "

He doesn't give his wife's answer to the question.

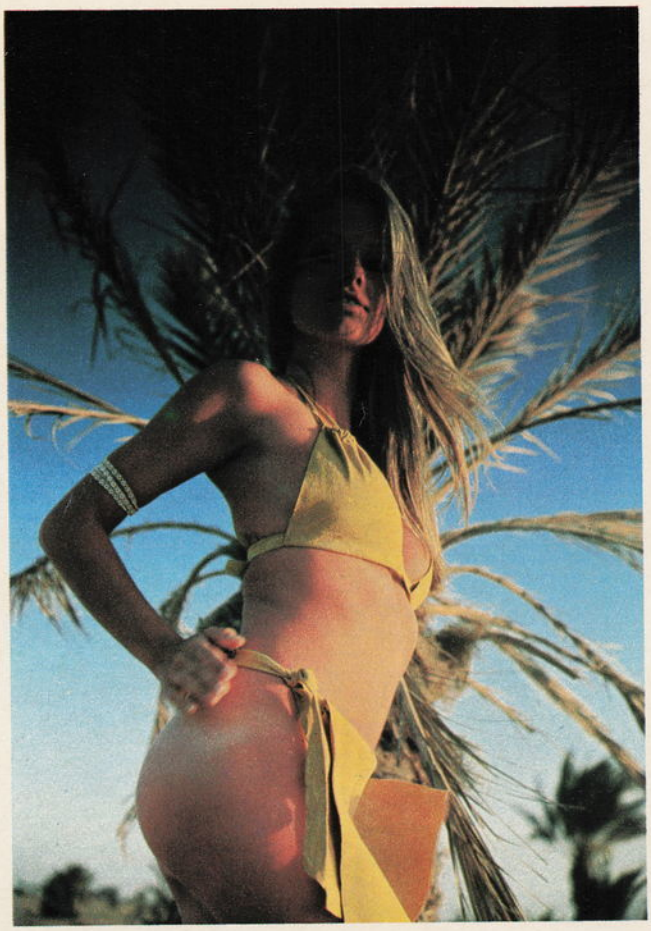
Other car salesmen hate Joe Girard. At a recent black-tie dinner for Michigan Chevrolet salesmen, he was booed when he was introduced. His wife broke down and cried. "I loved every boo," Girard says. "They're just jealous. They envy me." O+

HELGA of the DUNES

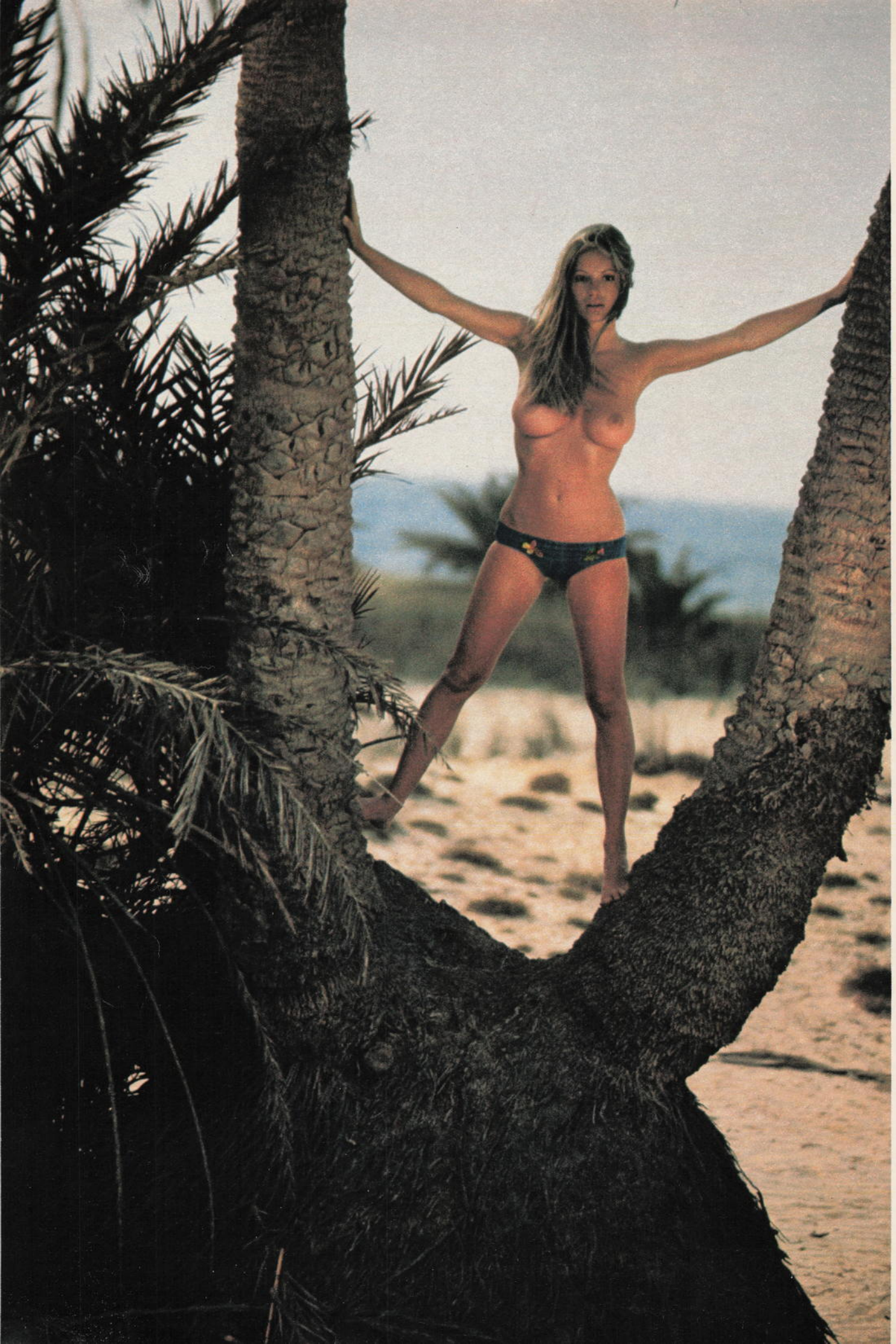
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL HOLTZ

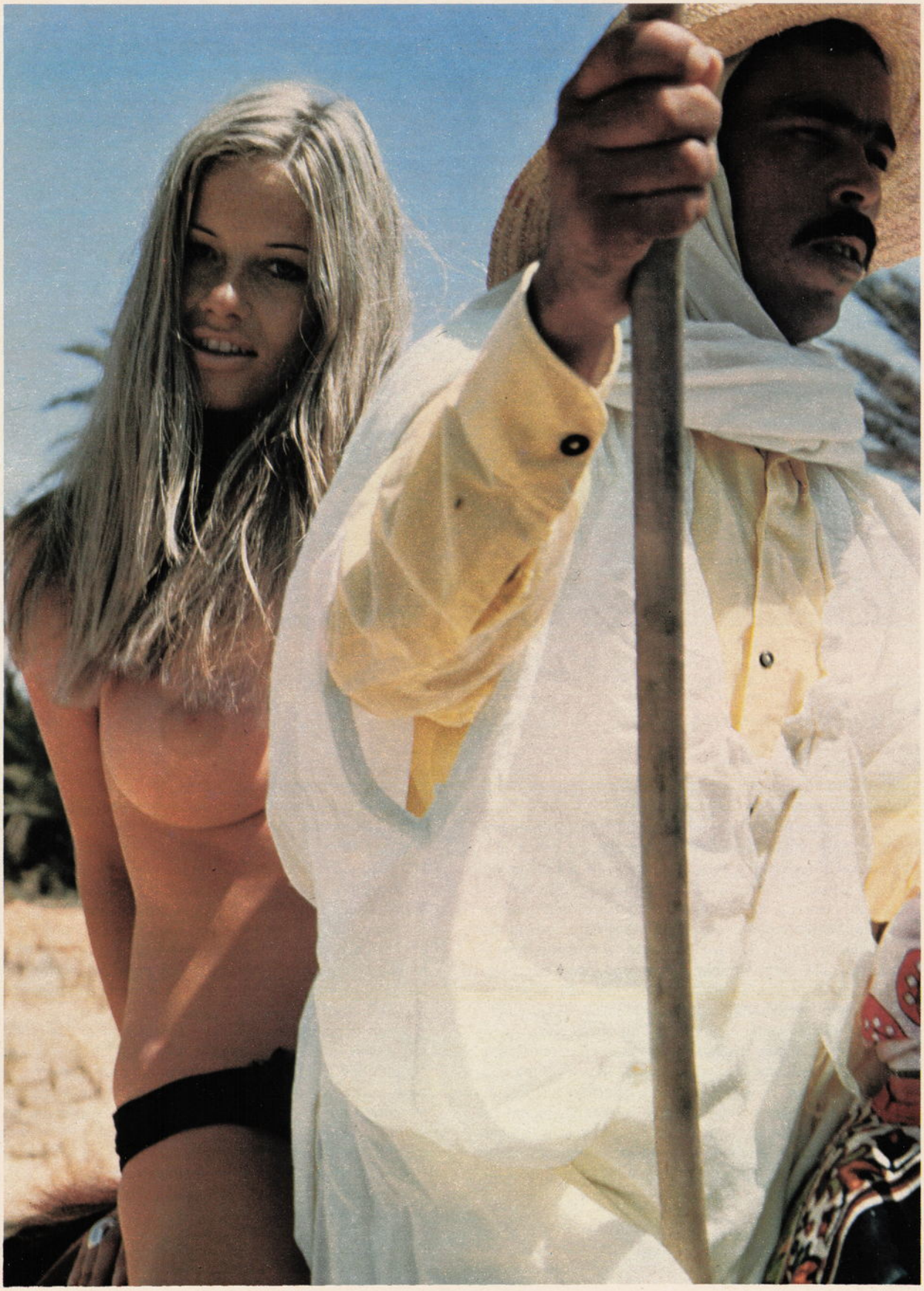


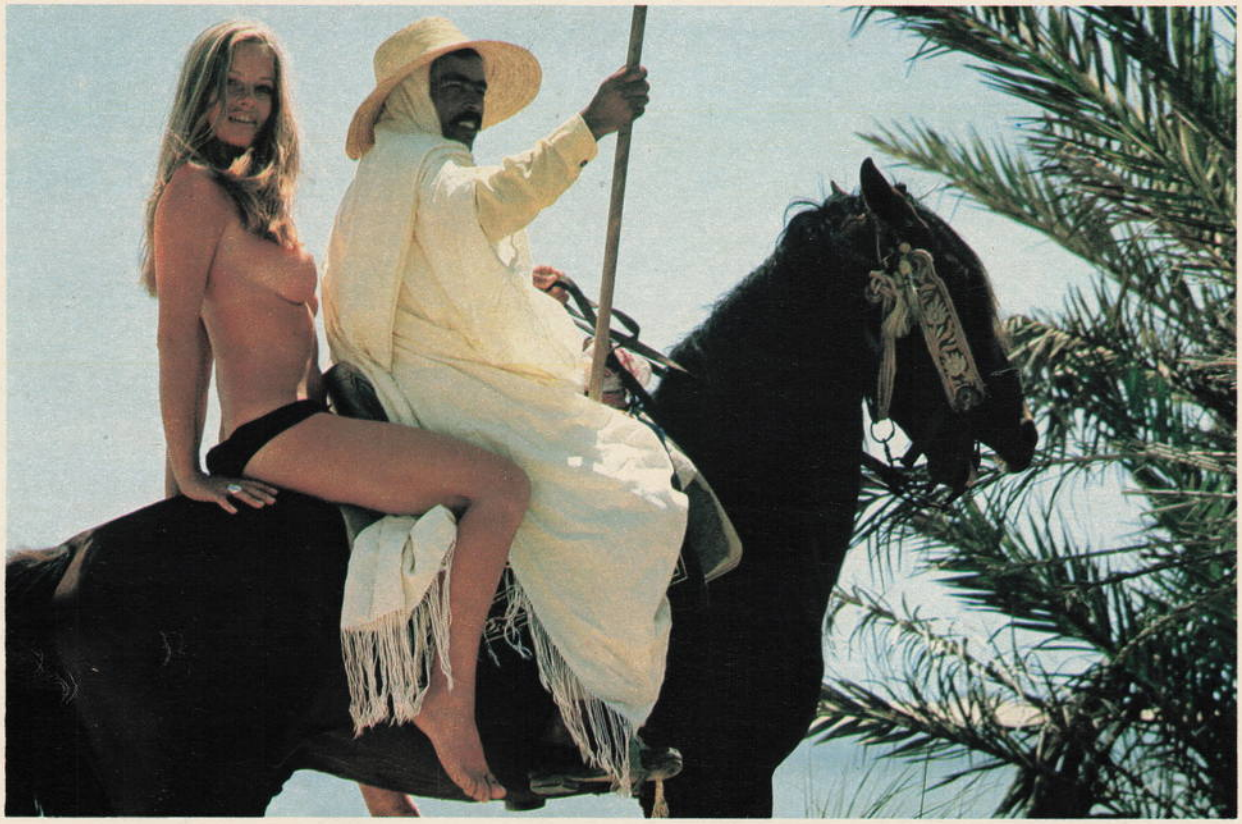
"An experience with a very sexy, totally sensual man is not something I can get over easily... out of a lot of men there's one who, I don't know why, just turns me on so much I can't refuse him. But none of them ever stays with me, or else I don't stay with him. Because there's always, so far, another guy who comes along who turns me on even more." It's difficult to imagine a fellow so wanderlustful that he would knowingly veer out of Helga Schiller's orbit. Or one so placebound he wouldn't stir to keep pace with it. For Helga is a drifter... a Siddhartha of the Seventies... a blond Venus on the sunburned perimeter of Islam. Helga is a homeless woman at home in supertechnology's global village. Born twenty-one years ago in the West German port of Bremen on the North Sea, Helga was reared by a well-to-do accountant and his actress wife. She was brought up in an unrepressed home that was always crowded with relatives and artistic friends. Two years ago, graduated from the Bremen gymnasium (high school) with excellent grades but lax study habits, Helga hit the jet-set road with her parents' blessings and a modest allowance, bent on varying her experience of the great world.



"My parents had a very liberated attitude toward life, and I guess I picked up my defensive feelings about my freedom from them. They were absolutely in love, but they never taught me that sex meant a wedding ring in your nose... they didn't want me to have any hang-ups, they wanted me to feel I could always go anywhere I wanted and with anyone I wanted to, that I didn't owe any man any more than I felt for him. I don't get involved with boring people, people who hate themselves. I guess they ruined me: I don't want to do anything really, only travel to all these strange places. I've been all over the Riviera. But every time I get started out of Morocco, every time I tell myself it's time to







split, I get into something or meet a guy or just put it off. And I really want to go to Katmandu, to L.A., to Isfahan....

"In Morocco, nudity is a large part of my lifestyle. Many people come here and live like nomads on the beach. It's expensive, the weather's always beautiful, the people come to know you and trust you...." Helga (38-26-36) came to Morocco several months ago in the course of her summer circuit of Mediterranean spas along the Riviera and Northern Africa. In Tangiers she met Marisa, who came from a middle-class French-Algerian family and plied her belly dances in the bistros of North Africa. From Marisa, Helga undertook to learn the choreography of this exotic undulation. "It's really communication, as you get to understand when you're initiated," explains Helga. "Your mind and body are completely involved, subject to its voluptuous discipline, which is very strict and a terrific turn-on at the same time, like being raised in a sultan's harem or brought up as a geisha in Japan. It's also one of the greatest exercises anybody ever thought of, and it's a challenge to men—a sort of sign that if they can't keep up to a highly developed level of sensuality, get lost.

"I'm into a pretty straight sex scene basically, but I'm curious about sadomasochistic relationships. I see myself, in a very vague fantasy, dominating a very strong, muscular, apache kind of man. Maybe I would get into it, if I met the right guy.... Algerian men are, no two ways about it, a bunch of real male chauvinist pigs, but they're so sexy and *involving* that the last thing you want to do is fight that. I guess that's why belly dancing is a part of the national heritage—there's a lot of competition here, among women, for *men.* And the men treat *me* like a terrifically desirable white goddess."

In Morocco, the energy that is Helga Schiller has found, for a time, a tranquil oasis. It is written, in the second chapter of the glorious Koran, "O men, honor women, who have borne ye." Helga Schiller, suffused with Moroccan mystery, tradition, and sun, indeed partakes, like the immortal quatrains of Omar the Tentmaker, of the "perfumed garden" of panerotic femininity. There is no Helga but Helga, and Helga is her name. *Inshallah.*

COMPUTER CRIME

BY MICHAEL FOONER

Last March, a telephone rang in the New York office of Raymond L. Dirks, a securities analyst. The caller, who was unknown to Dirks, told an incredible tale of crime and rascality in high places in the world of finance. That phone call started a chain of events that led to the crash of a multibillion-dollar business, the Equity Funding Corporation of America.

The Equity scandal has been called the biggest fraud in the history of the United States and the worst corporate financial disaster of modern times. It has also focused attention on the newest and potentially greatest criminal in the world—the computer.

While electronic crime had been known before, the spectacular Equity Funding case has certified the computer as a potential accomplice of criminals both large and small. With shock and fascination, people have come to realize that computer crime is often committed by respectable, middle-class folks—like themselves.

It is "clean" crime, involving no violence. A Beverly Hills millionaire can do it, a suburban New Jersey clerk can do it, a Los Angeles schoolboy can do it, a teenaged girl in Fort Wayne can do it.

Those four happened to have been caught, but only by accident. Computer experts generally agree that the odds are very favorable for getting away with computer crime.

And despite the computer technology involved, genius is not required. In fact, it is surprising how simple big-time banditry-by-computer can be. Even the Equity Funding case proved to be a simple exercise. What made it outstanding was the massive input of old-fashioned chutzpah.

The company operated out of a palatial headquarters in Beverly Hills, in a new high rise on the site of what had been the Twentieth Century Fox film studios. In addition to the magnificent executive offices, there was an impressive array of computers and a phalanx of supporting equipment served by a small regiment of workers.

But the company also had an out-of-the-way building in Beverly Hills. Here a group of clerks was kept busy making up life insurance policies. Their handiwork included applications under fictitious names, false reports of medical examinations, credit investigations, and premium payments.

Other clerks prepared the bogus insurance policies for electronic data processing and fed them into the computers at the headquarters offices. The data came out printed on endless folds of paper, which Equity Funding Life Insurance Company, a subsidiary of the corporation, then sold for cash to other insurance companies.

This type of transaction is called "co-insuring" or "re-insuring." Insurance companies do it legitimately as a way of increasing business. The company that originally writes the policies gets immediate cash and the co-insurer gets a share in all future premiums paid by the policy holders.

But in this case there were no future premiums. Equity Funding's unique version was dealing with phantom policy holders. That problem was overcome simply by paying the co-insurers their expected shares of future premiums out of cash received from the sale of *more* phantom policies. And more. And more, and more. . . . The clerks kept making them up and feeding them into the computers. Equity Funding had about 60,000 bogus life insurance policies on its

take the printout and run

step up to high pay,
do challenging work,
meet fascinating people
like his honor the judge

books, which were worth about $3 billion —if they had been real.

As frosting on the cake, Equity Funding "killed off" some of its phantom policy holders, and the co-insurers paid death benefits. The busy clerks had to produce counterfeit death certificates, of course, and Equity Funding collected the benefit checks that were supposed to go to the phantom beneficiaries.

This might have gone on indefinitely had it not been for that phone call received by Dirks. The caller was Ronald H. Secrist, a former vice-president at Equity Funding who had recently been fired and who had decided to retaliate.

But if the computerized fraud was easy, exposing it was not. Secrist's story seemed preposterous; it defamed a highly regarded corporation on the New York Stock Exchange. The company's quality was vouched for by some of the shrewdest and most respected bankers in Wall Street; large blocks of its stock were held by some of the great financial institutions of America, including the Ford Foundation, First National City Bank of New York, Bankers Trust, Morgan Guaranty, and others. How could anyone believe a discharged employee's soreheaded yarn about dirty tricks in the computer room? Besides, everyone knows that insurance companies are closely supervised by the government, and that state insurance departments have auditors and inspectors constantly assigned to examine their books.

Raymond L. Dirks, thirty-nine years old, is a chubby, bespectacled man. He had come to New York as an impresario of offbeat show-business enterprises that did not make the grade. He gravitated into securities research and made a specialty of researching insurance company stocks. Dirks eventually became a senior vice-president of Delafield Childs, Inc., a small Wall Street firm. He established a national reputation as an analyst of insurance stocks. Then came the Equity Funding phone call.

Dirks began to nose around. Two weeks after the call he was in Beverly Hills confronting Stanley Goldblum, president and chairman of the board of Equity Funding. Goldblum was every inch the grand captain of finance—trim, muscular, wealthy, and self-assured. Full of confidence and sincerity, he denied everything, said the company was solid as a rock. Twelve days later, Equity Funding crashed.

Dirks had conducted an intensive investigation, the results of which he presented to a shocked auditing firm that had been taken in by the fraud. The auditors and the Securities and Exchange Commission quickly moved in on Equity Funding, followed closely by state and federal investigators.

Trading in the stock was halted. Goldblum and other top officers had to resign. The company went into bankruptcy amid a flood of civil suits.

Criminal charges arising from the case are pending the completion of a massive federal audit of Equity Funding's books.

Even Dirks didn't escape the fallout. The New York Stock Exchange threatened to bring charges against him for having failed to immediately inform it of the situation and for having first given the "inside" information to some of his clients.

At almost the very moment Dirks was confronting Goldblum in his posh Beverly Hills executive suite, detectives 3,000 miles away were confronting Roswell Steffens in his $275-a-month garden apartment in Parlin, N.J.

They arrested him for stealing from the Union Dime Savings Bank in New York, for whom he had worked as chief teller in a branch in Manhattan. His loot was peanuts compared with the Equity Funding caper —a mere $1.5 million. However, it is worthy of note in the annals of computer crime because it was the largest embezzlement in savings-bank history.

The theft itself was simple. Steffens merely went into the vault when he wanted money and removed wads of cash. As chief teller, his job included visits to the vault.

To cover up, he simply registered withdrawals on the accounts of unsuspecting depositors so that the books of the bank were balanced. Since the bank's operations were computerized, all he had to do was tap keys of a computer keyboard at the bank, activating the computer to record withdrawals.

For his manipulations, he selected accounts with little activity. Occasionally, a depositor would notice a discrepancy, but since Steffens supervised the tellers the complaint was brought to him and he promptly fixed it by tapping a correcting deposit into the customer's account. He would then tap a corresponding withdrawal from some other account.

During the quarterly recording of interest, he would briefly enter corrections on all the manipulated accounts. The computer made it possible for him to "shuffle" hundreds of individual accounts while attending to regular duties, and the books always appeared in balance and up-to-date. As chief teller, it was perfectly natural for him to be feeding data into the computer terminals, and as long as the books of the bank were in balance, nothing was suspected. The scheme worked for three years and, as New York District Attorney Frank Hogan remarked, it might have gone on forever.

But fate intervened. In March, New York detectives raided a big-time bookie joint. They seized records and routinely scanned the coded customer lists for the big-action bettors, seeking information about figures in organized crime, tax evaders, or people with illegal income.

They noted that one customer on the list was down for $15,000 to $30,000 a day. When they traced him, this high-roller turned out to be a quiet family man of modest circumstances—Roswell Steffens.

Unlike the flamboyant types who rigged the Equity Funding fraud, Steffens wanted nothing more than an average, decent life for his family. He had found it hard to make ends meet for himself and his wife and to provide for the upbringing of his two teenaged daughters. He had been a faithful employee for nine years and was earning $11,000 a year while walking in and out of the bank vault, where bundles of money were lying around. When the bank went electronic, the computer tempted him. Steffens used the money only for gambling, seeking the big score. He plunged on horses and basketball games. When he won, he put money back. When he lost, he took more to bet again and get even—the classic gambler's syndrome. His secret might have been kept safe except for that unlucky raid on the bookie joint.

Many computer experts defend the machine by emphasizing that cases such as these are only modern versions of traditional inside-job crimes. But electronic data processing has spawned a new kind of crime, which presents the temptation and opportunity for "outsiders" of all ages. A Los Angeles schoolboy demonstrated that.

Jerry Neal Schneider was seventeen and a bright student at Hamilton High School, the proud possessor of a $500 scholarship. His thefts amounted to "only" about $900,000 but he had a reason: he was carrying a full program at school and later on in college as an engineering student at UCLA. In fact, he was caught as a result of trying to keep up his grades.

Jerry, while walking to school every day, used to pass an office of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company. He noticed that their trash cans contained discarded electronic equipment and he took a schoolboy's delight in scavenging things to fool around with at home. In the trash he also found discarded catalogues and manuals, which he also collected. They contained information about the company's computer system. Using this information, he found he could figure out the instructions used for ordering equipment at the company's plants. The system was, of course, completely computerized.

To order equipment, information was fed into the computer from touch-tone telephones. Touch-tone phones are operated by ten push buttons instead of a dial. So Jerry got one, learned the codes from his trash-can library, and he was in business.

He opened shop as a supplier of specialized electronic equipment, found customers, and filled orders through his touch-tone telephone. He placed an advertisement in the Yellow Pages and launched the Los Angeles Telephone & Telegraph Company with himself as president and sole employee. He bought a phone company van at an auction, which he used to pick up his orders without arousing suspicion. Business expanded rapidly until he had ten employees and a warehouse with an executive office.

Running the company in addition to going to school and keeping up his grades got to be just too much. Jerry had to work nights making the pickups at the telephone com-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

The Short Yappy Wife of Francis Macomber

Francis Macomber was very wealthy and very tall and he was going to be wealthier although probably no taller.

By Dan Greenburg

It was now lunchtime and they were all sitting in the shade of the dining tent, pretending that nothing had happened. Half an hour before, Francis Macomber had been carried into camp in triumph on the shoulders of the native boys, along with the glossy 3⅜-by-4¼ color Polaroid of the lion.

"Well, you've got your lion," said Robert Wilson the white hunter, looking at him with his flat cold submachine-gunner's eyes, "and a damned fine one he is too."

"He is a good lion, isn't he?" said Francis Macomber. His wife looked at him as though she had never seen him before. She had, of course, seen him before, although you would not have known it to look at her, not at that particular moment; not, that is, unless you had actually seen her see him before.

Francis Macomber was very tall and very handsome in a particularly American boy-man way, if you liked that sort of handsomeness. He was wearing a brand-new safari jacket, new safari trousers, safari boots, safari socks, and safari undershorts. He was a man who kept himself very fit. He was an expert skier, flier, scuba diver, shot-putter, spelunker, motorcyclist, juggler, sword-swallower, and lotto player. He had a black belt in judo, karate, and origami, and he had just shown himself very

publicly to be a coward.

It had all started the night before, when Macomber awoke and heard the lion coughing somewhere up along the river. It was a terrifying cough, the kind of cough that begins deep down inside of you, deeper down even than your Cough Control Center, and the sound of the cough filled Francis Macomber with a cold slimy hollow emptiness that somewhat decreased his self-confidence. He did not know the Masai proverb that says a brave man is frightened three times by a lion: first when he hears the lion's cough, second when he sees the lion's face, and third when he feels the lion's jaws close around his Adam's apple.

They had risen before sunup, the native bearers had loaded the Land Rover with the heavy 300-mm and 500-mm and long, shockingly ugly, big-bored 1000-mm telephoto lenses, the tripods, the Nikons, and the Hasselblad bodies with the Polaroid backs. The Land Rover moved upriver as Macomber readied his equipment and as he did so he saw that his hands were trembling. The car stopped abruptly then, and Robert Wilson leaned forward. "There he is," he whispered, pointing. "Stand up and take him. He's a marvelous lion."

The native driver said something softly in Swahili.

"What does the boy say?" said Francis Macomber.

"He advises f/8 at a 100th. Stand up through the hatch and shoot him. And better remove that lens cap."

Macomber removed the lens cap and stood up shaking, with the upper portion of his body projecting through the roof-hatch of the Land Rover. He raised the camera to his eye and tried very hard to stop the shaking of his hands by pressing his elbows into his sides and then he squeezed the shutter. Nothing happened though he squeezed and squeezed and then he knew that he had failed to advance the film and cock the shutter from the previous day's shooting, and as he moved to do so the lion caught sight of Francis Macomber for the first time and let out a terrifying belch. Francis Macomber dropped to the floor of the Land Rover, his face drained of color, and cowered under the seat. Robert Wilson, in one fluid motion born of years of practice, scooped up the camera, aimed at the lion, and fired. Macomber heard the *ca-ra-wong!* of the shutter as it released its 100th-of-a-second of lion image onto the film in the camera and then the lion loped off into the bush and it was over.

Macomber crawled out from under the seat and saw the two men and the one woman staring at him in contempt. The native driver averted his eyes and when Francis Macomber reached over and tried to take his wife's hand, she pulled away from him and leaned forward to where Robert Wilson was sitting holding the Polaroid waiting for the beeper to beep and kissed him full on the mouth. The beeper beeped and the Land Rover started up again and no one said anything further until they had arrived back in camp, largely due to the fact that Mrs. Macomber's tongue was still in Robert Wilson's mouth.

Francis Macomber looked at his wife with her tongue in the mouth of the white hunter and he knew that she was through with him. Well, she had been through with him before, through with him many times before, through with him as many as one hundred seventy-nine times before to be precise, but it had never lasted. Francis Macomber was very wealthy and very tall and he was going to be a great deal wealthier, though probably no taller, and whereas Margot Macomber had once been a great beauty, a very great beauty, albeit a short one, now she was no longer a great beauty, now she was no more than just an average beauty, and lately she appeared to be growing even shorter. Francis Macomber knew that she was too short to leave him now. That was one of the few things he really knew. He knew other things. He knew the vintages of certain wines, he knew the game of Botticelli, he knew about E equaling mc squared, about Arabian horses and Afghan hounds and certain types of pussycats. He knew about telekinesis and bonsai gardening and direct-digit dialing and about how you could walk underground from 34th Street and Sixth Avenue all the way up to 52nd and Fifth without ever having to get to street level, and he knew his wife would never leave him.

Oh yes, Margot Macomber was still a great beauty in East Africa where most of the women had shaved heads and holes in their earlobes the size of half-dollars and where shortness was not much of a consideration, but she was not a great enough beauty anymore in America and he knew it. He knew that she knew it also, although he did not know if she knew that he knew that she knew it.

"Well," said Francis Macomber to Robert Wilson once the latter had disengaged himself from the former's wife's tongue, "I feel very peculiar about this lion business. I do hope it doesn't have to go any further, does it?"

"If by that you mean, am I going to post a letter about it to *Popular Photography Magazine*," said Robert Wilson in his flat cold antiaircraft-gunner's voice, "you needn't worry." He certainly had never anticipated such a query from Macomber, but how was one to know about a bloody American anyway? How the bloody devil was one to know anything about them? Well, he for one was bloody well sick of Americans and sick of these bloody photographic safaris as well. It certainly was not anything like it had been in the old days. In the old days you took a bloke out in the bush with a couple of elephant guns, a Browning automatic rifle, a howitzer, and a few hand grenades, you blew the heads off half a dozen animals, and that was the end of it. Then the bloody conservationists and the bloody ecology beggars came in and made killing illegal, and suddenly here were all these bloody tourists with their bloody Hasselblads and their bloody Instamatics and whatnot.

Robert Wilson, for one, had never understood what all the bloody fuss had been about. Oh, perhaps the animal population had dwindled a trifle. But there were still well over three lion in East Africa, as many as five elephant, two buffalo, four wildebeest, a warthog, and six hundred army ants. No, things were not as black as the bloody conservationist beggars had painted them, not by a long shot.

"Listen," said Francis Macomber, "I'm sorry I said what I said about the lion business not going any further." He looked at Robert Wilson with his handsome American boy-man face that would be a boy-man face until the day that he died and he smiled a crooked little smile. "I just can't seem to do anything right today," he said.

Well, thought Robert Wilson, what could you do with a bloody American like that? You do your best to insult him and the bloody beggar apologizes. You most certainly could not ever tell a damned thing about a bloody American.

"You certainly *can't* do anything right, my pearl," said Margot Macomber. "But then, that's not your trade, doing things right, is it, dear? That's Mr. Wilson's trade, isn't it, Mr. Wilson?"

Well, thought Robert Wilson, their women are the hardest, the cruelest, the bitchiest, the most predatory and, in this particular case, the shortest in the world. Nice tits, however.

It was now three o'clock in the morning and Robert Wilson who had been up reading the magazine section of the Sunday *New York Times* by the light of a Coleman lantern heard the sound of footfalls, the footfalls of a rather short person or a rather short animal, immediately outside his tent. Then Margot Macomber entered the tent in her safari nightgown. Robert Wilson studied her with his flat cold heavy artillery-gunner's eyes, waiting for her to speak.

"I thought we might play photography," said Margot Macomber at last.

"Photography?" said Robert Wilson.

"Yes—turn out the lights and see what develops." Margot Macomber giggled hysterically and blew out the Coleman lantern. Well, what the hell, thought Robert Wilson, what the bloody hell. Their women are the hardest, the cruelest, the bitchiest, the most predatory, and the most given to making dumb jokes. Still, there were the tits. There was also the bitchiness, of course, and the shortness, but there were no other women on the safari, it would be several more weeks before he returned to Nairobi, and the lingerie adverts in the magazine section of his year-old Sunday *New York Times* were becoming somewhat dog-eared. Robert Wilson unzipped his king-sized sleeping

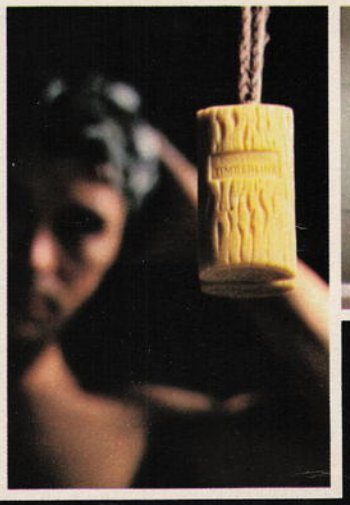
CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

COMMON SCENTS

THREE PLANS FOR WINTER GROOMING

More and more American males are ceasing to assume they are attractive—and insuring it, with the unprecedented variety of cosmetics at their disposal, vouchsafing excellence to each part of the male anatomy. Herewith, a *Penthouse* pride of leonine laves.

For a conservative approach, there is to be had an array of colognes and hair sprays to freshen the follicles; soaps and deodorants, so uniformly useful; and a flood of pre-electric-shave colognes to soften the stubble for the onrushing blades.



Burgundy corduroy suit, $240, with jacquard sweater, $60, by Pierre Balmain.
Neckwear by Ashear.
Rust cashmere zip-front dress, with fox boa and hat, all by Halston.
Belt by Elsa Peretti.
Boots by Herbert Levine.

Fashion by Ed Emmerling
Grooming by Myles Eric Ludwig
Photography by Tracy

Know, you who hew to the middle-of-the-road, that there is no end of hair sprays, shampoos, and highly effective conditioners to help you keep in shape a single, consistent coiffure—or experiment with many. Various colognes, body splashes, and soaps, all diverse one from another, permit an option on the socially correct effusion, and deodorants to be found in finer stores put the kibosh on those scents most gauche.

Off-white flannel jacket, $90, with wool pants, $42.50, hand-dyed, intarsia design sweater, $50, and geometric crepe shirt, about $35, all by Judith Hornby of London. Girl's outfit by Halston. Jewelry by Elsa Peretti.

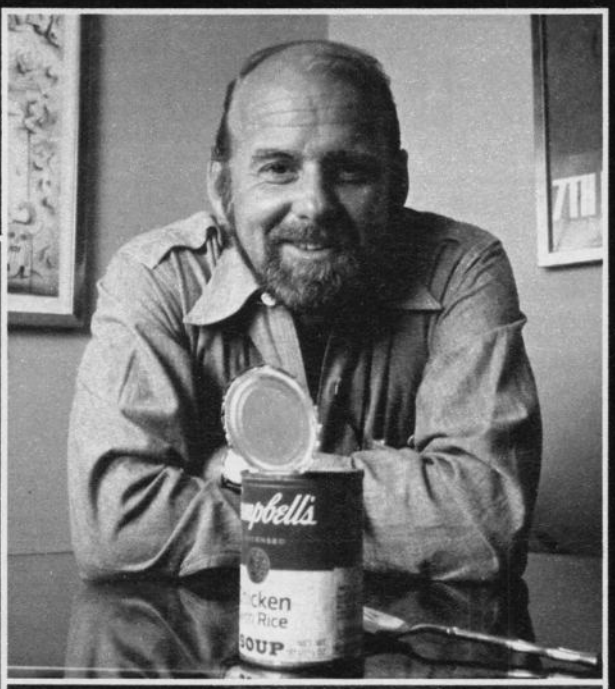
Nor has Progress ignored the well-dressed arbiter of the avant-garde. From among an opulent treasury of personal paraphernalia he may select overnight conditioners to ready his "head" for the existential encounters of the morning; colognes, body sprays and shampoos, and skin conditioners to effect the essence of his chosen *karma;* and hairsprays and shampoos to hold in perfect harmony his profuse tonsure, howsoever curlicued, filigreed, or outré. Tune in soon to these manly aromas and modalites—with just a little extra care and forethought, you too can be the scentsuous man.

Green satin double-breasted suit, about $90, by Pinky and Dianne for Flo Toronto.
Tie-dyed chiffon caftan by Halston.
Shoes by Smerling Imports.
Belt by Ram Leather.

See Fashion Finder page 196.

SUDDEN TAN

VIVA™

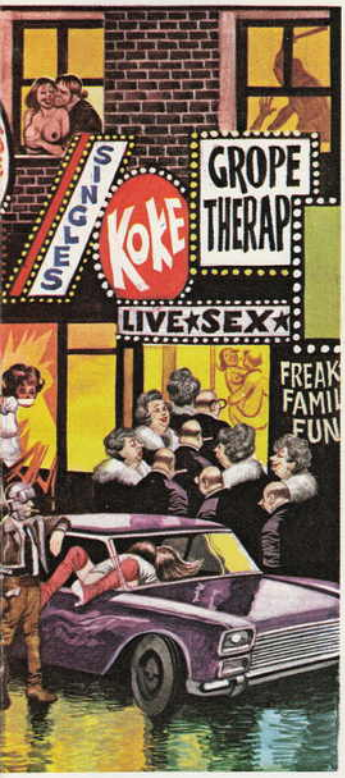


THIS MONTH IN

VIVA

OH, WICKED WANDA!
♫ EAST SIDE ... WEST SIDE ♫
HIGH ABOVE THE HEART-THROB OF THE CITY, IN THE AIR-CONDITIONED APARTMENT OF BERNIE FISHFINGER, ARGUABLY THE GREATEST CHESS PLAYER IN THE WORLD...
HEY, BERNIE — HOW ABOUT THIS? SOME CRAZY BROAD NAMED TANYA IVANOVNA IS CHALLENGING YOU TO ONE GAME, WIN OR LOSE, FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!
FUNNIES
FAMILY SHRINE
MAOIST SAUNA CENTRE
ABORTION clinic
STEAKS
GEFILLTE FISH
BUNTZES
MATZO BALLS
charley's Bar
DENTIST
KERIYAK
USED GUNS
Disco
HEAVY TRAFFIC
FREDS
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Bar
Grill
NUDE NUDIE
Tacos
EAST 420TH
WEST 597TH
SOUTH 323RD
NORTH 892ND
JULIE ANDREWS the SOUND of MUSIC
NOW IN ITS 94TH YEAR
GALS 'N' GUYS
Grill
SEX SHOP
Bobbie
BY FREDERIC MULLALLY AND RON EMBLETON
50
SAMMY PECKER'S WILD BUNCH
BOUTIQUE
Girls · Girls · Girls
SKIN FLICS
BAR
HOTEL
PIZZA
POLICE
POLICE DEPT
LOVE
NO PUBLIC, SHE INSISTS. SWEDISH GRANDMASTER HOMER SAPIENS AS CONTROLLER. AND THE GAME TO BE PLAYED AT A SECRET AND NEUTRAL RENDEZVOUS
A SOUVENIER FROM REYKJAVIK
IT REEKS OF GUILE AND CHICANERY — SO I LIKE IT! TELL HER TO HAVE THE STAKE IN THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILLS. AND GET THE WHITE HOUSE TO GIMME PROTECTION...
CHECK and CHECK
THAT'S MY BOY!

SHE'S GOTTA BE NUTS. SHE'S ALSO GOTTA BE AN ATHEISTIC COMMIE JEW-BAITER-SO I'LL TAKE HER, SAM!


SINGLES
KOKE
GROPE THERAP
LIVE★SEX★
FREAK
FAMI
FUN

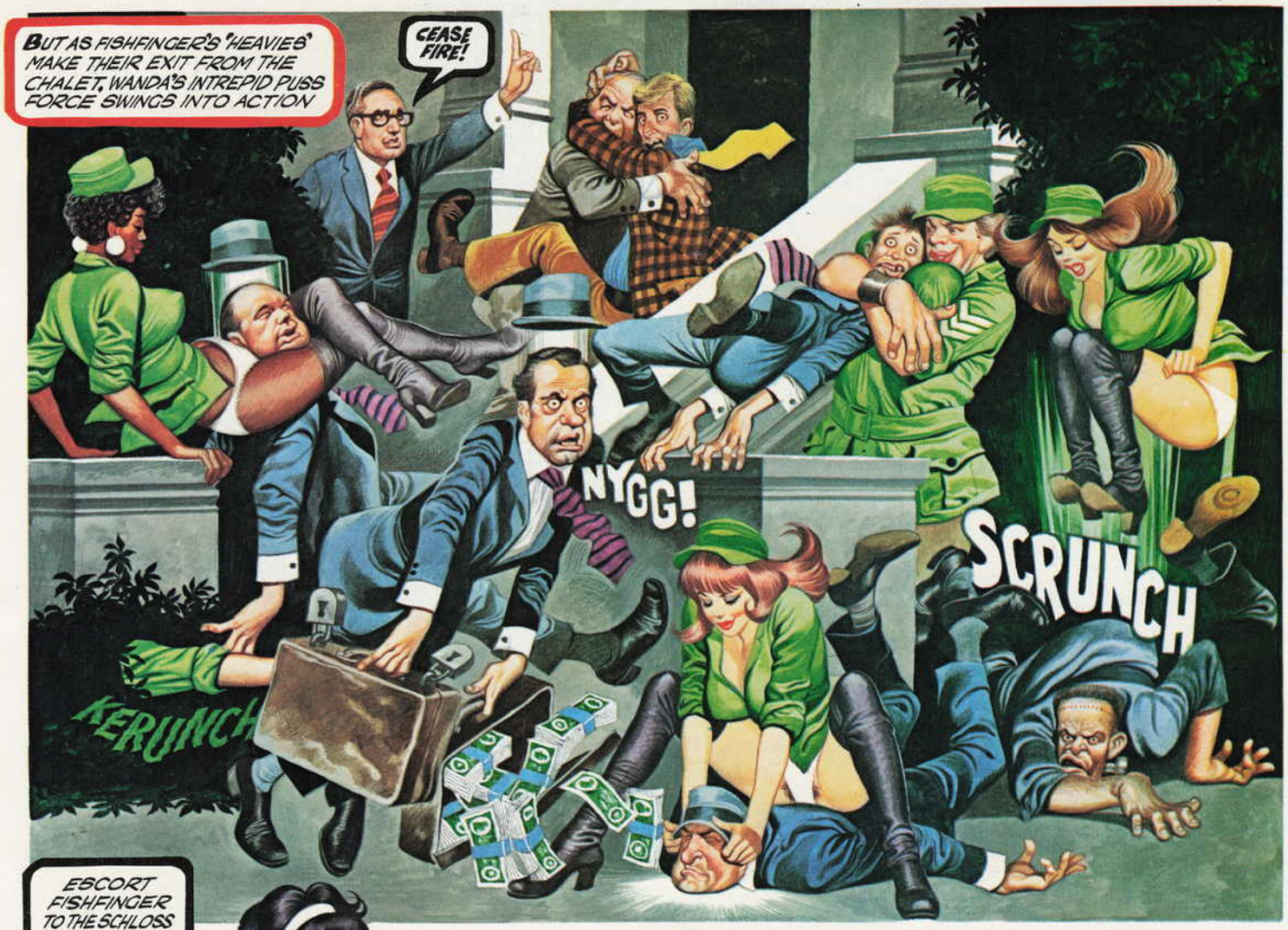
I MEAN A BUNCH OF HONEST, GOD-FEARIN' TRIGGER HAPPY HOODS!
RAPE!
HELP
THUD
SMASH
KERASH!
NO

THE GROUNDS OF THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS
SNARL
DROOL
SLAVER
A MILLION DOLLARS, WANDA BABY? FOR A CHEST GAME? I'LL PLAY YOU ONE JUST FOR KICKS!
CHESS, CANDYFLOSS! CAME TO ME IN A DREAM, THE OTHER NIGHT. PRIZE EXHIBIT FOR MY MUSEUM OF MISFITS—BERNIE FISHFINGER AND MARTIN BORMANN IN A CHARITY GAME FOR JEWISH REFUGEES!
PAT PAT

BRILLIANT, BOO'FUL! SO SAY FISH-FINGER'S IN THE BAG — HOW DO WE FIND BORMANN? I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD!
DONT BE SO NAIVE, CANDYFLOSS — THAT WAS ALEC GUINNESS AGAIN! BORMANN'S LOOT IS IN ONE OF MY LATE AND UNLAMENTED FATHER'S BANKS. I'LL CUT OFF THE FUNDS AND SMOKE HIM OUT
DAILY EXPRESS
BORMANN LIVES
SEX CHANGE CARDINAL MARRIES
A CHALET IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS, A WEEK LATER.....
HERE THEY COME — AND TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE APES!
HOMER.... GET ME COMMANDER GERMAN GRRRR AT RUSS FORCE H.Q.
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP

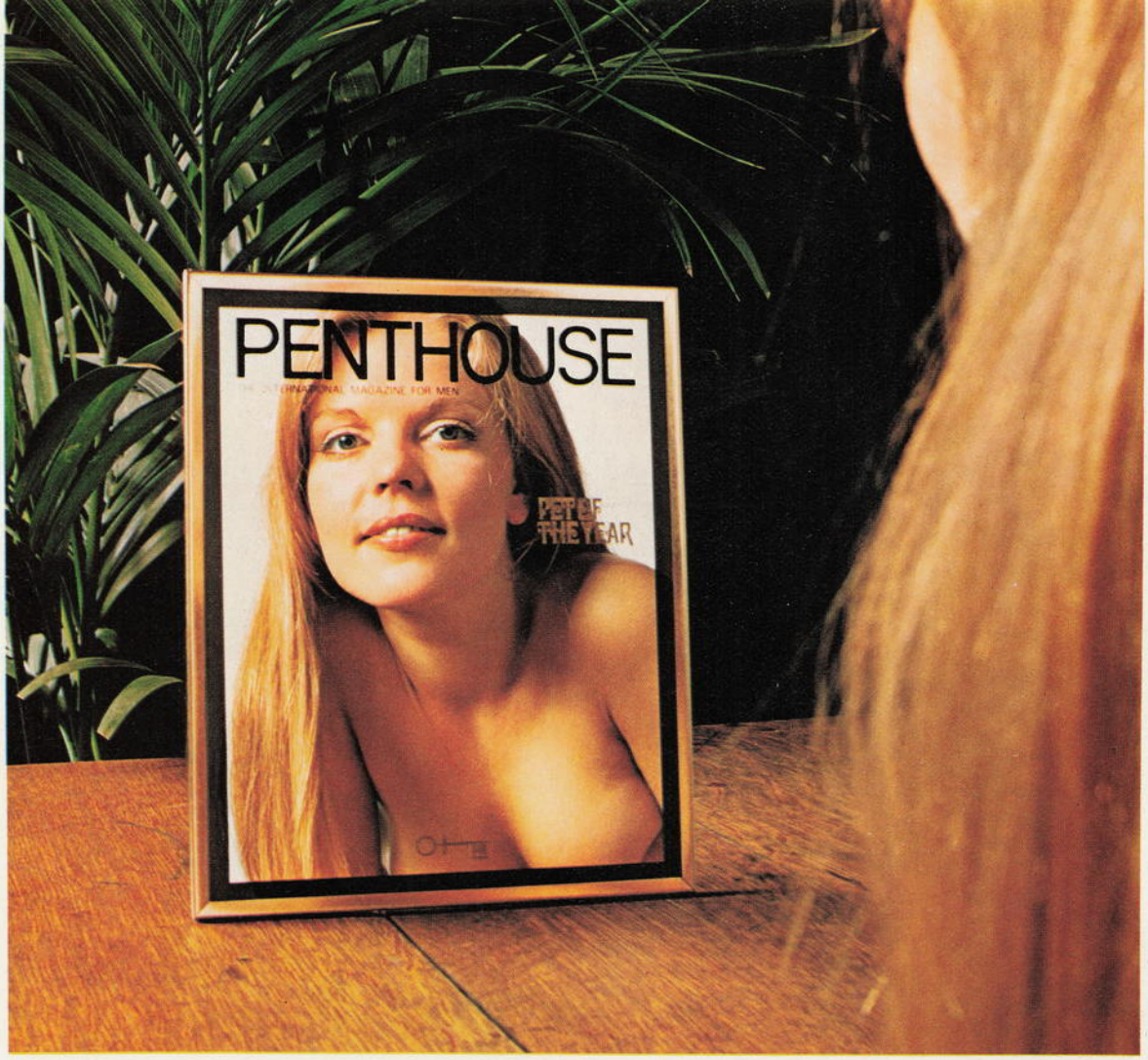
THAT EVENING, THE MILLION DOLLAR CHALLENGER MAKES HER FIRST APPEARANCE
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN!
STEADY, BOY— STEADY!
"DONNER" DISNEYLAND 1973
OBJECTION! BLATANT AND UNFAIR TITILLATION OF MY BOY!
OVERRULED! NOTHING IN THE F.I.D.E RULES ABOUT TITS
I HOPE MY SMOKING DOESN'T DISTRACT YOU, COMRADE FISHFINGER
KOFF
GASP
THE GAME BEGINS
THEY SAY HEH! HEH! HER FAVOURITE GAM-BIT IS A QUEEN'S OPENING
I DUNNO. TAKE THAT DELECTABLE CLEOPATRA, FOR EXAMPLE
SUCH A CRACK IS IN VERY DOUBTFUL TASTE, COMMANDER GRRRR!

AS THE GAME PROCEEDS, WANDA HOTS UP THE PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE
DON'T LOOK NOW, COMRADE, BUT I THINK YOU'VE LEFT YOUR BISHOP EXPOSED!
YOU'RE TRYING TO MATE ME, YOU DOG! I CAN ALMOST FEEL IT COMING!
SENSATION! FISHFINGER CRACKS!
I CAN'T TAKE IT, SAM! LEMME OUTA HERE!
MR FISHFINGER RESIGNS! THE PRIZE MONEY GOES TO THE WINNER—TANYA IVANOVNA!
ALL RIGHT, YOU COMMIE CREEPS— BACK UP AGAINST THE WALL!
YOU HEARD THE MAN —NOW GET 'EM OFF— I MEAN UP!


BUT AS FISHFINGER'S 'HEAVIES' MAKE THEIR EXIT FROM THE CHALET, WANDA'S INTREPID PUSS FORCE SWINGS INTO ACTION
CEASE FIRE!
NYGG!
SCRUNCH
KERUNCH

ESCORT FISHFINGER TO THE SCHLOSS AND INFORM MY VALIANT PUSS COMMANDOS THEY'LL BE AWARDED THREE STRIPES EACH ON MY RETURN

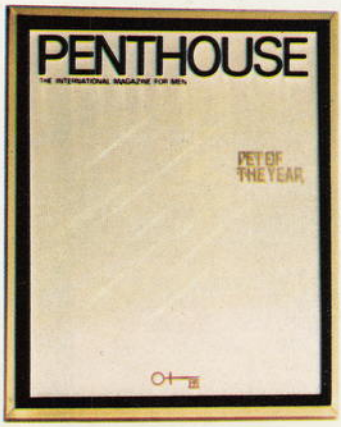
EIGHT HUNDRED
SEVEN THOUS
HUNDRED AND
ONE... EIGHT HU
SEVEN THOUSAND
AND
FORTY TWO...
SEND A MILLION DOLLARS TO SCUM AND TELL MY GNOMES IN ZURICH I'LL BE TAKING OVER THE BANK AS FROM TOMORROW
DOES THIS MEAN THAT WANDA INTENDS TO FIDDLE WITH HER CLIENT'S LIQUID HOLDINGS? WATCH THESE PAGES IF THE PROSPECT DISTURBS YOU



Dearest,

Six Babette and Six staring at myself in this "Pet of the Year" mirror. It's a groovy reflection and I adore the guy who gave it to me. It's really a dynamite gift. She'll love it, I promise.

Affectionately,
Babette



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WRITE ME: Babette, Penthouse Products, 909 Third Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Please send me ____ PET OF THE YEAR MIRROR(S) at $5.00 each (NYC residents please add 7% sales tax), plus $1.50 for postage and handling.

Signature

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

N-5

the great american sex boom

by Bruce David

There sat Linda Lovelace. Regal. Commanding. A book, an album, *Deep Throat Two*. Porno chic's superstar is making it. But what are they saying about that dog?

Michael Kanerek/Whistl'n Dixie

Porno chic has moved rapidly out of the affluent upper class and into the homes of Middle Americans. Couples are heading to smut theaters in droves to view hard-core action.

The press party for Linda Lovelace, America's ranking porno queen, was held at New York's swank Gaslight Club. Ostensibly the occasion was the launching of Linda's autobiography, *Inside Linda Lovelace.* But the amount of media coverage, the array of television cameras—from all three major networks—not to mention the swarming representatives of the high-powered men's magazines and New York's daily papers, all suggested that there was something more afoot. Something important. Indeed there was, for this was a high point in porno chic.

It was a curious thing to behold: Linda, who was wearing a tasteful light-blue gown, looked almost regal. Regal, yes. Commanding even, but not, we must admit, beautiful or sexy. Yet there she was, surrounded by a deferential and attentive press—and, so help me God, signing autographs. Linda was so inundated with autograph seekers that the actual press conference, scheduled for 6 P.M., had to be delayed a full hour.

If there was hyprocrisy involved, if there was an unspoken agreement between Linda and the press to use each other, it remained unseen. To those present, the press conference was an event, a happening—in short, a news story. Later that night and the next day it would go out across the country that Linda Lovelace, who gives her age as twenty-two (although she looks closer to twenty-eight), had already written her autobiography. Linda is making it. Her book, a record album of *Deep Throat*'s sound track (Warner Bros.), the release of *Deep Throat Two* (filmed in both X- and R-rated versions), and a rumored offer to make a legitimate Hollywood movie, are all symbols of her success.

Probably none of this would have happened had it not been for the *New York Times.* Stuart Klein, film critic for New York's WNEW-TV: "When Truman Capote, Leonard Bernstein, and the *Times* editors go to see *Deep Throat,* then you have porno chic." The story about the day ten *Times* editors and reporters hotfooted it over to the World Theatre during their lunch break was covered in "Times Talk" by Grace Lichtenstein: "When we got to the theatre, Arthur [Gelb] ruled that no one could put the $5 ticket on an expense account except Grace [Glueck]; she, after all, is the culture editor. Since we were a bit late, we missed the foreplay, because as we slipped into our seats the screen was showing an excruciating close-up of a copulating couple.

'Don't worry,' somebody in back of us said, 'You didn't miss any of the plot!'" A couple of days later, the first *Times* visit was followed by a second one from the staff of the *Times Book Review*.

Before *Throat*-going was to end, the *Times* would add still more names to the list of celebrities who'd given *Throat* a certain éclat: Sandy Dennis, Ben Gazzara, Johnny Carson, Jack Nicholson, and Mike Nichols among others. Truman Capote was quoted as saying, "Mike Nichols told me I just had to see it. . . . I thought the girl was charming."

Once the *Times* had given its stamp of approval, however tenuously, the other critics soon followed. In response to all this publicity, the talk at cocktail parties increasingly shifted to *Throat* and porn in general. *Was it true that Frank Sinatra had unreeled his private print of* ***Deep Throat*** *for the Vice President of the United States? Did you hear what they've been saying about Linda Lovelace making it with a dog?*

It would seem to the casual observer that Linda, who can't act, isn't beautiful, and who has been accused of having sex with a dog (of which we shall hear more later), is emerging as a culture hero—the 1970's version of the Beatles. And she isn't the only porno personality to be experiencing this phenomenon. Publishers are falling over each other in the rush to offer book contracts to anyone who has ever screwed in front of a camera. Georgina Spelvin, the porno starlet of *The Devil in Miss Jones,* has already been offered a book deal—ditto, Marilyn Chambers, female lead in *Behind the Green Door.* Even Harry Reems, a perennial male smut-stud and a co-star in *Throat,* is busily pounding away at his typewriter keys.

Once Linda opened the way, the others followed. Marilyn Chambers zoomed from obscurity on the front of the Ivory Snow box. The press had been waiting hungrily for a new angle and this proved to be it. Once *Screw* broke the story, the *New York Post,* the *New York Times,* and even the *Daily News* rushed the item into print: the girl appearing on the Ivory Snow box, personifying motherhood, was the same girl who could be seen fucking her way across the screen in *Green Door.* It was all the publicity needed to assure the success of an otherwise mediocre skin flick.

Marilyn, born Marilyn Briggs, had posed for the photo a few years earlier when she was seeking a legitimate career in modeling and films. After posing for Proctor & Gamble she played a minor role in *The Owl and the Pussycat,* during which time she met the Mitchell brothers, who were to produce *Green Door.* By the time Proctor & Gamble got around to releasing the Chambers photo, their former model, already a porn veteran, was anything but 99 and 44/100 percent pure.

At the age of twenty-one, Marilyn is another hot property. Traveling across the country to promote *Green Door,* she has signed numerous autographs (in such unlikely places as Passaic, N.J.), and appeared on television. Because of the publicity, she now finds herself besieged with magazine and movie offers, including a deal from Dusan Makavejev (director of *WR—Mysteries of the Organism*) to play a leading role in his next movie. If you have any doubt about how hot she is, ask Jim Mitchell, her agent, and he'll set you straight: "Look, I don't care what publication you're with. You want to talk to Marilyn, make us an offer."

While Marilyn is definitely the most attractive of the porno actresses, Georgina Spelvin is the one who can claim the title of best actress. At thirty-seven, she is the oldest of the smut-screen stars. Like Marilyn, Georgina originally sought a career in legitimate theatre, an experience both ladies later described as a form of prostitution. Georgina: "I just got pretty much disgusted with the whole scene. It was very much run on the principle of 'you put out for me and I'll introduce you to the next person up the ladder. If you're really good at it you may get yourself a walk-on.'" So Georgina decided to chuck the whole thing for the less-demanding production end of the theater.

She had done production work for a number of years when she answered an ad in *Variety* placed by Gerard Damiano, the director of *The Devil in Miss Jones.* Communally oriented Georgina presented herself as a possible cook for Damiano's crew. She was hired, and by the time the original star dropped out, Damiano had learned her background. Despite her age—thirty-seven is old for porn—he hired her for the title role.

Once Georgina began her new career, offers came flooding in. Even before *Miss Jones* was released for distribution, Georgina found herself in demand as a porn actress. She appeared in a number of pretty standard and uninspired movies, usually as a bit player. With the exception of *The New Comers,* the world's first porno musical, Georgina has little positive to say about these early ventures. She is quick, however, to point out that after *Miss Jones* was released she was awarded leading roles in two movies where the sex content was minimal. The first was directed by Wakefield Poole (previously acclaimed for his gay porno flicks, *Boys in the Sand* and *Bijou*). Entitled *B.C. Follies,* Poole's latest movie, a series of biblical stories, is relatively tame stuff, though it still rates an "X" because of extensive nudity. Georgina appears in a comedy sequence about David and Bathsheba, filmed in the fashion of silent movies. The second movie, untitled as of this writing, is in the horror genre—about a woman (Georgina) who lives off the life-force of other people, draining them of all their energy.

Damiano made his name with *Deep Throat.* An ex-hairdresser, he became involved in pornographic films eight years ago, when he was thirty-six, but it wasn't until Linda Borman of Bryan, Texas, walked into his office that things began to click. Intrigued by her unique cocksucking talent, Damiano changed her name to Lovelace and signed her to a year's contract at a figure put at between $100 and $200 a week. "In five seconds," says Damiano, "after I saw what she did, the whole premise of *Deep Throat* came to me in a flash. I wrote the script in a weekend, comic aspect and everything."

Working in partnership with Phil Parisi and Lou Perry, Damiano shot *Throat* in six days with a bankroll of $25,000. The movie opened three months later to become the biggest box-office smash in the history of smut movies. Unfortunately, Damiano didn't stay around to appreciate the rewards of his labor.

The original deal between Damiano and his partners was a three-way split, but according to the *Times,* when it became apparent that *Throat* was going to be a really big draw and a sexploitation phenomenon, Perry and Parisi called off the original agreement. Damiano was offered $25,000 for his part of the defunct partnership and warned that if he didn't take the deal he would get his legs and arms broken—or worse.

Lou Perry has denied the allegation. He maintains that Damiano, following legal hassles, and before the film had begun to draw, was asked to sell his share. "He was compensated what he asked for—$25,000. He was even asked to stay. This was his decision." Damiano, when asked about the Perry statement and the story in the *Times,* will only point out that he isn't suing that paper for

At *Throat's* obscenity trial Judge Tyler was so disbelieving of what he saw during a screening that he reportedly turned to the defense attorney to ascertain if he was indeed watching an act of anal intercourse.

libel. He adds that he thought the article was "very nice." There is another curious aspect to Damiano's relationship with his two ex-partners. Apparently, Perry and Parisi have retained the right to use his name as it suits them. For example, an ad in *Variety*, announcing the shooting of *Deep Throat Two*, listed Damiano as director, even though he is no longer with them.

After losing out on *Throat*, Damiano was determined to get a second chance at the big time. He got it with *The Devil in Miss Jones*, which became the first of the porno movies to be reviewed by New York's reputable film critics.

Although Kevin Sanders of ABC was the first television critic to review a porno movie on the air—a minor flick called *Hot Circuit*—it remained for *Miss Jones* to get the rest of the critics beating a path to their friendly neighborhood porno theater. Jay Cocks of *Time*, Charles Michener of *Newsweek*, William Wolf of *Cue*, Addison Verrill of *Variety*, and even Judith Crist of *New York* magazine all went to take a look. The reviews, largely thanks to Georgina's fine acting (until then acting in a porno movie was unheard of), were surprisingly positive.

Starting in the summer of 1972, when *Throat* was seized for being obscene, the movie exhibitors went on the defensive. Although the film was returned when it was pointed out that a federal court of appeals decision held that the exhibitor must have a chance to defend his film before it could be seized, everyone knew that this was only the opening shot in a long battle.

Sure enough. Next, the city of New York charged the management of the World Theatre with promoting obscenity. The feeling seemed to be that, given a sophisticated jury, the city prosecutors could never get a conviction. So instead of charging the individual, the city charged the corporation. This allowed the city to dispense with a jury trial, and eventually it won a conviction.

The trial began on December 18, with Judge Joel Tyler presiding. According to an onlooker, Judge Tyler was so disbelieving of what he saw during a screening of *Throat* that he had to turn to the defense attorney, Herbert Kassner, to ascertain if he were indeed watching an act of anal intercourse. In another instance, while Arthur Knight, professor of film at the University of Southern California and film critic for the *Saturday Review*, was testifying in behalf of the defense,

Tyler interrupted the testimony to ask what was meant by the term "missionary position." It isn't surprising that Tyler levied a fine of $100,000 against New Mature World Enterprises, the highest porno fine in American history and the maximum the law allowed.

Elsewhere in the country, *Throat* and other X-rated films were experiencing similar difficulties. There was a curious case in Passaic, N.J., involving a movie called *Deep Sleep*. The state supreme court had knocked down New Jersey's obscenity laws, leaving the state virtually without any obscenity legislation. Therefore, Passaic County Prosecutor Joseph Gourley was forced to adopt a rather bizarre ploy in prosecuting the film. Gourley elected not to prosecute the film at all, but relied instead on the Garden State's archaic sex laws.

Because *Deep Sleep*'s producer, Alfred Sole, a resident of Paterson, N.J., had shot most of the film's sex footage in his own home, he had violated a New Jersey law that prohibits fornication. So Gourley hit Sole, actress Kim Pope, and actor Joe Rose with seven indictments, including private lewdness, carnal indecency, fornication, conspiracy to commit private lewdness, and conspiracy to commit carnal indecency. Under state law, all three could receive twenty-seven years in jail and a $10,000 fine.

More recently, *Deep Sleep* has been busted in Oklahoma City under a federal law that prohibits the transportation of obscenity across state lines. According to Sole, it was New Jersey prosecutor Gourley who flew to Oklahoma to work with federal authorities. As a result of his legal expenses, Sole has been forced to borrow money and take out a second mortgage on his house.

Even so, there was general optimism about such cases and it seemed that full legalization of pornography was imminent. Then, on June 21, 1973, the highest court in the land knocked the props out from under the smut business. In a five to four vote, the Court reversed a decade-old decision.

Led by Chief Justice Warren Burger, the majority stated, in part, that the new guidelines on obscenity would depend on whether a work "taken as a whole lacks serious literary, artistic, or scientific value." Thus, a work no longer need be "utterly" without redeeming value to be judged obscene. In addition, the Court declared that local, rather than national, standards may be used in making such judgments.

In defending the new standard, Burger wrote: "One can concede that the 'sexual revolution' of recent years may have had useful by-products in striking layers of prudery from a subject long irrationally kept from needed ventilation. But it does not follow that no regulation of patently offensive 'hard-core' materials is needed or permissible; civilized people do not allow unregulated access to heroin because it is a derivative of medical morphines."

To many, the decision was appalling. On the one hand, Burger had cited the benefits of pornography; on the other, he had attacked the very foundation on which pornography had thrived. And could he seriously equate smut with heroin? But what disturbs critics of this new decision most are its far-reaching implications: if a work no longer need be "utterly" without redeeming value to be judged obscene, we might well soon see the suppression in some communities of such works as *Lady Chatterley's Lover, Tropic of Cancer,* and *Ulysses.*

Exactly what effect all this is going to have on pornography has yet to be determined. In the months and even years to come, additional court decisions will be needed for further clarification of the Supreme Court ruling. In the meantime, we can be sure that the effect will be inhibiting.

However, one result of the Supreme Court decision is that a growing number of people are embracing pornography as a First Amendment issue. Less than a week after the Burger Court's decision, such eminences as Shirley MacLaine, Pete Hamill, and Rex Reed opposed the new guidelines. Participating in a demonstration in front of New York's City Hall, they attacked the decision as a direct violation of freedom of speech and argued that an adult should have the right to read what he chooses. Stating that the decision had set a dangerous precedent, they went on to predict even greater government intervention. It is conceivable, they noted, that the government could use sex content as an excuse for suppressing works found politically offensive. Thus, one important aspect of the Burger Court's decision may well be that it provides an excuse to perpetuate porno chic, making it a *cause célèbre.*

Porno chic is what Tom Wolfe calls *nostalgie de la boue.* The French term, popular in the 19th century, means "nostalgia for the mud." Wolfe used it to describe the 1960's socialite fascination with such "pet primitives" as Joey Dee and Killer Joe Piro, both discovered at the Peppermint Lounge along with the Twist. Later the trend would switch to pop art, camp, Mick Jagger, and in 1969, to the "radical chic" of the Black Panthers. Now it seems that we have moved into porno chic, where there's mud to spare.

Unlike its most recent predecessor, porno chic has moved rapidly out of the exclusive domain of the affluent upper class and into the homes of middle Americans. There was little interest among the middle orders of society in fêting the militants. But smut—now that's something else entirely. *There is, after all, nothing wrong with sex, is there?* And for liberals, there is the First Amendment issue. Couples are heading in droves to the smut theaters to view hard-core action, while those who stay home keep abreast through newspapers and television.

In Chicago, viewers were wired to their TV sets when Linda Lovelace, as part of the promotion for her book, appeared on Kup's Show. Poor Linda, *that* was a horrible experience. There she was, on the verge of achieving fame, fortune, and respectability, and Ann Landers, America's best-known advice columnist, was dredging up from Linda's past things best forgotten. "What seems wrong to me," Landers remarked on the show, "is that the sex in it [*Deep Throat*] is the same as *animal* sex." Had that remark about animals been entirely coincidental? Perhaps, but viewers aware of the implications were practically beside themselves with growing excitement. "We don't know if *animals* experience love when they have sex," Landers added a short while later, "but it appears that *dogs* doing it in the street probably don't." Another coincidence? No matter. Linda jumped to the defense of our canine friends. "We don't know what they feel," Linda argued. "Perhaps the dogs feel something for each other more than just physical urges." Things like this give porn a bad name.

Finally, Linda felt compelled to deny the rumor in print. In her autobiography she says she never had sex with a dog, though she admits that some of her early stag movies do show her having sex with dog puppets. She calls the photo that appeared in *Screw* of her being straddled by a dog a fake, the result of montage photography. In response to Linda's assertions, *Screw* is suing her for $250,000.

Before the Supreme Court ruling, certain trends had been considered to be self-

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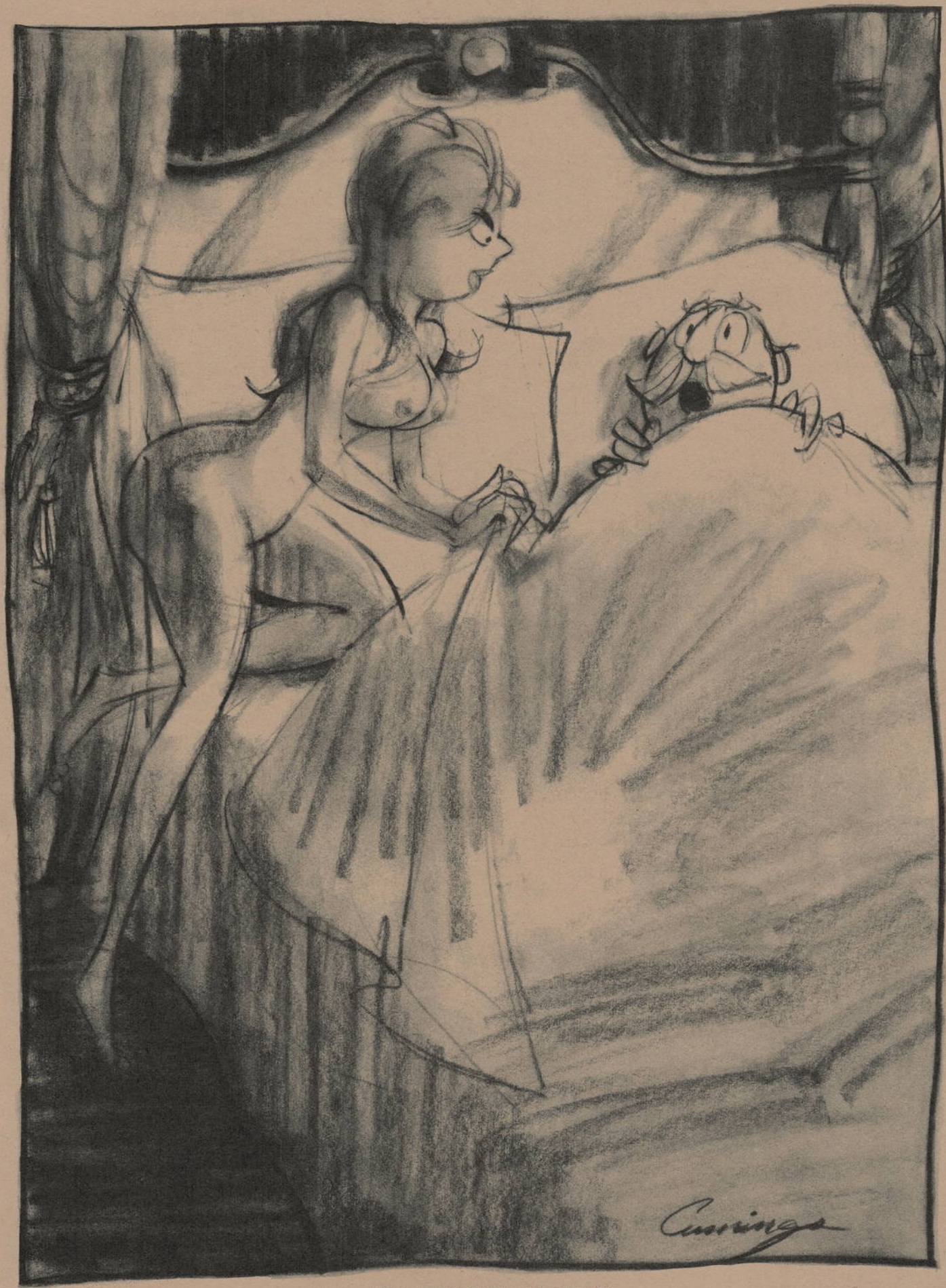
> Marilyn Chambers, the girl personifying motherhood on the Ivory Snow box, was the girl who had been fucking her way across the screen in *Green Door* . . . the former model was anything but 99 and 44/100 percent pure.

evident. Pornographic filmmakers were moving toward greater legitimacy, doubling and tripling their production budgets, and paying more attention to their scripts. Establishment film companies were also moving toward greater sexual explicitness. *Last Tango in Paris* is an obvious example, but those in the know say this was to have been only the beginning. According to Kent Carroll, who runs the film department at Grove Press, principals of many major film companies were preparing to start organizations for the production of high-quality hard-core films. At the same time, people on the West Coast were noticing another phenomenon: unknown struggling actors who had previously shunned the hard-core porno field were now beginning to get into it, sensing it to be an effective means of launching a career in films. Even known stars, following on Brando's heels, were thought to be looking for scripts with sophisticated hard-core sex scenes. On the production end, director Robert Altman (*M*A*S*H*) was said to have been very impressed by the possibilities opened up by *Tango*.

What's going to happen now is anybody's guess. By the High Court's definition, if a community finds something obscene, it is, *ipso facto*, obscene. For some this indicates little chance of a test case because the federal government has abrogated its control over community affairs in this area. But an obscenity lawyer in Los Angeles, Stanley Fleishman (whose case of *Vaplin* v. *California* was one of the five cases ruled on in the June 21 Supreme Court decision), sees things differently. "The new ruling," he says, "allows for the court to intercede to correct overreaction. The wave of lawlessness unleashed by this decision, with local politicians declaring even such universally acclaimed films as *Carnal Knowledge* obscene (Albany, Ga.), offers a chance for the Court to give further clarification on its guidelines." Because part of the ruling holds that a work of serious literary or scientific value cannot be judged obscene, Fleishman maintains that there may be reason for optimism, at least insofar as the ruling will curb lawlessness and restrain overzealous local officials.



"Cunnilingus? Is it contagious?"

NOV. 22 1963

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

Kennedy and wounded Governor Connally. If you're convinced of that, as I now am, you've got to find a conspiracy. God knows, there are so many clues strewn through the record that it begins to read like a Bible for paranoiacs.

I'm not going to take you through the tedious details, but the Warren Commission's one-assassin assumption, accepted from the FBI summary, crumbled when Life magazine bought a home movie taken by Abraham Zapruder of the whole assassination. The film made possible a precise time breakdown of the event.

It turned out that the time between the first hit on Kennedy and the hit on Connally was too short for the most highly skilled rifleman the commission could find to operate the bolt of Oswald's Mannlicher-Carcano junk rifle, to say nothing of *aiming* it. To avoid assuming a second rifleman and hence a conspiracy, a young commission lawyer, Arlen Specter, who had virtually the whole task of investigating the physical facts of the assassination, came up with the "one-bullet theory."

He suggested, and later insisted, that one bullet passed through Kennedy's body, then through Connally's back and chest splintering a rib, then fractured his wrist, and went on to produce a deep wound in his thigh. Epstein wrote that the commission had a hell of a time swallowing this theory, which doesn't square with the photographs of Kennedy's clothing, two FBI reports of the autopsy, the chief doctor's sketch made during the autopsy, testimony of Connally's doctors, and the firm recollection of the governor and his wife. After rejecting the adjective "compelling" for this account, the commission grudgingly included it in the report as a "persuasive" theory, which it said was not necessary for the report's conclusions. But indeed, it was necessary: as one of the commission lawyers remarked, "To say there was more than one bullet is to say there was more than one assassin."

The single magic bullet was necessary not only to establish that there was only one assassin—it also provided the ballistic evidence that identified the rifle traced to Oswald as the murder weapon.

Miraculously, the bullet was "found on a stretcher" in the hospital. More miraculously, the bullet appeared to be completely undeformed after its passing through two bodies, although Connally's doctors reported that more lead was found in his wrist than could have come from the famous bullet, whose copper jacket appeared intact. Neither the man who found the bullet nor the Secret Service agent he said he gave it to were heard by the commission.

The suspicion that the bullet was planted is the starting point for most of the conspiracy theories that impute official complicity. The autopsy performed by the Navy at Bethesda Hospital is probably the next greatest source of suspicion. Two FBI accounts of the autopsy said the bullet that hit Kennedy six inches below the shoulder did not pass through his body: this wrecked the one-bullet hypothesis. The final autopsy report said the bullet entered the back of the neck and came out from the throat, but the doctor's sketch made on the scene belies this, and to compound suspicion, the doctor said he had burned his preliminary notes. Photographs and X-rays made at the time might settle the matter, but at the Kennedy family's request, they were sealed in the archives for seventy-five years. Neither the doctors nor the commission saw them. I'm sure there will be assassination buffs on hand for the opening in 2039.

While the single-bullet theory is where one begins to suspect the one-assassin theory, there is other evidence that contradicts the report. The preponderance of eyewitness reports identified the source of the shots not as the depository, where Oswald supposedly was, but as a "grassy knoll" in front of Kennedy's car, where extremely suspicious actions were also reported before and after the shooting. Other eyewitnesses saw two men at the window in the depository. Some significant eyewitness reports were not even heard by the commission, and others were ignored in favor of its star witness, Howard L. Brennan. The only witness to have seen Oswald at the murder site, Brennan failed to identify him in a police lineup. Brennan later said that he had recognized Oswald, but had remained silent for fear of reprisal.

The tightest, most nearly scientific analysis of the physical evidence of the shooting—not excepting the FBI and Warren reports—is *Six Seconds in Dallas,* by Josiah Thompson, a professor of philosophy. Working with the original Zapruder film, of which the commission had only a copy of a copy, he concluded that the shots came both from the direction where Oswald supposedly was and from the grassy knoll in front. He also postulated that Kennedy suffered three wounds, not two.

The most thorough examination of the background for possible conspiracy is *Accessories After the Fact,* by Sylvia Meagher, who is probably the most devoted assassination researcher of them all. It was she who provided a complete index to the twenty-six volumes of evidence taken by the commission.

Of course, when you get beyond the actual shooting and into the bizarre and secretive backgrounds of Oswald, Ruby, and their cronies, anything goes. Passing up pure crystal-ball approaches, the theories that attempt logical construction fall into four major categories:

Conspiracy of the Right: The commission had to expend a lot of effort to dispel this theory, because Dallas rightists and segregationists spread threatening hate literature directed at Kennedy's visit and had assaulted Adlai Stevenson shortly before.

Conspiracy of the Left: A theory easily accepted because of Oswald's background as a defector to the Soviet Union; but it has been given some reverse English by the rumor that all the time he was working for the CIA. There are other twists, such as the notion—advanced in a John Birch Society publication—that the Communists killed Kennedy because he was threatening to desert them and "turn American."

Conspiracy of the federal government itself: The guilt has usually been laid to the CIA, sometimes with conspirators among the FBI and the "military-industrial complex." Of course there is the *cui bono* theory that Johnson engineered it—put forward by Jack Ruby and secretly shared by who knows how many of us during the days after the assassination.

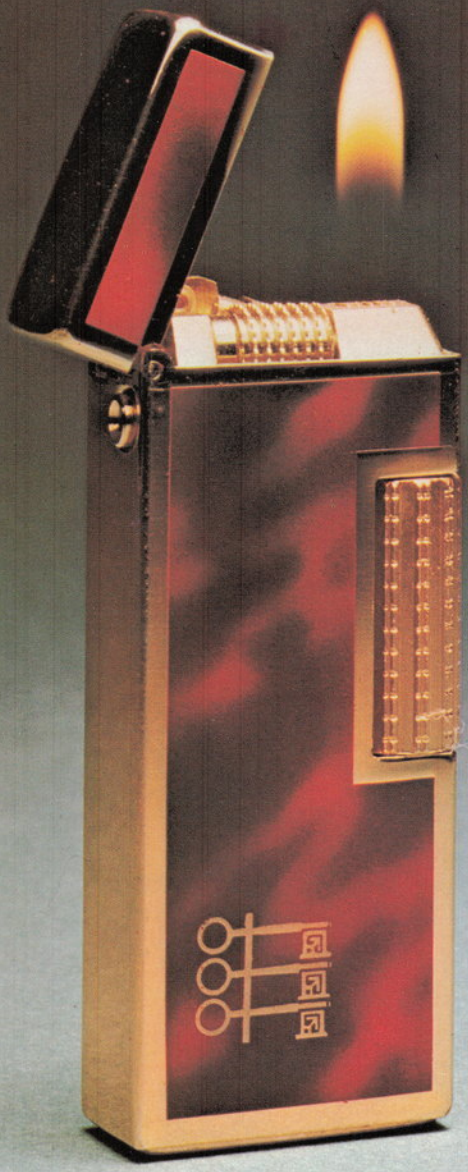
Conspiracy of the Mafia: Since this is a repetition of terms, it's handy to explain any suspect event.

Six years after the assassination, the government-conspiracy theory surfaced in a New Orleans court when District Attorney Jim Garrison obtained an indictment for conspiracy against Clay Shaw, an elegant local aristocrat. Garrison had developed some fascinating information about Oswald's New Orleans contacts that might have led to something, but he blew it. His book, *Heritage of Stone,* has some shockers in his description of his treatment by federal authorities, but it is filled mostly with high-flown conspiracy theories. The book does nothing to advance Garrison's case: Clay Shaw's name does not appear in the text of the book, according to the index. Garrison and all others who disagreed with the Warren Report have been castigated as publicity seekers, scavengers, and nuts. Unquestionably the case attracted no end of nuts, and Garrison is something of a fool. But wading through the literature ten years later, I cannot dismiss all these people as either venal or crazy.

Once the Warren Commission failed in its attempt to gloss over the evidence of conspiracy, Americans who retained their outrage had to find their own answers. The terrible flash of insight when a single dread assumption makes all the facts seem to fall into place is an experience that can make a fanatic of any of us. It can make you spend your time and your money; make you wreck your career, lose your friends, live in scorn.

—*Norman Hoss*

you're fired



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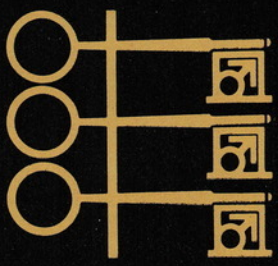

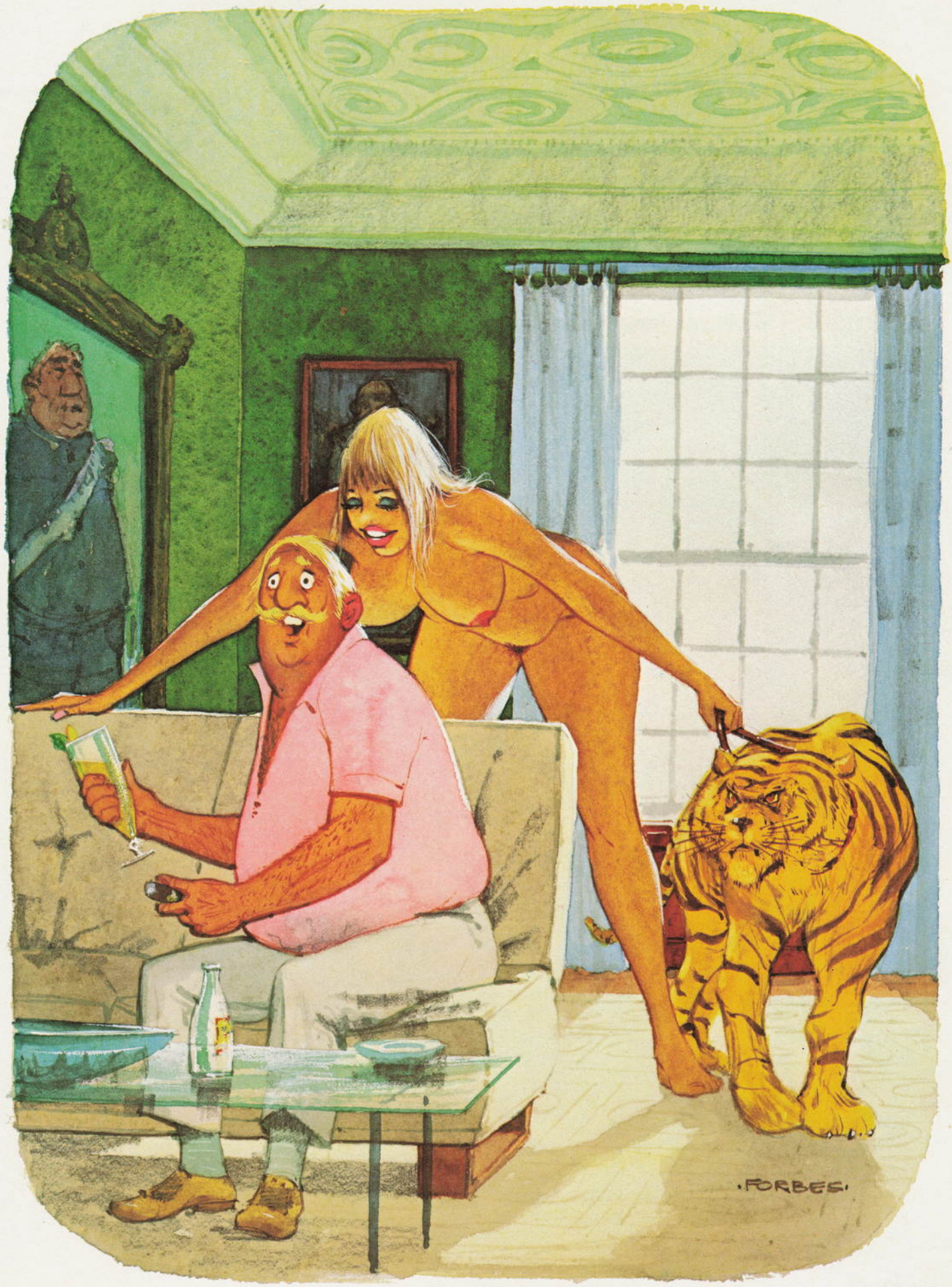

"...and here's that big furry pussy I promised to show you..."

SEX AIDS

antidotes for amorous anemia

By Robert Chartham

In the course of heterosexual events, it often becomes necessary or desirable for individuals—male and female, of both greater and lesser erotic aptitude—to enhance their sex lives with mechanical devices, sensitizing creams, or erogenous potions, all of which are called sex aids.

However, it would be just as well to call them "accessories," such as we deem men's colognes or ladies' jewelry, since they are often not merely crutches for the sexually less agile, as they are consciousness-expanding implements for people who are used—and perhaps inured—to "normal" lovemaking. These accessories include the so-called "French ticklers" and cordless, battery-powered vibrators, the various aphrodisiac "vice spices," and skin-sensitizing lotions, all of which are conceived to augment physical pleasure and intensify the sensual experience of both sexes. I would also classify sex manuals as sex aids when they teach lovemaking techniques hitherto unknown to their readers. In this category, I would also place my *Pillow Cards* (Minotaur Press, N.Y.), which depict in photographs fifty different coupling positions, some of which are new to many couples. These manuals, if properly used, cannot fail to provide new sexual experiences. Thus, although these items are usually designed and marketed as sexual aids for the lovelorn, contemporary sexologists agree that "good vibrations" and other artificially induced humors can substantially

Shig Ikeda

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spark up the trysts of even the most artful, knowledgeable, and vigorous lovers.

Indeed, the efficacy of man-made coital stimuli was well known to the ancients, and highly thought of by them. Every period of civilization since the neolithic age has known a widespread proliferation of phallic utilities. In the classical period, the *olisbos*, or dildo, was sufficiently common among the Greeks of Periclean Athens for Aristophanes, the comic playwright, to indite the following lines in his *Lysistrata*:

Lampite: As for [my husband], if he ever does return from service, he's no sooner back than he takes down his shield again and flies to the wars. [The Peloponnesian War, 431–404 B.C.]

Lysistrata: And not so much as the shadow of a lover! Since the Milesians betrayed us, I have never once seen an eight-inch olisbos even, to be a leathern consolation to us widows!

Later, in Roman times, Juvenal speaks of glass phalluses used in the rites of the Baptes, or priests, of Cottyto (the Thracian goddess of lewdness), whose midnight orgies were so obscene that they disgusted even the goddess herself. These Thracian glass dildoes were probably not unlike the one seen in the movie *Deep Throat*. Many other historical sex devices are discussed in Evelyn Rainbird's definitive study, *The Illustrated Guide to Sexual Aids* (Minotaur Press, N.Y.). It is interesting that the earliest known penis-shaped sex aids were apparently for the use of women, although of course by Juvenal's day the depravity of emperors like Tiberius and Caligula had created new abuses for them.

Today, there is a huge range of technologically perfected sex aids available to mature adults. Before discussing them, I'd like to say that I have made it a practice during forty years of counseling never to recommend to any patient anything—treatment or aid or whatever—that I have not tested myself or had tested for me under controlled conditions. To this end, I have a group of twenty couples—aged twenty to sixty—that collaborates with me.

There are two additional important preliminary points. First, many people object to sex aids on any number of "moral" grounds. In my opinion, everyone is entitled to as much sexual experience as he or she requires, as long as no second person is hurt by it. If anyone needs or simply wishes to experiment with sex aids, it is their right and privilege. Second, many condemn sex aids as being "unnatural." I say that's carrying nature too far. It's one thing to recycle old bottles and eat brown rice, and another thing to relieve emotional and physical tensions through orgasm. If technology helps, that's fine.

In fact, some of these aids are nothing less than God's own natural aphrodisiacs, as it happens. For example, the ginseng extract distilled for centuries by the Chinese, in whose land it grows wild, has relatively recently attracted many Westerners, who report exemplary results in many cases. Be aware, however, that medical science believes that there is no real effect from any aphrodisiac (other than psychological illusions). There is also the possibility of unpleasant aftereffects.

I have found one thing that does help tone up the sexual apparatus of men in their fifties and early sixties, who have had sex infrequently over a number of years and find that their penes have more or less forgotten what to do—natural vitamin E d-Alpha-tocopheryl, of which a three-month course should be taken thus:

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This regimen has worked wonders in a large number of cases known to me. I often use it myself, and find that its beneficent effects persist invigoratingly into many other areas beyond the bedroom.

> Every man should see that his girl has a vibrator. When applied to the several erogenous zones of the body, the vibrator brings forth sensations of the utmost ecstasy, not to be attained in any other fashion.

However, the Masters and Johnson treatment is preferable for "partial impotence." This treatment consists of discussions between both sex partners with a therapist. The couple then moves on to "sensate focus" sessions and finally to full sexual intercourse as directed by the therapist. The advantage is that once the Masters and Johnson treatment has restored potency, it is restored permanently.

However, since the majority of men with erection difficulties can't afford the Masters and Johnson treatment, they should not refrain from using anything else that will help.

For those who can raise a partial erection, there's the Hermetica 607, shaped like a penis, but hollow, with sides than can be inflated by a small bulb attached to the base after the man has put his own penis into it. The penis thus augmented is put into the vagina, where the air pressure in the Hermetica can be regulated to sustain the erection until orgasm. The Hermetica 607 is available in three sizes. My own group reported very favorably on it.

Some men can get a good erection, but are unable to keep it until they climax. The Condensor may help them. It is a half-condom, with air-filled rubber studs and base piece. As soon as the man gets his erection, he slips the Condensor over it. The pressure maintains the blood supply to the penis and holds the erection.

My favorite device is the Blakoe Energising Ring. It is made of a light material to which electrogalvanic plates are attached. It is placed over the penis and behind the scrotum, where the natural secretions of the skin set up a mild electric current that increases the blood supply to the penis. My group was unanimously enthusiastic about its efficacy.

Several impotent men can reach orgasm by stimulating the limp penis. The trouble is, though, that you can't get a limp cock into a vagina. These men could use the Hermetica 607, but my group feels—and I agree—that a form of penile splint, which leaves most of the penis uncovered, is just as effective.

As for men who have, or think they have, undersized penises, there are a number of "extension" condoms, having solid ends that effectively extend the penis. There are three available—the Hermetica 600, 621, and 631—but I recommend the 621 model, since it increases the girth of the penis and has the best grip on the organ.

Well, so much for Weary Willie. Let's look at some of the aids and toys with which lovers can please one another during the act of congress.

When a man considers using a sex aid to help his beloved, it is often because *she* has some difficulty reaching orgasm. To overcome this reticence, devices have been designed to rub against the clitoris and stimulate it to orgasm as the penis moves in the vagina.

First there is a ring covered with short hairs. This is slipped over the penis, and slid down to the base, where the hairs tickle the clitoris during intercourse. Some of us find it works, while others don't.

There are other types that have plastic cushions covered with small, soft rubber spikes that rub merrily against the clitoris.

Then there are about a dozen differently contoured condoms, which allegedly stimulate the interior of the vagina. I have found those with spikes and lumps near the base most effective, since only the first third, the labial threshold, of the vaginal cavity is really sensitive.

These condoms can be washed and used many times, and come equipped with "drying cages."

Couples might also want to try some of the new body lotions. They can rub these on one another before they begin making love, or make of the rubbing-on the beginning of the love play itself. These lotions are not greasy, and they greatly increase

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the sensitivity of the skin. The effect of bodies thus anointed and writhing around can be electric. Even an old man like myself, whose usual erection comes slightly above the horizontal, can get so turned on by these lotions that my cock goes in search of my navel, as it always used to when I was in my twenties.

Every man should see that his girl has a vibrator. If they *both* have vibrators, and any sexual imagination to speak of, they can cook up some fascinating simultaneous and mutual vibrator stimuli. The modern vibrator (unlike its Athenian ancestor, which could merely emulate male penetration) oscillates at a number of speeds that, when applied to the several erogenous zones of the human body, bring forth sensations of the utmost ecstasy, not to be attained in any other fashion.

Another lady-pleaser is, or are, the Duo-Balls. This device, believed to have been invented by the Japanese, is inserted in the vagina, as a preliminary to copulation—or at any time—and the rotation of her pelvic bones as she moves around will cause the Duo-Balls to move within her, with highly pleasurable results. My female colleagues tell me that they would not be without theirs.

Finally, there are devices for those whose duty calls them from home, or whose opportunities for intercourse are otherwise limited. The Maskuliner is a thick rubber sheath wherein the penis is enclosed. A vibrator is inserted into a special pocket at the top end. Switch it on, and you'll get a fantastic orgasm without tiring your hand or arm.

An inflatable life-sized partner is also available, complete with all the necessary orifices. Unluckily, Dolly, or Judy, or Jill or whatever you call her, is not profoundly responsive, but once you have sated, for the moment, your physical drives, you will doubtless be able to find emotional solace elsewhere.

Let me say, finally, a few words to the man who is deeply troubled about the size of his penis. It is natural for a man, however "well-hung," to want a larger penis, but the physiological fact remains that a penis three-and-one-half inches long when erect is sufficient to satisfy any woman not obsessed and deluded by the rather vicious pornography of our day, most of which is written by amateurs with as much serious knowledge of human sexuality as I have of Swahili. Nonetheless, so long as man seeks new spheres to conquer, his indomitable spirit will wish to be hooked up to a larger and equally indomitable phallus. Consequently, I have devised a method of penile enlargement, which, while not perfect, has so far shown a 50 percent chance of success. Space forbids a lengthy description of it here, but if you'll write to Evelyn Rainbird, FDR Box 548, New York, N.Y. 10022, I will have the details sent to you.

My conclusion? I believe in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: anything that helps you to improve your sexual experience is utterly valid!

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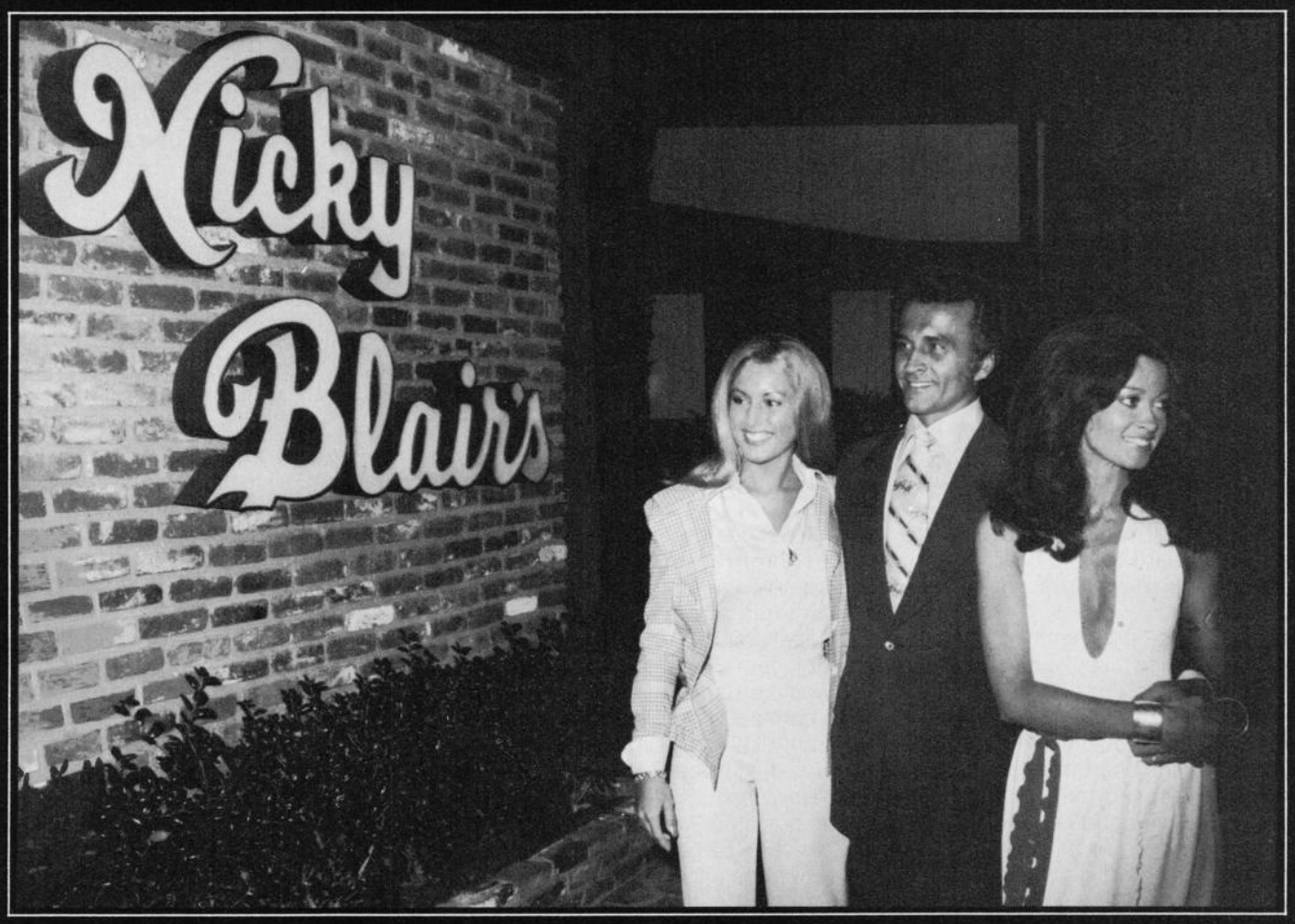

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COMPUTER CRIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

pany warehouse and signing the receipts that were turned in to the central office. To ease his burden, he had one of his employees take over the night work. That meant explaining the secret of where and how he obtained his merchandise. The employee began to make demands for hush money and Jerry fired him. Whereupon the ex-employee went to the phone company with the story. Jerry was convicted and jailed.

Computer crime is not restricted to males. A woman bookkeeper in California was discovered embezzling by means of her employer's computer, and a teenaged girl in Indiana has been charged with attempting to sell a stolen computer program.

The number of computer crimes that have been committed and the number of crimes that are still being committed undetected can only be guessed. Robert V. Jacobson, vice-president of Sentor Security Group, Inc., a New York consulting firm, estimated that "at least 86.2 percent of such crimes go undetected."

This tongue-in-cheek statistic underscores a marked change in some people's attitudes toward the computer. During the late 1960's the computer was a prime target of dissenters and youths protesting against society, its values, and its educational or military institutions. Bombs, fires, and rampages at computer installations were used to publicize these views. That stage seems to have passed. Instead of publicity, the desire now is for anonymity. As Louis Scoma, Jr., president of Data Processing Security, Inc., put it, dissidents no longer want to set the computer on fire; they want to get into it.

Despite the computer's technical complexity, it is not hard for the average citizen—or crook—to understand what makes it tick.

The computer is "programmed" to perform specific functions, such as processing orders for goods, issuing checks, or whatever. It is connected to "terminals" that have buttons that must be pushed in sequence to activate it, like the combination of a safe.

The wires connecting terminals to computers are usually telephone lines, so activating a computer is similar to making a telephone call. In an ordinary telephone call, you dial the number you want and an automatic mechanism makes the connection. When the person you call gets on the line, you talk.

A computer system is different in that the "dialing" is a little more elaborate, and when the computer gets on the line you must talk in "computer language." All of this is handled by keyboards and ordinary push-button telephones. Naturally, computer phone numbers are unlisted, and given confidentially only to people allowed to use a particular computer.

Usually, getting on the line to a computer is a two-step procedure: first, you punch in the confidential calling number; in response you hear a squeal that lasts for a couple of seconds.

Then you punch in a special number that "tells" the computer you are authorized to use it. The computer then signals it is ready and usually asks for the "password," which means you must spell out a secret word.

You have "entered" the system.

Criminal entries are made either from outside the organization that is computerized (as Jerry Schneider did) or from the inside, as did a couple of payroll clerks in a Brooklyn firm. They kept the records of former employees on file and continued to issue their paychecks, changing only the addresses so that the checks were mailed to themselves.

A clerk at the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company in New York provides another example. He "instructed" the computer to issue dividend checks in the names of former shareholders who had sold their stock in corporations for which Morgan Guaranty acted as transfer agent. The checks were sent to the address of an accomplice who cashed them and divided the money with the clerk.

Yet a third example of the illegal "inside" computer entry is the case of the manager of the Westinghouse Corporation division in Greenvale, Long Island, who arranged for forged invoices to be sent in. They were replaced with genuine ones and processed for payment through the computer. The computer issued and mailed checks to accomplices of the manager who cashed them and divided the proceeds.

Stealing from the boss is as old as business itself, but the computerized version differs from traditional embezzlement in its unique methods of covering up the crimes.

Before computers, payment checks were part of a system of orders, deliveries, invoices, and the like, all kept on paper. Through these "chains of paper," internal accountants and outside auditors could trace each transaction and pinpoint a fraud. The object of computerization, however, is to eliminate paperwork as much as possible. Information is converted and stored as electronic "memory" inside a machine—the paper is discarded. The dishonest employee merely instructs the computer to erase the record of its having issued the fraudulent checks. The books balance, the embezzlement goes undetected.

Americans write some twenty-five billion checks a year, with much of this activity assigned to electronic check writers directed by computers. No one knows how much of this torrent is fraudulent.

What *is* known is that the amounts of detected fraud have been growing, and that the million-dollar caper has become commonplace.

But stealing money isn't the total computer-crime scene. Information is also a valuable commodity, as are the programs by which computers function. They can be stolen through procedures technically similar to those used in embezzling.

Some computers are exclusive installations for one company or institution, but many more are shared. Businesses often store their data at shared facilities and plug into the machines for such time as they need to work with their data. The illicit user acquires private code numbers and passwords, and pretends to be an employee or a customer of the time-sharing installation.

All of this takes on a new dimension in view of the capabilities for clandestine operations across large distances. Since the telephone network is used to connect computer centers with computer users and abusers, there is no limit, at least theoretically, to how far a crook can reach in picking someone's pocket.

A Palo Alto, Calif., computer firm had a programmer who obtained a copy of a program produced by a firm fifty miles away, in Oakland. The two firms were competing for a client. The Palo Alto man got his rival's program by a telephonic command to the computer.

An eighteen-year-old boy in Cincinnati "entered" a time-sharing computer company in Louisville, about a hundred miles away, and stole confidential data of its clients as well as computer time to run off his own programs.

This enterprising lad worked in a Cincinnati office and developed a business for himself on the side. The victimized computer company had a privately leased telephone line between Louisville and Cincinnati. All the boy had to do was make a local telephone call. He had the computer company's unlisted telephone number. He also had obtained (the FBI would not disclose how) the code numbers and passwords assigned to several of the computer company's clients and employees. And he had a teletype machine installed in his office that automatically printed out the information he extracted from the computer company a hundred miles away.

Stealing money and information is only the beginning. If you have the password you can steal a railroad, or at least part of it. That's because railroads often control the movement of trains by computer. Someone in Philadelphia rigged the Penn Central's computer to order boxcars from various parts of the country moved to an obscure yard a hundred miles west of Chicago. More than 275 boxcars were shunted there, the original markings painted out and changed. Someone also fixed the computer records to show those boxcars as wrecked or scrapped.

It boggles the mind. Imagine sitting at a telephone in Boston or Baltimore or Baton Rouge and masterminding a theft in Seattle, Sacramento, or San Francisco. Or Washington, D.C., or from the Pentagon. Stolen computerized information can be delivered to your office. Just plug in a machine such as a teletype or one of the special printout instruments (which are portable). Install it at your desk or even beside your easy chair.

If computer crime is considered analogous to burglary, it can be said to come in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 219

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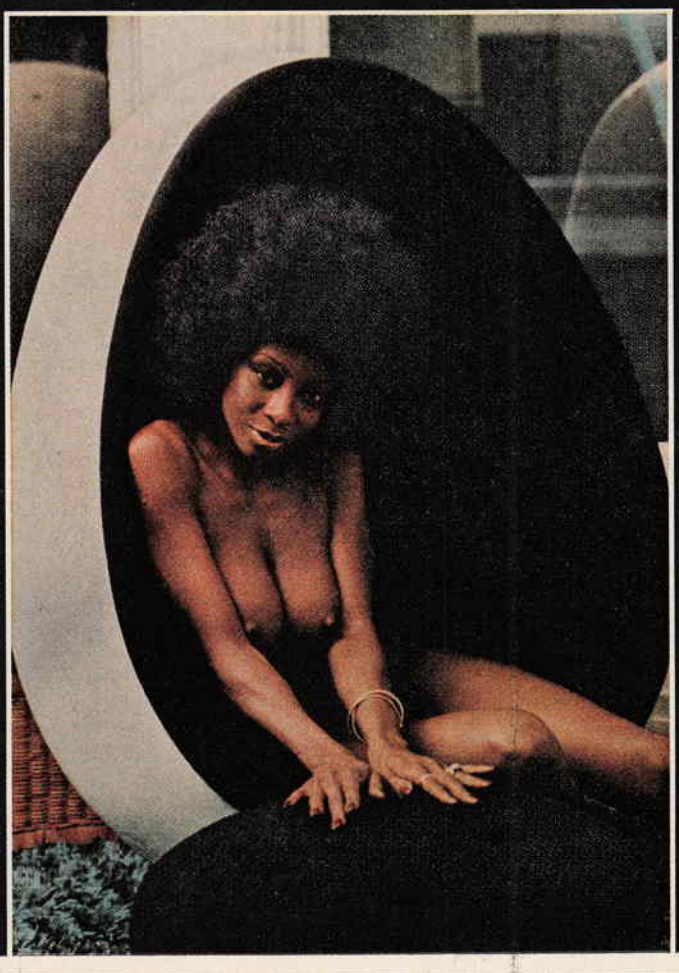

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GROUCHO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

sponsible for us getting into the big time. Despite the fact that he was fucking and gambling, he kept saying to us, "You guys are crazy. You guys are very good and should be on the big time instead of fucking around with small time." And he was right. He gave us encouragement and confidence. Harpo and I were always very timid. We didn't think we would ever be successful. But Chico was a gambler and he felt differently. When he did join the act we quickly learned never to let Chico hold the salary. He'd blow it on a card game or at the track.

Anyway, it was natural for Chico to join the act. We'd have a piano on stage and Chico would play, then Harpo. When they were finished Harpo would give Chico a push and he'd fly off the piano stool onto the floor. And that got a big hand. Chico was an asset because he could play the piano.

Penthouse: From what you're now saying, it seems that comedy began creeping into the act.

Groucho: Yes, because we were still playing small-time vaudeville. The audiences on this circuit weren't interested in only hearing four guys sing, so little by little we added to the act. By this time my mother had left the act and was managing us. Little by little we developed the school act. I'd say to Gummo, "What are the principal parts of a cat?" And he'd say, "Eyes, ears, nose, cheeks, and tail." "That's not all," I'd say. "What does a cat have that I don't have?" And Gummo would answer, "Kittens!" Then he'd sit down and be quiet while I hollered at Harpo about his hat. He usually had an orange under it and when he finally took it off the orange would roll onto the floor and all the students would dive for it. That was considered a pretty classy piece of comedy!

Penthouse: Was the school act only comedy or did you have music in it as well?

Groucho: Yes, there was music. Harpo played the harp but of course in those days he didn't play as well as he did later on. The harp had no sharps or flats so he could only play a few songs. But he always got a good round of applause because the audience loved the fact that this supposedly dumb guy could sit down and play a beautiful harp.

Penthouse: Did Harpo speak in the school act?

Groucho: Yes he had lines in the school act, but I was the ringleader because I could *really* talk. You see I was reading books at that time and none of the other brothers were doing that. So I got a kind of an education. Chico was only interested in fucking. I was also interested in fucking, but I couldn't get the girls like Chico.

Harpo only ever wanted three girls and they were all named Fleming. Isn't that strange? He finally married Susan Fleming. She's a smart dame. She ran for Assembly in Palm Springs a few years ago but she was defeated. Harpo married her when he was in his forties. It was a very happy marriage. He met Susan at Paramount. She wasn't a big star but she was pretty well known.

Anyway we were talking about the school act. It was a pretty big act. At one point we were on the same bill with W. C. Fields. We were playing in Toledo and Fields was the headliner. We were what was called the "added attraction." Fields was a juggler then and he had different boxes which he juggled. He did very little dialogue at that time.

Now our act had grown and we had about twenty-four people in the act. It was a very big act and was called "Home Again." It was an outgrowth of the school act and "Mr. Green's Reception" and had been written by Al Shean.

Fields was to close the bill and follow us, but he was just doing juggling. Most of the time Fields would find himself playing to only half a house because a lot of people would leave after our act. Especially if it was a matinee performance, because most people would leave to go home to dinner. And very few people were interested in seeing some guy juggle after the stage had been full of our act. So one day Fields went to see the manager of the theater and told him he had to leave for New York. He said, "You see this hand? I can't juggle any more because I've got noxis on the conoxsis and I have to see a specialist right away." He just had made up a word because he didn't want to continue following our act!

I met him about fifteen years later and by this time his nose was very bulbous and red from booze. I met him at a party Red Skelton was giving. So I said to him, "How's your noxis on the conoxsis? We knew there wasn't a goddamned thing wrong with you!" And Fields said, "You didn't think I was to follow you cocksuckers with that act you had. Twenty-four people plus a harp *and* piano! And I was up there fucking a lot of boxes!"

Penthouse: We seem to have jumped a bit into "Home Again."

Groucho: Well these things just developed. The school act consisted of two acts. The school part and the second half called "Mr. Green's Reception." It was a funny act and we really

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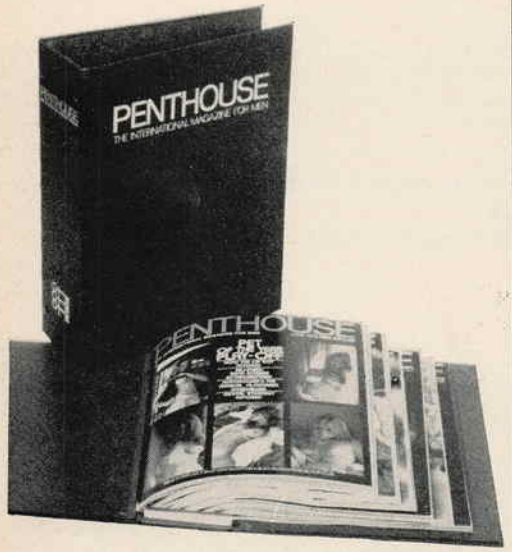

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developed it over a period of years. "Home Again" was actually an offshoot of "Mr. Green's Reception."

I remember once when we were on the road playing some college town in New England. On the bill with us was a sister act. They were very beautiful. When the college boys saw those two girls they went wild and by the time we came on with our act we died. We were afraid we would be canceled.

At the time I was rooming with Gummo. One day after the matinee we passed by the sisters' dressing room and hanging on the wall were symmetricals and falsies. The symmetricals helped to round out their thin legs and you know what the falsies did. So Gummo and I went into their dressing room and took them and brought them back to our room at the boarding house. We knew that if the sisters went on with skinny legs and no tits they would die that night. And they did die that night and we were a hit. But Gummo and I were real nice guys and we were worried about it and at five in the morning we woke up and saw the tits and symmetricals hanging in our room and we felt bad. So we sneaked back to their dressing room and returned the things to them. They were a big hit again and we died, but we felt better.

We had a guy in "Home Again" who played a policeman. His name was Ed Metcalf. He was a damned good actor and did Gilbert and Sullivan in England. That's how I learned to love Gilbert and Sullivan. I always used to hear him singing around the stage before we went on. I said, "Jesus, that's a goddamned good lyric. Did you write that?" And he told me that it was written by W. S. Gilbert. I became crazy about them. But anyway, "Home Again" had started with a cast of ten in about 1914. I can't remember everyone in the act.

Penthouse: Was Aunt Hannah still with you then?

Groucho: Oh, Christ, no! By then she had taken up Christian Science. She lived to be ninety-five and did housework every day. She tried to get us all into Christian Science. My father hated her and always called it "Christian Shine." He could never say it right. She outlived them all. But I did have a big woman in the act to play opposite.

Penthouse: Was that woman similar to a Margaret Dumont type character?

Groucho: Yes. I would bounce laughs off of her. Though I never had anybody as good as Margaret Dumont. She was a great straight woman. A great foil. She always called me Julie because my real name was Julius. Our stage names were given to us by a monologist named Art Fisher. He was in the habit of giving people nicknames and they stuck. He named Leonard "Chico" because girls were called chicks in those days and Chico loved girls. Arthur became Harpo for obvious reasons. Gummo got his name because he was fond of gum-soled shoes, and he named me because I was stern and rather serious. Herbert, who became Zeppo, was too young at that time and wasn't in the act. He got his name later on.

I think Fisher got the names from a cartoon that was appearing in the papers. The "Monk Family" or something like that.

Penthouse: I have a reference to an act called "On the Mezzanine Floor."

Groucho: Yes, that was developed after "Home Again" and included one of the greatest fighters who ever lived. A Jew named Benny Leonard. He lent us the money to finance the act because he was in love with a girl who played with us. By then we made the big time.

Penthouse: You had already played the Palace Theater in New York with "Home Again" in 1915.

Groucho: I don't remember that too clearly, but I do remember that once at the Palace Sarah Bernhardt was on the bill with us. She was getting old and had only one leg by this time. She did an act in a coffin—a dramatic act. She was a tremendous star and she insisted on being paid one thousand dollars before each performance.

"On the Mezzanine" was a good show. Ed Metcalf was also in that as a policeman. He'd do a bit with Harpo and Chico where they'd pretend to be fighting and he'd try to separate them. Harpo was always kicking Chico in the rear end. The audience laughed at that. Chico got so many kicks that we eventually had to pad him. It's not good for your spine, you know. By this time Zeppo had joined the act because I remember that he'd come on stage and say to me, "Mr. Hammer, the garbage man is here." And I'd say, "Tell him we don't want any." That used to get a big laugh. It's still a funny joke today.

Penthouse: You say he called you Mr. Hammer. That is the same name you used in your second Broadway show, *The Cocoanuts*.

Groucho: Yes, you know more than I do!

Penthouse: Zeppo joined the act in 1919. He replaced Gummo, who went into the army. But my notes say that he joined the act when it was performing something called "'N Everything." Do you recall that?

Groucho: That may have been something that Joe Swerling wrote. See, he had gotten us involved with trying to make a motion picture. We shot it on the West Side of New York but it was terrible and we never finished it. I think we only made two reels.

Penthouse: Do you know if a print exists anywhere?

Groucho: Nobody has it. I hear each year that someone has it but it has never turned up. I'd give anything to get that picture.

Well, let's stop for today. We've covered a lot of ground. Tomorrow I've got to go to the dentist but I'll only be an hour. My housekeeper will drive me because I'm not supposed to drive. My doctor says, "You're eighty-two years old, but you could have a stroke." So I don't drive. You know, when you're eighty-two, you *can* have a heart attack, but I don't worry about it.

Penthouse: You're much better now since you're out from under the strain of the one-man shows you've been doing.

Groucho: Well, my doctor doesn't want me to work anymore, but I'm still going to work a little. I've canceled the show in two other cities but I'd like to do a TV special.

Penthouse: Do you still feel the need to perform?

Groucho: I'm not trying to prove anything. I enjoy work. Christ, if I didn't, I'd quit! The worst thing a person can do is to sit back and retire. What would I do? Sit around for twenty-four hours? Like what we're doing now is very interesting and enjoyable.

Look, Jack Benny is still working. Burns is still working, but he isn't as good as Benny. I don't think he's a big talent. When Burns played Philharmonic Hall in New York there was a lot of empty seats. When I played Carnegie Hall we had to turn people away!

I don't want to do that work anymore because there's not enough money in it. I'm crazy about money. Once they don't pay me then I'm willing to quit. But as long as there's an audience for me and I can get paid, I'll work.

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THE PEABODY STRIP-OFF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

quite a bit of timber. Used to be you were hardly ever out of sight of a farmhouse, but no one lives there now.

"Paradise? There's just nothing there now—absolutely nothing. It makes me heartsick to go over there. A lot of people can grow older and go back home and say, 'Well, here's where I played as a boy.' I can't go back. There's not even any ground that I can walk over."

Of course there is "ground" in Paradise. And very little of it—if any—is "owned" by the Peabody Coal Company. It is held by that greatest of New Deal hybrids, the Tennessee Valley Authority. The TVA was Franklin Roosevelt's dream project for bringing light and power to the wilderness, a corporation run by the government to supply hydroelectric power to Kentucky and Tennessee. But as the demand for power grew through the years, the TVA found it couldn't supply enough power by relying solely on the hydraulic energy of the Tennessee River.

Enter coal. Since the mid-1950's, the TVA has become the world's largest consumer of strip-mined coal—61 percent of it coming from the western Kentucky coalfields. Jim Branscome, the young and tireless founding director of Save Our Kentucky, has written, "Synonymous with TVA's rise as consumer of stripped coal is Peabody's rise as producer of stripped coal. As desecrators of western Kentucky, the two are indistinguishable, for theirs is a fantastic record of cooperation and connivance." Branscome points out that Peabody and the TVA have worked hand-in-glove since 1955.

The grease that eased Peabody's hand into the TVA's glove is known as the "long-term contract," whereby the TVA dispenses with the usual public bidding procedures and commits itself to a single private corporation for meeting supplies. The "long-term contract," wrote the editors of *Coal Age* two years ago, "committing Peabody reserves to the growing complex of power plants in the U.S., has been for a long time the backbone of the company's business and a basic factor in its success. That is not about to change." The editors continued: "The Peabody philosophy appears to be, 'Stifle preconceived notions of what will work and what won't work. Take a long, cool look at every possibility that might improve the company's service and enhance corporate progress.'" In 1965 the TVA announced that it would expand its Paradise plant with a third generating unit producing 1,130,000 kilowatts and consuming 10,500 tons of coal a day—all supplied under a long-term contract from Peabody.

Today the total capacity of the Paradise Steam Plant units is 2,558,000 kilowatts, burning up 21,010 tons of coal a day. The three conical cooling towers at Paradise, each eighty stories high, are visible for tens of miles. Together with the silhouette of Peabody's twenty-story shovels, they have become a symbol of the might of the electrical energy business.

To Smith Tunstill, the Paradise cooling towers are another sort of symbol. He lived in Paradise up to November 1960. His wife, Jewell, had run the family's general store there for years until Smith leased it out to his uncle.

"We don't have any love for TVA," he tells visitors, and Jewell volunteers to "tell you how it works." "See, they needed our ground, our farm, to put the plant on. A man came in there [Paradise] one night—we heard it on television—and said there was going to be a big plant put up there. The next night there was a fellow came in with a paper for us to sign to give them permission to move equipment on our farm. We had it in beans and corn and all that, but they just wanted to move in."

Smith and Jewell Tunstill's protests were futile. The TVA gave them sixty days to get off their land, and by December they were gone. They had been paid just enough to buy a modest but comfortable house fourteen miles away at the county seat in Greenville. Ten years later Jewell has little enthusiasm for the TVA's version of progress: "They just took our place. We didn't sell it, you know."

Forcing out small farmers through the use of eminent domain is nothing new to the TVA-Peabody combine. Last year a dozen landowners in nearby Union County were made to open their farms to an overhead conveyor belt twelve and a half miles long (the world's largest) that connects Peabody's No. I and No. II camps. Jim and Sharon Branscome, investigators for Save Our Kentucky, wrote in a special report: "Twelve landowners went to court to prevent the monstrous conveyor belt and its concrete supports from being placed on their property. Twelve landowners lost; Peabody [which operates the TVA-owned mines] and TVA are now looking joyously to starting the conveyor to running 30,000 tons of coal a day."

If the TVA were the sort of public institution that both led and pressured the coal companies into compliance with the state's environmental guidelines, state officials might feel more sanguine about the TVA's shotgun techniques. Instead, the directors of the Paradise plant have repeatedly informed the Kentucky Air Pollution Control Commission that they consider themselves above state law. The two largest single industrial air-polluters in Kentucky are federal facilities—the TVA's Paradise plant and another TVA steam plant one hundred miles west, outside Paducah. The TVA, arguing firstly that as a federal agency it is not required to obey state law, and secondly that it is unable to meet Kentucky's air-pollution standards, has refused to apply for state

"Gee, man, I don't know if I could ever worship someone over thirty

operating permits.

The TVA makes an easy target, even in Muhlenberg County, where most citizens are so dependent on the coal industry that they don't dare engage in public criticism. The TVA's size, the holocaust it has brought to Paradise, its huge bureaucracy, the limited employment it offers, and its haughty disdain for the law all encourage popular distrust.

If the Tennessee Valley Authority is the backbone of the Peabody Coal Company, then Muhlenberg County is its belly. It is the top coal county in the largest strip-mining state in the U.S., and it supplies the world's biggest coal company. Peabody operates three strip mines that in 1971 produced more than 10.2 million tons, and two underground mines that produced more than 1.7 million tons in the same year. The total of almost 12 million tons is well over half the county's total 1971 production.

To the outsider driving through Muhlenberg County, the endlessness of the spoil banks is like a corn farmer's first excursion through the interminable suburbs of southern California. He could wander for days and never find the end of it. Perhaps the case of the vanished town of Morehead offers an intimation of how it began.

Kentucky law prohibits strip miners from operating within one hundred feet of public highways, unless the company obtains certification from the county judge (fiscal administrator) that the road is of no value. When Jim and Sharon Branscome began their investigation of stripping in Muhlenberg County last winter, they found that Peabody had successfully expelled some five hundred people from Morehead, buying them out or relocating them until by 1968 the only person left was a widow, Mrs. Annie Cox. In approving Peabody's request to dig up the streets and roads of Morehead, county judge Philip Stone noted that Mrs. Cox had been "bought out" and "moved" in 1968, the last in the diaspora created by Peabody. In 1972 the Branscomes talked to an officer of the state's Division of Reclamation (he insisted on anonymity) and they asked him about Peabody's success at Morehead:

"How many people lived there?" the Branscomes asked.

"Not more than five hundred, I think."

"Did they all sell to Peabody?"

"They had no choice. Everybody knows that they have no choice about selling. If they decide they want what you have, they'll blast you out. Sure, they force people out."

"Does Peabody do this kind of thing often?"

"Peabody is the worst about this. They close roads every day. All that they need is to get the judge to write a letter and we have to let them strip. They're forcing old people out of their homes all over the place. They just buy everyone else around a person and then start pressuring him to sell. They always sell."

"Do the county judges ever object to giving public roads to Peabody?"

"No, they seem to have the judges in their pockets."

"Does Peabody pay the county for the roads?"

"No. It looks like, at least, that the coal under a public road should belong to the public, but that isn't the way it is."

Finally there are the consequences to the land itself. Some of Peabody's deepest strip mines reach down almost two hundred feet, leaving adjacent "high walls" sometimes half that height. Unlike Pennsylvania and Illinois, Kentucky law does not require topsoil to be set aside for later reclamation. The result is that three and four strata of earth are thoroughly scrambled, often bringing clay, rock, and acidic minerals to the surface and eradicating any trace of a water table. Unless the land is carefully tended, it could take hundreds or even thousands of years for the land to recover and rebuild a natural layer of humus and topsoil.

"Meeting all legal standards on land reclamation and environmental quality is the immediate goal, but exceeding the standards is the ultimate aim," the editors of *Coal Age* declared of Peabody in 1971. Yet the records at the state's Division of Reclamation suggest that if Peabody is excessive about anything, it is corporate disregard for legal standards. In just over a year—from

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May 1970 to August 1971—Peabody was cited more than forty times for failing to comply with regrading standards set by state law. At the Sinclair Mine, which supplies the TVA's Paradise plant, Peabody was cited fifteen times in ten months for failing to meet grading requirements. Each of Peabody's three strip mines in Muhlenberg County was cited for improper drainage or acid runoff in 1971. In order to complete its reclamation requirements under Kentucky's 1966 strip-mining act, coal companies must either contour or terrace the stripped land, and at least 70 percent of the surface must be covered by vegetation. Peabody's operations have remained virtually unhampered. One state reclamation official says it is nearly impossible to get any punitive action against coal companies from state headquarters at Frankfort. "In western Kentucky there were 113 noncompliances issued in 1972; in 1973 that many were issued in the first four months. You can see the enforcement program is just nil.

"If there was any support from Frankfort, we would slap the companies with fines or something," he continued. "They're not paying any attention to field violations. The coal companies are not going to pay any attention to a piece of paper unless there's some penalty." What happens when a noncompliance is issued? "Usually nothing," he said. "I'd have to go up there and park my heels on the steps at Frankfort and worry the hell out of them to get anything."

What about Peabody's record? "Very poor. In the last six months they've changed some; they've realized that the old muscling tactics aren't working, that people are not going to listen to them promise a rose garden. They're starting to change, but they've got such a long way to go."

The best indicator of a strip-mining company's willingness to "exceed the standards" of the state's reclamation requirements is its bonding record. Before any land can be stripped, the company must first obtain a permit and post bond of from two hundred to five hundred dollars an acre as a guarantee that reclamation will be completed. If the company fails to meet the reclamation schedule, the bond may be forfeited and the mining permit revoked. Because of the land's terrible vulnerability to erosion, the quicker the reclamation the better—preferably, grading should be done within a matter of months after each cut is made, and seeding should follow by the next fall or spring. As specific requirements are met, the bonds are released, therefore, the lower the total bondage, the greater has been the company's responsiveness.

In the summer of 1973 the state of Kentucky held more than $3.6 million in bonds from Peabody for Ohio and Muhlenberg Counties on more than fifteen thousand acres of land disturbed by the company. The bonds extend only as far back as 1965. More than six thousand acres of that land were disturbed before 1970. The figures leave no doubt that Peabody's mining behavior in Kentucky exceeds the law's limits.

"For goodness sake, Arnold—can't you take a hint?"

The land subject to immediate disturbance is not the only problem. Tom Ehmett is a twenty-six-year-old assistant supervisor of reclamation in western Kentucky. Some of his friends and colleagues have moved to Montana, where Peabody has just begun strip-mining. They are very fearful of what the world's largest coal company may do to the fragile blanket of life on the dry Western plains.

"Thirty years ago," Ehmett says, "we had a lot to lose here, but we've lost it. They haven't lost it yet out there, and what they've seen here they know they don't want. We had a lot more to lose here because it's so much more fertile. My God! we lost a lot when we lost this part of the country, lost a lot that they haven't even stripped—lost it from acid water and siltation. I haven't seen a good stream since I've been in western Kentucky."

According to data compiled by the U.S. Bureau of Mines, there are at least 112 counties in eleven states that stand to lose more than 10 percent of their total land area if strippable coal reserves are extracted by current mining techniques. A study by the Stanford Research League for the West Virginia legislature has estimated that in that state the total acreage disrupted at an average mining site amounts to three to five times the land acreage covered by spoil banks alone. This does not include damage caused by company access roads, stream pollution, and acid drainage. Data from the Bureau of Mines show that Muhlenberg County stands to lose some 22.6 percent of its land directly if all strippable reserves are exploited. Applying the Stanford study's *minimum* figure for disruption caused by spoil banks, Muhlenberg County could expect to give up over two-thirds of its land—67.8 percent—to the coal companies.

Two-thirds of Muhlenberg County would be just over two hundred thousand acres. These projections suggest that by the time public parkways, highways, and cities are counted, there might be just enough county left for some suburbs and a new garbage dump. But this seems to make Bill Greenwood, the president of Central City's chamber of commerce, ecstatic. He is an eager young man with a Bucky Beaver smile, a neat collection of mod ties, and a carefully chosen pair of patent-leather shoes he takes to work most mornings at Central City's oldest and largest insurance company.

"Why, the coal industry's just about the only thing we've got down here in Central City," Greenwood declares in a Kentucky drawl as pure as buttered mush. Eagerly he hands out the chamber of commerce's latest economic and industrial survey, which demonstrates the bright future ahead for the residents of Muhlenberg County. His eagerness is puzzling, because the docu-

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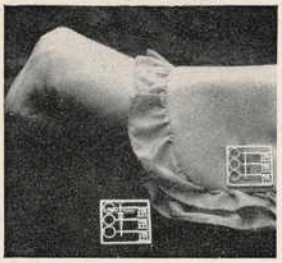
ment shows that at the end of 1971 more than a quarter of the county's population had incomes below the federal poverty level of $3,000. From Greenwood's other hand comes a fistful of newspaper clippings, foremost among them a headline announcing that Peabody Coal paid a whopping total of $188,848.49 in taxes for the year 1971. Assuming the modest price of six dollars a ton of coal (modest even for the late Sixties), Peabody's gross revenues from coal in Muhlenberg County were in excess of $72 million. That makes a tax contribution from the world's largest coal company of less than three-tenths of 1 percent—rather less than the rate paid by the county's high school janitors. Total tax income in 1971 from the county's five largest coal companies was $313,043.14—again less than three-tenths of 1 percent of their total income of over $120 million. Roughly speaking, Peabody Coal could cover its tax payments to the county for the next ten years with about ten days' production.

Peabody is quick to remind its critics that it now must also pay a tax of 4 percent, or thirty cents, on each ton of coal removed, as well as a stripping fee that amounts to sixty dollars per acre. Furthermore, Peabody argues that the 1966 reclamation law has saddled it with further heavy expenses. Ken Ratliff, Kentucky's assistant director of state reclamation, notes that Peabody claims a revegetation cost of between three hundred and four hundred dollars an acre. "Mike Vaughn, the western district supervisor, is doubtful there's been that much spent," Ratliff says. He singles out a smaller Muhlenberg County company, Corum and Sons, for one of the best reclamation records. "Otto Corum makes one cut, reduces his high wall, grades it, and revegetates before a new cut. That's the best method, because it doesn't pile up the spoil and leave it exposed. His costs run five hundred to six hundred dollars an acre, and they'd be higher than Peabody's, because Peabody doesn't grade back after the first cut."

Finally, there is the heartsick feeling that James Gilmour gets when he returns to Paradise and realizes that he could tramp for ten miles and find no trace of the small farms and friendly communities he knew as a boy. "I just wonder what the adjustment's gonna be," he asks, "what's gonna take up the slack, even though those small farmers in the old days didn't pay much taxes. But I dare say these strip miners are not overevaluating their land when they walk off and leave it."

As yet, neither Peabody nor most of the larger strip-mining operators have walked off to leave any land. Some of it has been reclaimed and supports high stands of wheat, rye, and oats with incipient undercovers of better grasses. At mid-summer, the company moved nearly fifty head of cat-

OFF THE CUFF



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tle onto what it hopes will be an experimental ranch. Most specialists believe that the best that can be done in the near future with the reclaimed lands is to use them for grazing. According to Tom Higgins, Peabody's assistant director of reclamation, one cow and one calf can be grazed on two to five acres of reclaimed land (prime grazing land can support from two to five times that many cattle). But Higgins expects to look elsewhere for winter hay.

From two to three thousand acres of Peabody's western Kentucky land will be suitable for herds "eventually," Higgins maintains. How many acres does Peabody own in Kentucky? "Well," he chuckles, "it's kind of like the old guy that looked out at his chickens and said, 'I don't know how many I got, but I sure got a lot of them.'" The answer—for Muhlenberg County—is 55,641.71 acres.

James Gilmour has heard about plans for strip-mine ranches: "I've read about reclamation work over in Illinois, and there'd be a picture of a big steer standing out there in tall grass up to his head and people fishing—but, you know, I've never driven along and *seen* that. And I'll tell you another thing," Gilmour continues, reminiscing about the years he spent as chief accountant for a locally owned strip, "you can drive along these highways here now. Along next to the road it'll look like a pool table—until it rains. But you go up over that first ridge and look back over the valleys and see how well *that's* rehabilitated—don't just look along the road!"

Just looking along the road is exactly what citizens and legislative researchers from Montana and other Western states have refused to do when they come to Kentucky to look at Peabody's "Power for Progress." For the last several years Peabody has made major bids to move into the coalfields of Montana and Wyoming, as they moved into the Black Mesa reservations of Arizona in the late Sixties. Farmers, ranchers, and conservationists in Montana, however, don't think highly of Peabody.

"When we tell them about it, people just can't believe a coal company can come in and tear your land to pieces without your permission, but it's true," an irate wife of a Montana rancher told the *Billings Gazette* last winter. "Not only that," she continued, "coal companies and their sympathizers have misled farmers, cattlemen, and even state legislators into believing that eminent domain, in the hands of private companies, actually protects landowners." Montana's skepticism exists partly because country people there have had to become highly skilled in order to eke out a living from the dry, thin soil. Perhaps more importantly, Montana people know something about international mining corporations, because their state hosts and is dominated by the worldwide operations of the Anaconda Copper Company. This makes Peabody's intrusion a nice irony, for since 1968 it has been a subsidiary of the world's second-largest copper company, Kennecott Copper.

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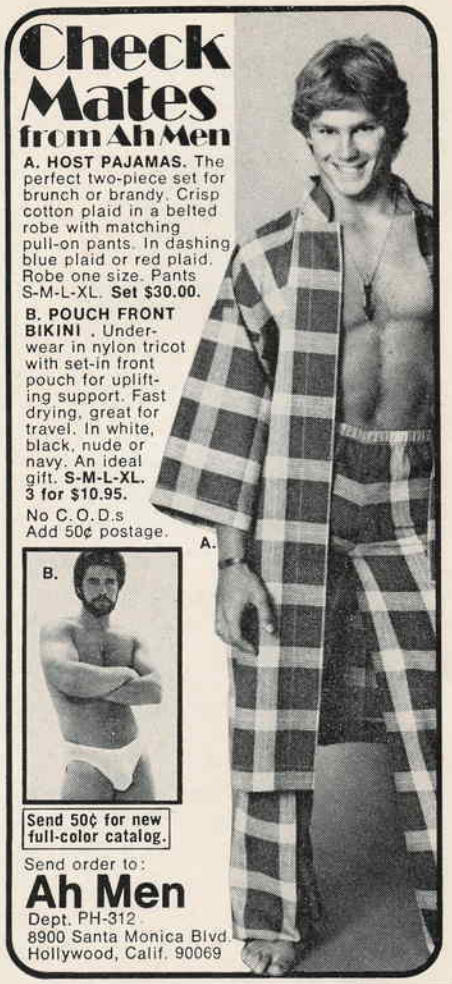

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Montana is as rich in coal as any state in the union. Together with neighboring North Dakota and Wyoming, it sits on one and a half *trillion* tons of coal—the Fort Union Coal Formation. Developers hope to see the state filled with commerce, and the scheming competition of oil, mining, and power companies grows more and more frenetic. The most grandiose scenario, concocted in 1971 by the state's bureau of reclamation and thirty-five utility companies, proposed forty-two generating plants to be built throughout the Fort Union basin. Soon after the plan became public, a coalition of farmers, ranchers, and conservationists banded together as the Northern Plains Resource Council to fight the proposal.

"If constructed, these power plants would produce some 403 billion kilowatts of electricity per year, more electricity than is produced annually by any country in the world save the U.S.S.R. or the U.S.," a council report noted. The complex would require 1,105 miles of transmission-line right-of-way, 210 million tons of coal, and 2.6 million acre-feet of water *yearly*. "If constructed, this generating complex would produce more air emissions than the New York City and the Los Angeles regions combined, even with the latest air-pollution-control technology."

If Muhlenberg County and Black Mesa can be hauled into oblivion, then there is no reason to suppose that Montana and Wyoming can't join them. Wherever one finds such large-scale destruction of the land, one also seems to find the Peabody Coal Company in a prominent position. Peabody leads the list as the single largest coal lessee in Montana with 124,926.71 acres, over 100,000 acres of which are on the lands of the Northern Cheyenne and Crow Indian Reservations. (Peabody, of course, has a knack for making headlines with the Indians. For 65,000 acres of Navaho and Hopi land at Black Mesa, Peabody pays one dollar an acre per year; the topping on that specialty is the twenty-five cents a ton that the Indians earn from the company—fifteen cents a ton less than Peabody contributes to the United Mine Workers' health, welfare, and pension fund.)

Few officials who have worked on Montana's new strip-mining control law this year have been impressed by Peabody. In just two years' work in Montana, Peabody Coal has already drawn a major noncompliance penalty—for prospecting without a permit, an offense carrying an $1,800 fine. After the legislature passed a tough reclamation law, the commissioner of state lands began drawing enforcement rules and regulations in accordance with the new requirements. On May 28, Peabody's conservation director, Gene Tuma, sent along his "suggestions."

"It would appear," Tuma wrote, "your Department is viewing the proposed Rules and Regulations in light of the personalities currently on your staff. I have worked with some real dillies in other states and we could get them here when you move on to greater things. For that reason I feel we need some changes in the Rules and Regulations in order to give industry a chance for survival. . . . Scenic sites are a matter of personal opinion; to many Western Montanans, Eastern Montana is one great ugly."

Regardless of its condition now, one near-certainty for the future is that wherever Peabody goes will become "one great ugly"—not merely the terrain but the fabric of life itself. Some have raised their voices against "Power for Progress." Last spring the Northern Cheyenne Tribal Council decided to break its lease with Peabody within days of a company announcement that it planned to open a $700-million investment there. The Northern Cheyenne claimed their federal bargaining agents, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, had failed to obtain a fair leasing agreement.

"We see prosperity from the coal," a thirty-seven-year-old Cheyenne antipoverty worker, Tom Gardner, explained, "but we also see many thousands of white people—perhaps thirty thousand miners and technicians and the people to serve them—when we are only a few thousand. We see a population explosion, with bars, beer taverns, and discrimination against our people. My people aren't competitive in the white man's sense, and they'll be left out, swept aside. So it's not only coal we would lose, and the damage to our lands, for a few million dollars. It's our life."

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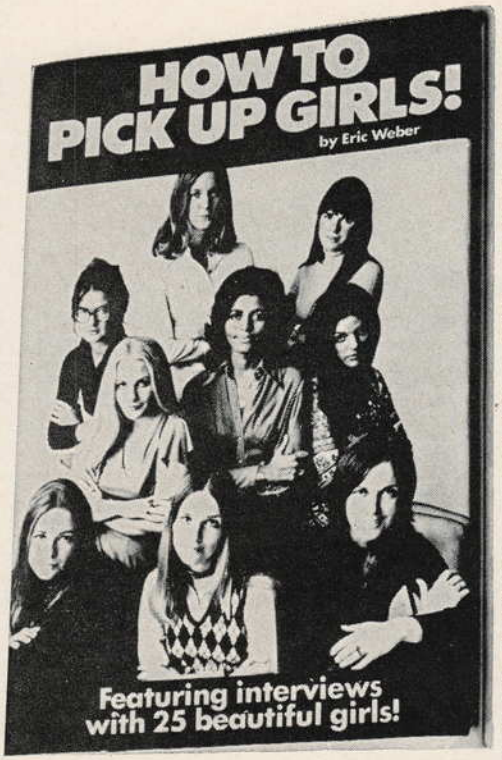

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I was at a pet shop and I saw this cute girl. So, following the advice in your book, I said something to her. We got small-talking about the dog she was going to buy. Then I said may I call you sometime. Her eyes lit up with pleasure and surprise. She said, "Sure!" and gave me her name and number. To make a long story even longer, we've been going out the past couple of weeks and have a groovy relationship going. She's a stewardess and a great woman.
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SCALP HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

man, what a waste of himself he was to put down females with words when all he had to do was be a male, and male and female would be happy ever after. And that is the lesson for today. Without books? Yes, because that is how she got them, got the Indians. Because their minds had been battered with books. White books. White books that made no sense to an Indian. Printed lies that had nothing to do with their lives. Men from the moon teaching earth people. No—men from factories tumbling steel and iron, people with plastic looks, people with plastic books, with plastic words like Sin, and Thou Shalt Not, to people of earth, of love and quiet dignity. And that is how she got the thirty Indians, because the Bureau of Indian Affairs federal Torreon school in its white wisdom had eschewed, then repudiated, and cast the Indians out. Indians are stupid. Not stupid exactly but congenitally lazy, and they suffer from a nonverbal syndrome. Stubborn. That is how Mary-Forge got thirty Indians.

Mary-Forge's parents had left Indian country two years ago when Mary-Forge was eighteen. The land would not pay. They got a job in a factory in Gallup. Why does the land have to pay? Mary-Forge had lived with the Indians when her parents were chasing the cattle trying to make the land pay. When her parents left for the factory, Mary-Forge took over the small bunch of cattle that were left and opened a school that did not pay either.

She fought with the Indians and was happy.

"When are you coming up for air, Mary-Forge?" the missionary said.

"I was just thinking," she said, "we should tear down those highway signs. Those ugly highway, signs that hide our world."

"You've got to think," the missionary said. "You've got to consider the students."

"That's what I'm thinking of," she said. "Tearing down the highway signs is the best education I can give them. And it would reveal Painted Bird Mesa again."

"I don't know," he said.

The missionary doesn't seem to know anything now, Mary-Forge thought. He used to be foursquare until the Indians converted him away from it. But he's still a missionary. He is still selling something. His problem is he doesn't know what he has for sale now. But he's selling it.

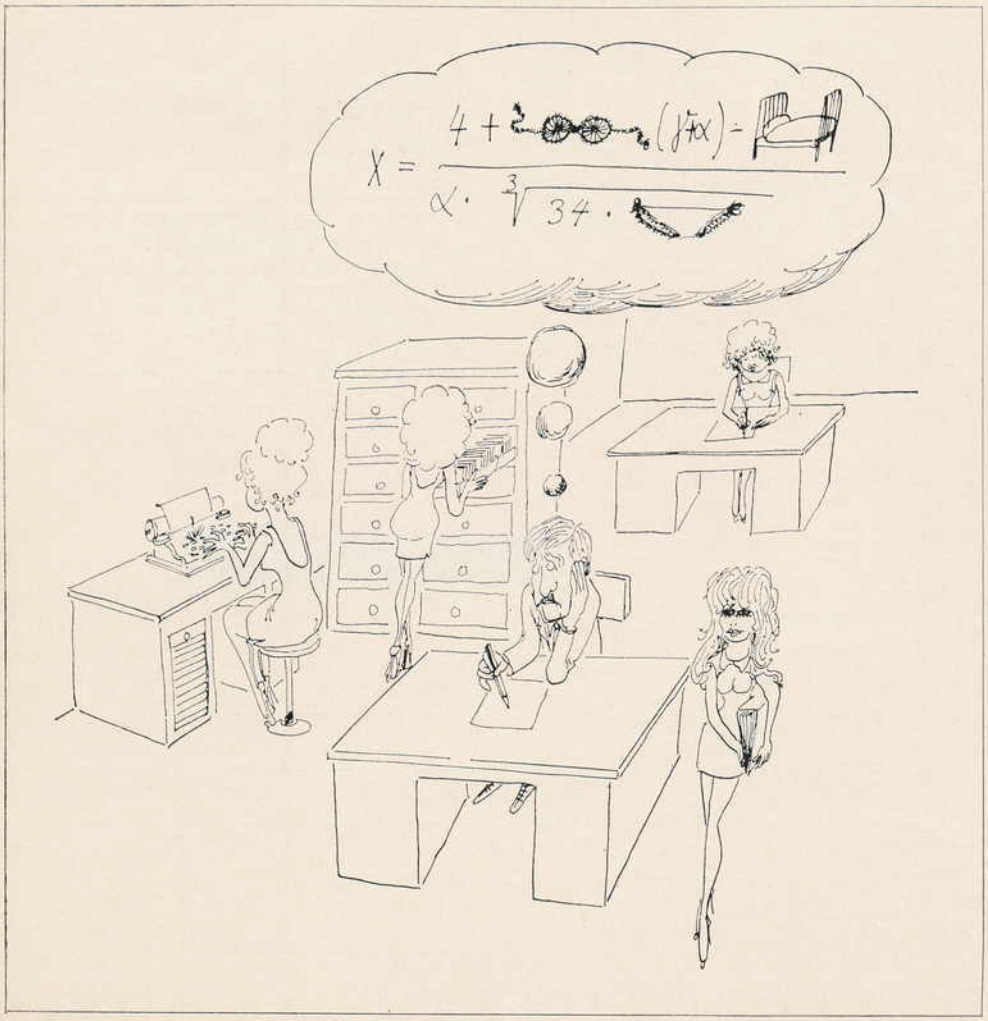
"Help me pull down a big sign," Mary-Forge said. "We can get a chain saw from that writer son of a bitch [that's me] and do the job."

"He's not a son of a bitch."

"Did I use that word?"

"Yes, you did."

"Let's saw the sign down anyway," Mary-Forge said.



The problem of getting together a task force of cowboys and Indians to do the job was easy. If you do not believe this, look at the distance between Albuquerque and Santa Fe and see if you see any signs. See if you see any sign of signs. The only signs you will see are cut posts in the air that once held signs. However, the distance between Albuquerque and Cuba, Route 44, is the space of beauty the sign company was polluting now. The new sign advertised a Penthouse Club and on the top of the sign and thirty feet high was a blue-neon naked girl swinging a red-neon lasso.

"They've built a big electric tease there."

"Where?"

"At the Jemez turnoff," Mary-Forge said.

They rode there on horseback. When they got to the Painted Bird Mesa they watched with amaze at what had gone up. The sign was as big as a mountain.

On each of the Indian horses was mounted a human being. One day, if the Horses' Liberation Movement meets with any luck, on each of the human beings will be mounted a horse, Mary-Forge thought. The Horses' Liberation Movement will meet with much luck if they rally round her horse, Poco Mas, who bucked even at the thought of men, who bucked men off in his dreams. Women, no. Each Liberation Movement abets the other. One of the horses was mounted by a chain saw. A horse packing a chain saw to cut down a sign big as a mountain. They watched the sign and wondered, silently. One of the horses wondered aloud and snorted and pawed the Painted Bird Mesa.

Way down at the sign an FBI man who was disguised as a human being, as a hard hat, looked up and saw the cowboys and Indians on the Painted Bird Mesa. The FBI man was there to protect the sign. Not that the FBI's job is to protect signs, but a man who will destroy a sign will destroy his country and an FBI man's job is to save his country from radicals. The FBI man's real name, and FBI men do have names, was Winthrop Hopgood, born in Barnstable, Massachusetts, in June, 1925, and now at the Jemez turnoff in New Mexico in January, 1973.

Oh, it's good to look up and see cowboys and Indians coming over the horizon, he thought. What is more American than cowboys and Indians?

Apple pie, horse shit, and huge electric signs, Mary-Forge thought as they rode in from the Mesa toward the sign. Mary-Forge thought again and looked hard again and realized that all the planning had come to nothing, that they had brought the chain saw for naught, that the sign and all the posts were made of steel.

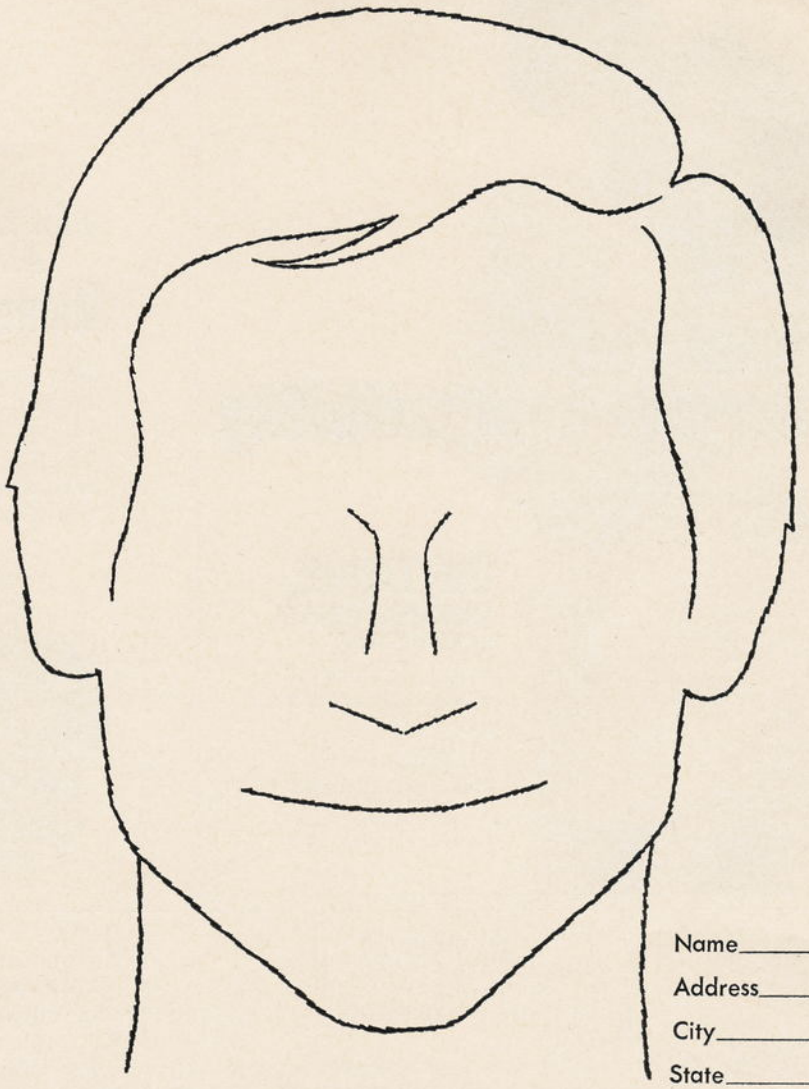
"Everything is for naught," Mary-Forge said.

"Do not say everything is for naught," a student Indian named When Someone Dies He Is Remembered said.

"Why not?"

"It's dated. Naught is obsolescent."

"If naught is obsolescent, then you are saying that nothing is obsolescent."



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"Naught is finished."

"Naught is finished that is not started," Mary-Forge said.

"Yes, Teacher."

"Don't teacher me," Mary-Forge said.

As they rode up to the sign the FBI man, Winthrop Hopgood, said, "Hello. It's good to see some real Americans in a real American setting. Look at this country."

"We're trying, we've come to tear your sign down," Mary-Forge said.

"I wish you hadn't said that."

"Why?"

"I'm going to have to arrest you."

"You don't have to do anything in this world you don't want to do."

"The teacher's right," Bull Who Looks Up said.

"You bet your ass I'm right," Mary-Forge said.

"Do teachers talk like that?"

"This one does."

"Stop her," the FBI man said.

"Don't talk rude," Coyotes Love Me said to the FBI man.

"She was being obscene."

"One man's obscenity is another man's lyric," Coyotes Love Me said.

"What the Indians are trying to say is mind your own business," Mary-Forge said.

"I'm arresting you for something else."

"What else?"

"Tearing down the sign."

"We didn't tear down the sign."

"You're planning to. That's just as bad."

"You can't arrest people for thinking about tearing down a sign."

"You have the stuff to do it."

"A chain saw for steel?"

"Well, you thought the sign was made of wood."

"You can't arrest people for thinking something is made of wood," Hosteen Begay said.

"I guess not," the FBI man said. "You're a pretty smart Indian."

"He is the best pupil I've got," Mary-Forge said. "If he can manage to stay out of college I think he's got it licked."

"You mean you are a teacher who doesn't believe in school?"

"Yes."

"What do you believe in?"

"Indians."

"What else?"

"Indians, some young people. They are our link with the future."

"Do you believe in God?"

"Of course. God and I danced Thursday night."

"That's sacrilegious."

"So God is in trouble with the FBI."

"Listen," the FBI man, Winthrop Hopgood, said, "I only try to do a job. I am helping my country. Trying to do my best. Is there something wrong with fighting obscenity?"

"This sign is an obscenity."

"That's just an opinion. This is private property."

"I am private property. That's all the private property there is," Mary-Forge said.

"Maybe I'm not too well educated," the FBI man said.

"That's the problem. You're too well educated," Mary-Forge said. "Come, students, we will get the tools to tear this thing down."

I gave the cause of Mary-Forge some hacksaws but told her it would take days to saw through steel that thick, that she could get an acetylene torch at Slaughter's garage.

"Very well," Mary-Forge said.

While The FBI man waited at the Penthouse Club sign on Route 44 below Painted Bird Mesa for Mary-Forge to make another assault, he mused about his career. His grandfather had worked for the Secret Service and told without humor that one of his early missions had been to tap the telephone of Alexander Graham Bell. Grandfather went west with the telephone, tapping it as it went along. He died in Albuquerque tapping a conversation between Shirley Temple and Pancho Villa.

"Is that you, Pancho?"

"No."

"Do you still like me?"

"No."

"How are my pictures going there?"

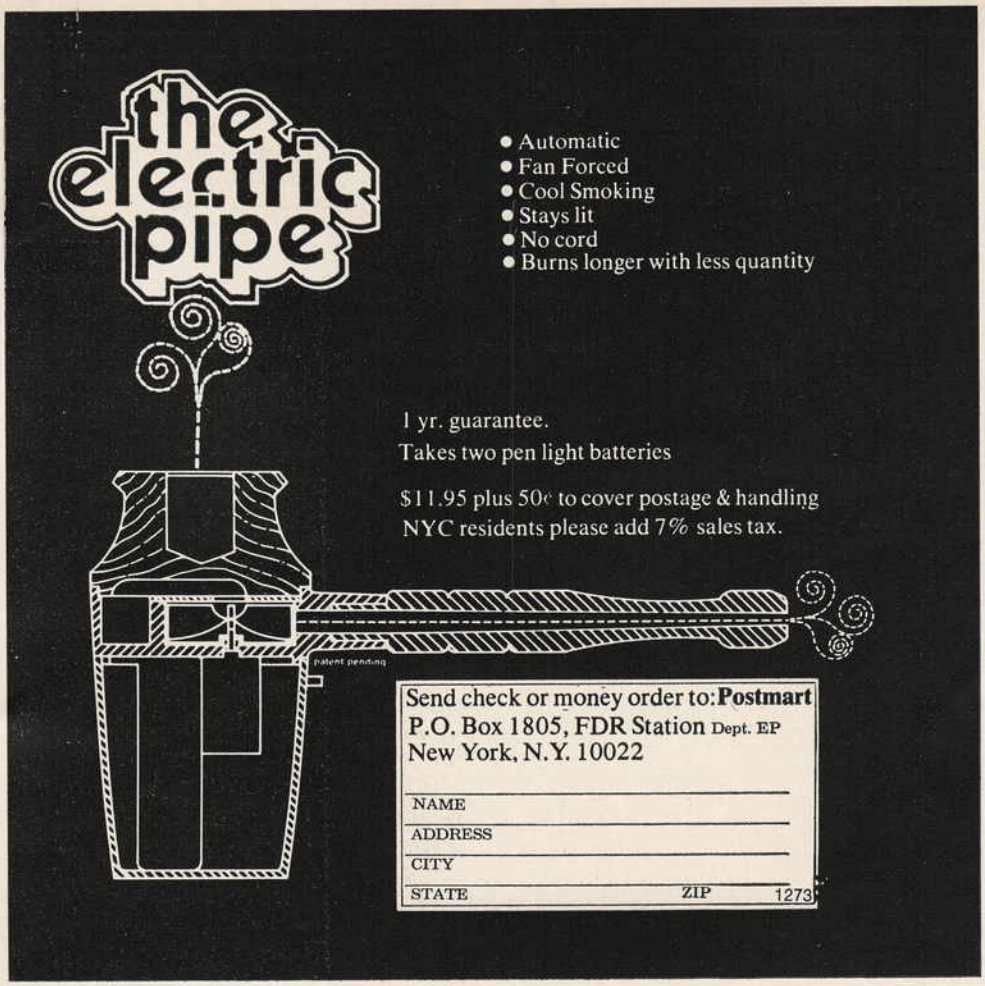
"No."

"Do you speak English?"

"No."

Hopgood's father followed in his father's footsteps until he was caught at it and killed by friendly Indians.

Actually I had a good simple history, Winthrop thought, then some writer's imagina-



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tion gets hold of it and makes it a joke. Hopgood looked up at the electric twinkling purple tits of the Penthouse sign and said aloud, which made the huge sign audio as well as video, "America's not a joke."

"Tell me," Mary-Forge said to her learning-hogan full of Indians. "What would make you happy? Would it make you happy to blow up the white man's signs?"

"Yes!"

"Would it still make you happy that the stockholders in that company, some of them widows and orphans, but no Indians, might lose their shirts?"

"Yes!"

"You Indians are still as cruel as ever," Mary-Forge said. "Still bloodthirsty, still savages. Will I have to call the white cavalry to rescue me again today?"

"Yes!"

"I want to find out whether you're against signs or against shirts."

"Yes!"

"I want to find out who watered my cattle today, who led them beside the still water?"

"I did," Three Shoes said.

"Good. You're a straight arrow, Three Shoes."

The pupil, Three Shoes, was fifty-three years old. Most were young, but some were older than Three Shoes. Everyone came to the free school when they were free. The old slid down in their seats to look small; the small stood up to look big. The Indians studied hard, things of interest, how to blow up bridges and oil wells and missionaries and power plants to feed Los Angeles. How to raid wagon trains and succor their young.

"What does that mean, succor the young?" More Turquoise Than Hope wanted to know.

"It's simple, Turquoise," After God said. "You don't kill women and children."

"Why not? They're white, aren't they? Aren't they?"

"You could have been born a white person."

"Oh God, don't say that, please don't say that."

"Well, I said it. And we spare the women and children. Everyone could have been born a white person."

"No."

"Why not?"

"I refuse to believe it."

"You can't say that."

"Okay. Let them go."

"That's white of you, Turquoise."

"I told you this would happen if we let them go," Turquoise said. "And if we let the white women and children go, they will breed."

"But if we've killed off all of the other white people, they will have nobody to breed with."

"Well, I guess they'll breed with me."

"That is awfully Red of you, Turquoise."

"What I want to know is, while we're talking about killing off wagon trains of tourists we don't do anything to the white people right here." He looked at Mary-Forge. "She looks, to this Indian, whiter than a snowman."

"Et tu, Brute," Mary-Forge said to More Turquoise Than Hope.

"We can't kill her because she never stops talking."

"I haven't said anything," Mary-Forge said.

"Yes, you have," Three Shoes said. "You've said enough to bring us all together. You have rescued us from the white schools. You have made our small ones stand tall, and for this your name, Mary-Forge, will be truly blessed among all Indians forever."

"And ever," Turquoise said.

"Let us sing. We have captured you, Mary-Forge, and we don't intend to let you go."

"Let's hear it for Mary-Forge!"

The applause was ear-hurting and the missionary Welling Bramberg, passing by, wondered what all the shouting was about.

If the Indians be Indians, Winthrop Hopgood thought, sitting under the obscene sign, if the Indians object to this insult to nature, all they have to do is get a law passed against it. Indians don't believe in private property. Well, all they have to do is get a law passed against it. No. Private property is sacred. They will never get a law passed against it. Indians will never become civilized, Winthrop Hopgood thought, watching the girl's neon rear end swing as she swung the neon loop over the great Penthouse sign that hid the Painted Bird Mesa.

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SHE'S GONNA GETCHA!
WITH AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE... TO JOIN THE PENTHOUSE BOOK SOCIETY
Sex Energy
Sexual Life Between Blacks and Whites

That girl, Mary-Forge Summerfield is her name, is stirring up the Indians with her school. That writer has no control over her. We have a file on her a foot thick, Winthrop Hopgood thought while playing with himself, watching the naked neon girl, so the sign was now not only audio and video but live.

While Winthrop Hopgood was watching the naked neon girl, waiting for the Indians to attack, he had a further thought on what was wrong with the country. Pornography. Most of his spare time was spent at the Stag pornographic movie theater in Albuquerque because the magazines in America and the book publishers in America have been pretty much taken over by the Communists. Of course, it was in the line of duty. He would much rather have been home with the wife and kiddies instead of at the pornographic movie, but someone had to do it. Someone had to investigate the problem. He always had his credentials card ready in case someone asked why he was there, but no one ever asked.

Another thing. Supposing that girl Mary-Forge has been captured by the Indians. Supposing they forced her to do all sorts of unnatural acts and now they're using it against her. Maybe I can help her get out of the clutches of the Indians. I'll put that in her file, not as evidence but as an opinion. They can kick it around in Washington. Now how do I free her? That's the problem. At this point she probably gets some perverted sexual excitement from living with the savages. Not that I don't like Indians. But we are different. How do you exchange the excitement she gets from the savages to her own kind? How do you lick her perversion? Winthrop Hopgood wondered about Mary-Forge's problem as he stared up under the neon sign with his pants down so that now the Penthouse sign was not only audio, video, and alive, but also fabulous, an attraction that should gross one million in Albuquerque alone.

Meanwhile, dear reader, back on the reservation, the Indians had not been idle. After the chores of the workaday world that Indians do—which is nothing more than anything, but Indians do it well. America, I have to tell you the great Indian secret. Nothing. Nothing is the gamboling of the sheep. Nothing is the myriad dancings of the Yeibichais of Blessing Way, of Healing Way. Nothing is the crisp mornings and the piñon smoke and the brother-sister and peoplehood of all Indians on a July day. Nothing is all the sweetness of infant Navajo babes in cradle-boards and the way a coyote looks at you when you talk at him. Nothing is love and compassion and an inkling of the sufferings of others and the smack of lightning and the tintinnabulation of a small rain on the hogan roof, and the joy in the feeling for life. Not the complications and dismay at life's problems but the ease and wonderment at life's mysteries. Nothing is quiet courage and resistance to the white man's way, and nothing is an Indian watching a white man selling him a God in which the white man does not believe.

"Cool it," the Indian said.

"Cool it," Mary-Forge said. "You come on like a hippie or a yippie or a tippie."

"What's a tippie?"

"A cool Indian," Mary-Forge said. "What do you want to do?"

"Tear down a sign."

"Great," Mary-Forge said. "Because an Indian will never follow an idea that is not his own. Let's do this thing you so cleverly and wickedly thought of with the guile of an Indian. Those books the white man writes about the Indians; you can't trust the savages."

"Oh, how true," More Turquoise said.

"Do you know what?" the medicine man said. "Did you ever see the paintings in the Yuribi Caves? The Indian is the only man who could paint the Indian. The whites Russell and Remington painted romantic realism, fake illustrations for fake books. Realism is the last refuge of a man who can't paint. Art is the art of the impossible. Why don't we get a decent museum in Albuquerque?"

"That's no way for an Indian to talk," Mary-Forge said. "You're supposed to grunt in clichés. Haven't you read any books?"

"I have traveled all over the country," the medicine man said, "studying the white man's medicine. It amounts to selling herbs under different names and charging a fortune. George Bernard Shaw was right:

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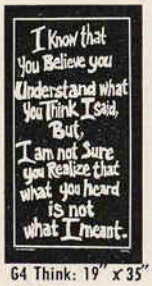
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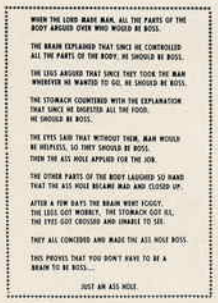
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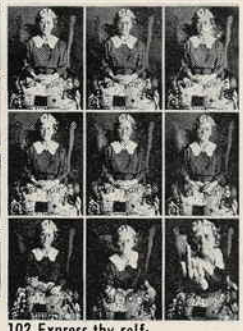
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medicine is not a profession, it's a conspiracy. I've come back now to the Indian way. Medicine is the art of allowing the people to die without charging them. When do we tear the sign down?"

"Whenever you say the word," Mary-Forge said.

"I say the word now," the medicine man said.

The medicine man in Indian country is popular again. He has not been so popular since the Great Depression. "It's not that I'm bitching," Looks Important After A Rain said. That's what our medicine man's Indian name is. His white name is something stupid like Stewart Montalban Rhodes.

"Where did you get a stupid name like Stewart Montalban Rhodes, Looks Important After A Rain?" More Turquoise Than Hope asked.

"I reached the end of my rope in Madison, Wisconsin, and bought it from a Chinese man. Girls get uptight about making love to Looks Important After A Rain."

"But not Stewart Montalban Rhodes?"

"Not Chinese women," the medicine man said.

"What about the sign?"

"What sign?"

"The Penthouse sign."

"What about it?"

"Are we going to tear it down?"

"Yes, but let me finish the lecture. Medicine is morality."

"It's your charm and your wit and your good looks."

"That's only part of it," the medicine man said.

"What's the latest cure?"

"Tearing down signs," the medicine man said. "It makes you feel like a new rain. Let's go."

Winthrop Hopgood finished what he was doing, zipped up his pants, then removed his gun from his shoulder holster, pointed it at his temple and pulled the trigger. There was nothing but a click.

I guess, Winthrop Hopgood thought, somebody upstairs doesn't want me to die.

Now Winthrop Hopgood aimed the gun up at the gyrating rear end of the neon girl and pulled the trigger and the gun went off and she lost a piece of her red behind.

I guess somebody upstairs doesn't like her, Winthrop Hopgood thought. Who do I shoot next?

"Me."

"Who are you?"

"The medicine man."

"Indian?"

"Yes."

"You've come to take down the sign"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm doing it for you."

"Why?"

"Because I've sinned."

"There is no sin."

"I've sinned right under this sign.

"No."

"You don't know what I did."

"Yes, I do."

"And you forgive me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't forgive myself. I'm going to shoot up everything."

"Shoot me."

"You're a tough Indian. I respect that. I'm a weak person."

"No, you're not. What you did under that sign was the only thing to do under that sign."

"I do it other places too.

"Where?"

"Everywhere."

"Where is everywhere?"

"The Stag Theater."

"That's all right."

"Watching TV."

"That's all right."

"When I caught myself doing it under this sign, I said that's the last straw."

"How did you catch yourself? You've been trained I suppose."

"Yes. That's what I'd done with my whole life."

"What have you done with your whole life?"

"You know."

"No, I don't."

"I'm unpatriotic."

"No."

"What you're saying is that I can do anything I like."

"Yes."

"You're nice. Or crazy. Or something."

"I'm a medicine man."

"Let me think about that," Winthrop Hopgood said.

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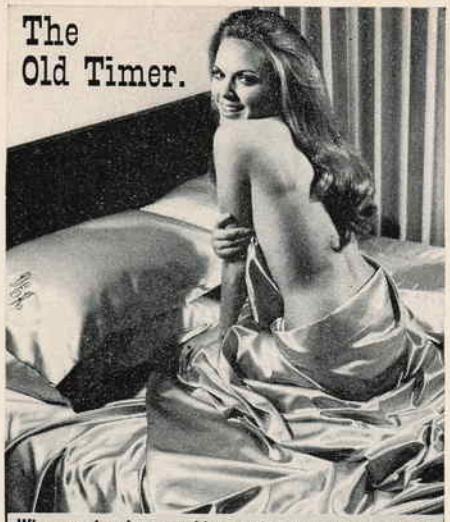

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"You need a rest, a vacation. You've stalked too many people."

"I'm going to shoot the place up," Winthrop Hopgood said, raising the gun at everything, including himself.

"Shoot me."

"Here is the gun. You got more nerve than anyone I ever met." Hopgood handed over the gun. "I guess I'm going crazy. I shouldn't have a gun—I'm un-American."

"Shooting the rear end off the go-go girl that hides the Painted Bird Mesa is the most American act I ever heard of."

"You're nice."

"I'm a medicine man. Along with the high fees, it all goes with the profession."

"What's the charge?"

"Nothing."

"What do we do next?"

"Remove the sign in an orderly fashion."

The teacher and Indians all rode up. They were happy that Winthrop Hopgood had given up without a fight. They were happy that the medicine man had insisted on going into the valley and the shadow to talk first. They unpacked the acetylene torch from the packhorses, and high and quick the sparks flew as the torch melted through the steel girders that held up the sign that was eighty-five feet high and was the glory of all the world. Some of the Indians hated to see it go, but it went and there was Painted Bird Mesa again. And the Lord said it was good and it came to pass that the Indians said it was okay—and going back through Rough Rock and down Lost Canyon they could all still see the terrific explosion in the dark of the mind's eye. The neon go-go girl with the neon rope throwing a loop fifty yards wide, standing on a purple mountain surrounded by an orange city and sixty girls, sixty, pointing their purple breasts upward, all fell in flames and with a roar that could be heard in Albuquerque.

"Has anyone here read Dostoevski's *Brothers Karamazov*?" the medicine man said.

"No."

"The book was quite a sight while it lasted," the medicine man said. "But after the climax Dostoevski couldn't let it alone and wrote what he called an epilogue. He just got in deeper, a terrible mess, so finally he had them all join hands and dance in a circle. They were celebrating something. It could have been worse. They were quite happy."

"Is that what you're telling us? We will dance to celebrate when we get back to the reservation?"

"Yes."

And they danced. In sin, the white man believes himself part of the problem; in life, the Indian believes himself part of the solution. And they danced, to the big-boom drum and the loud yawp of the medicine man, all hitting back off the cliff of Painted Bird Mesa, which you can see now as clear as a New Mexican day.

"Everyone," Bull Who Looks Up said, pointing at me, "can dance with us now."

We all danced. Everyone.

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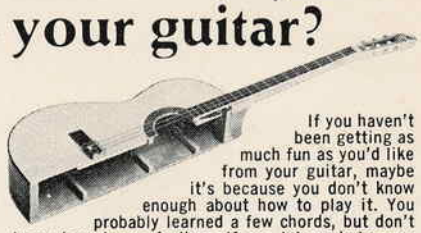

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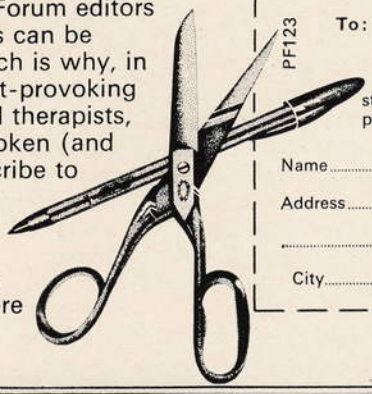

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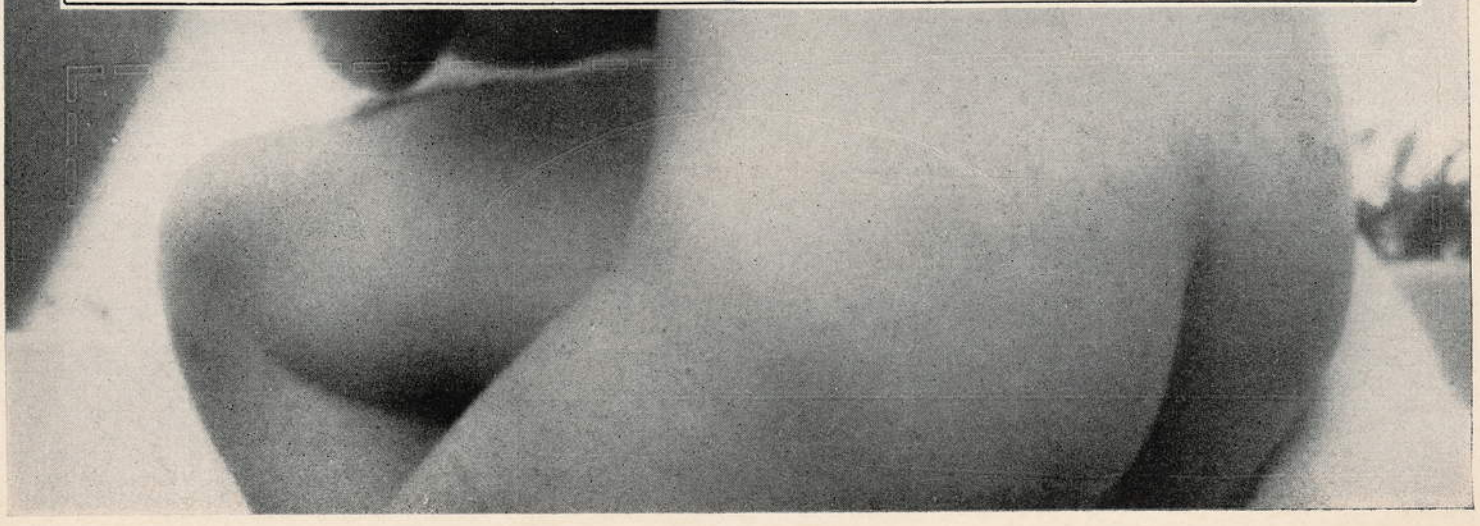

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The Short Yappy Wife of Francis Macomber

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

bag and reached out in the darkness for her shortness.

At breakfast they were all three of them at table before daylight. Francis Macomber found that of all the many qualities in his wife that he despised, he despised her joke-telling the most.

"Two photographers meet on the street," said Margot Macomber. "The first says, 'I just passed a starving old woman who claimed she hadn't eaten in three days and begged me for money.' 'Really?' says the second, 'what did you give her?' 'I gave her f/4.5 at a 50th,' says the first."

Margot Macomber erupted in uncontrollable laughter.

The hell with it, thought Robert Wilson, the utter and complete bloody hell with it. Nice tits or no, their women's jokes are insufferable. It isn't worth it, it simply isn't worth it. He believed he preferred the bloody *Times* lingerie adverts after all.

The Land Rover climbed a slight rise and then took off across the river and into the trees as Francis Macomber tried to concentrate on his photographic equipment and not on his recent cuckolding. They were after buffalo this morning and he felt somehow that he would get one, maybe more than one, and that his getting a buffalo might in some manner erase the business with the lion and the business with Margot and Robert Wilson and all the rest of it.

Abruptly the car skidded to a stop and Robert Wilson pointed to a clearing in the bush. Looking where Wilson pointed, Macomber saw the warthog. Heart pounding, Macomber raised his camera, aimed, and before he had time to be afraid, squeezed off a shot. *Ca-ra-wong!* went the shutter.

"You got him!" said Robert Wilson.

Ca-ra-wong!

"You got him again!" said Robert Wilson.

Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong!

"Now that's what I call shooting," said Robert Wilson.

And then the Land Rover started up again and they were off. Macomber felt a drunken elation such as he had never felt before.

"How many shots did I get in?" he said to Robert Wilson.

"Five."

"Five! And all of them in focus."

"You shot damned well," said Robert Wilson.

"I did, didn't I?" said Francis Macomber. In his entire life he had never felt so good. He turned to his wife. "What did you think of my shooting?" he said to her.

"I thought you shot very nicely, dear," said Margot Macomber, but her face was drawn and she was not smiling.

The Land Rover bounced over the rough terrain and the feeling of elation over the

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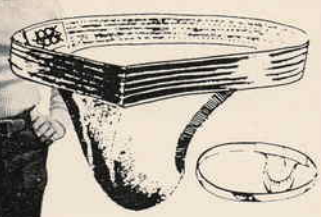

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warthog was as strong as the feeling of fear and shame had been with the lion. For the first time in his life Francis Macomber felt wholly unafraid. Robert Wilson sensed it and appraised him with his cold flat skeet-shooter's eyes. What the bloody hell, thought Robert Wilson, yesterday with the lion the beggar almost wets his pants and today with the warthog he's a bloody Audie Murphy. You most certainly could not tell a damned thing about an American.

The Land Rover screeched to an abrupt stop. Directly in its path stood four wildebeest. Without a moment's hesitation Francis Macomber stood up in the Rover with his 500-mm lens. *Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong!*

"I got all four of them!" said Francis Macomber. "One shot apiece!" By *God,* he felt wonderful.

"By *God,* I feel wonderful," he said. "You know, I don't think I shall ever be afraid of anything again. Four wildebeest and a warthog—I feel like shooting every damned animal in the whole damned country!"

"You very nearly have," said Robert Wilson.

"You know," said Francis Macomber, "I feel completely different. I feel like a completely different man. How do I look? Do I look different or do I look the same? Huh?"

There was something very infectious about this American's enthusiasm, thought Robert Wilson. He had seen men come of age before, on the battlefield and in bar mitzvahs, that sort of thing, but it never failed to move him, actually seeing it happen.

"You look quite different," said Robert Wilson. "You look like a completely different man."

"I do?" said Francis Macomber.

"You look like a completely different man," said Robert Wilson.

"You look exactly the same," said Margot Macomber coldly. "I'd know you anywhere."

"You look completely different," said Robert Wilson. "I'd never recognize you in a million years."

"Who do I look like?" said Francis Macomber.

"Dave DeBusschere," said Robert Wilson. By God, he liked this fellow now. And all because of a bloody warthog. You most certainly could not ever tell a damned bloody thing about a bloody damned American. Damned strange people, Americans. Damned strange.

By *God,* he liked this Macomber chap, safari socks and all. Too bad about the bloody conservationists. He would have enjoyed going out into the bush with this Macomber bloke and together lobbing half a dozen mortar shells at a lesser kudu.

Margot Macomber regarded her husband with the flat cold eyes of a B-29 belly-gunner. He *has* changed, she thought to herself, he *does* look different. Not Dave DeBusschere exactly, but maybe Orson Bean or Monte Hall.

"You're both talking a lot of rot," said Margot Macomber. "You take a few snapshots

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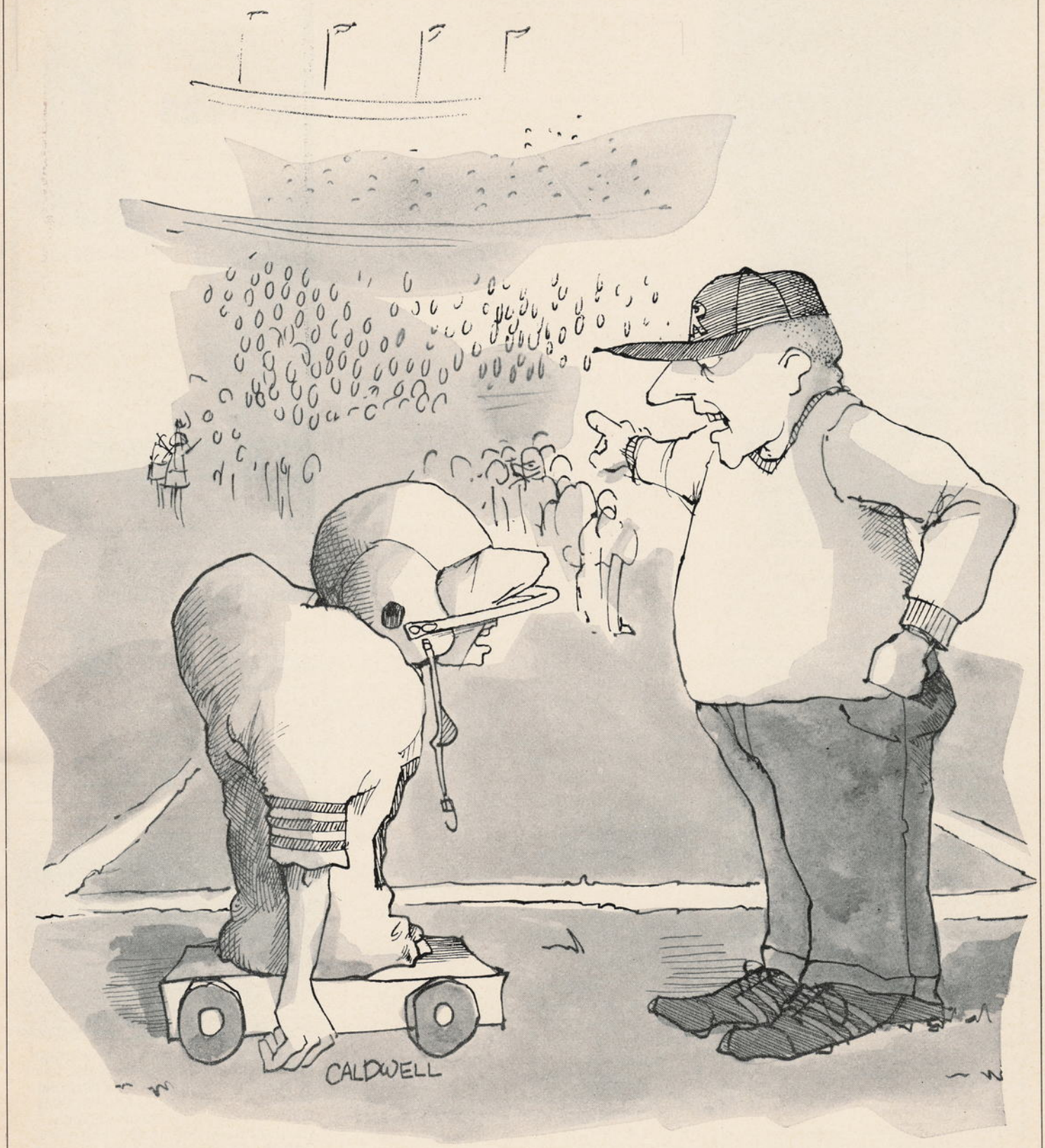

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of a warthog and four wildebeest and suddenly you think you're Dave DeBusschere. Well you're not." She was losing him, she knew it now for the first time in her life. He was growing taller and she was shrinking by the minute. His size diminishes me, she thought.

"I'm not afraid of anything anymore," said Francis Macomber. "I've changed somehow. I really have, you know."

"Right you are," said Robert Wilson. "Used to quote something to myself about that once. Damned fine poem. How does it go? 'The lonesome choo-choo of my mind . . .' something something . . . I don't remember. Rod McKuen. Damned fine poem. Can't think of it just now." He was embarrassed to have brought up the McKuen thing that had meant so much to him, but it didn't matter really. This Macomber bloke would understand.

Just then Robert Wilson saw the ants.

"Look over there," said Robert Wilson. "Army ants! By God, there are six hundred of them!"

Francis Macomber had scooped up his camera automatically and was firing away with his 500-mm lens at the spot where Wilson had pointed, firing away and having the time fo his life, taking portraits of every damned army ant in all of Africa. *Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong! Ca-ra-wong!* He was so carried away by his excitement that he never even felt the blow on the crown of his head when it came, never felt anything at all after that, and so fast was he shooting that he managed to fire off at least three shots after the precise moment that he was technically dead.

Robert Wilson had grabbed for the 300-mm lens to get in his own shots of the ants, and Mrs. Macomber had grabbed the 1000-mm lens and, aiming at an army ant that had managed to crawl undetected all the way up Francis Macomber's safari boots and safari trousers and safari jacket and onto his head, she had smashed the ant to oblivion with the 1000-mm lens precisely six centimeters above the center of the base of her husband's skull.

Francis Macomber lay facedown on the roof of the Land Rover, his head caved in like an overripe muskmelon. His wife was crying uncontrollably.

"Well," said Robert Wilson, "you certainly got your ant."

"Stop it," she said.

"Now there are only five hundred ninety-nine of them here," he said. "Still not an endangered species, however."

"Stop it," she said.

"You know," he said, "I'm a little peeved at you. I'd really begun to like your husband. I really had. Good deal more than you, as a matter of fact. No tits, of course, but a damned fine arse."

"Oh, *please* stop it," she said. "Won't you please please stop!"

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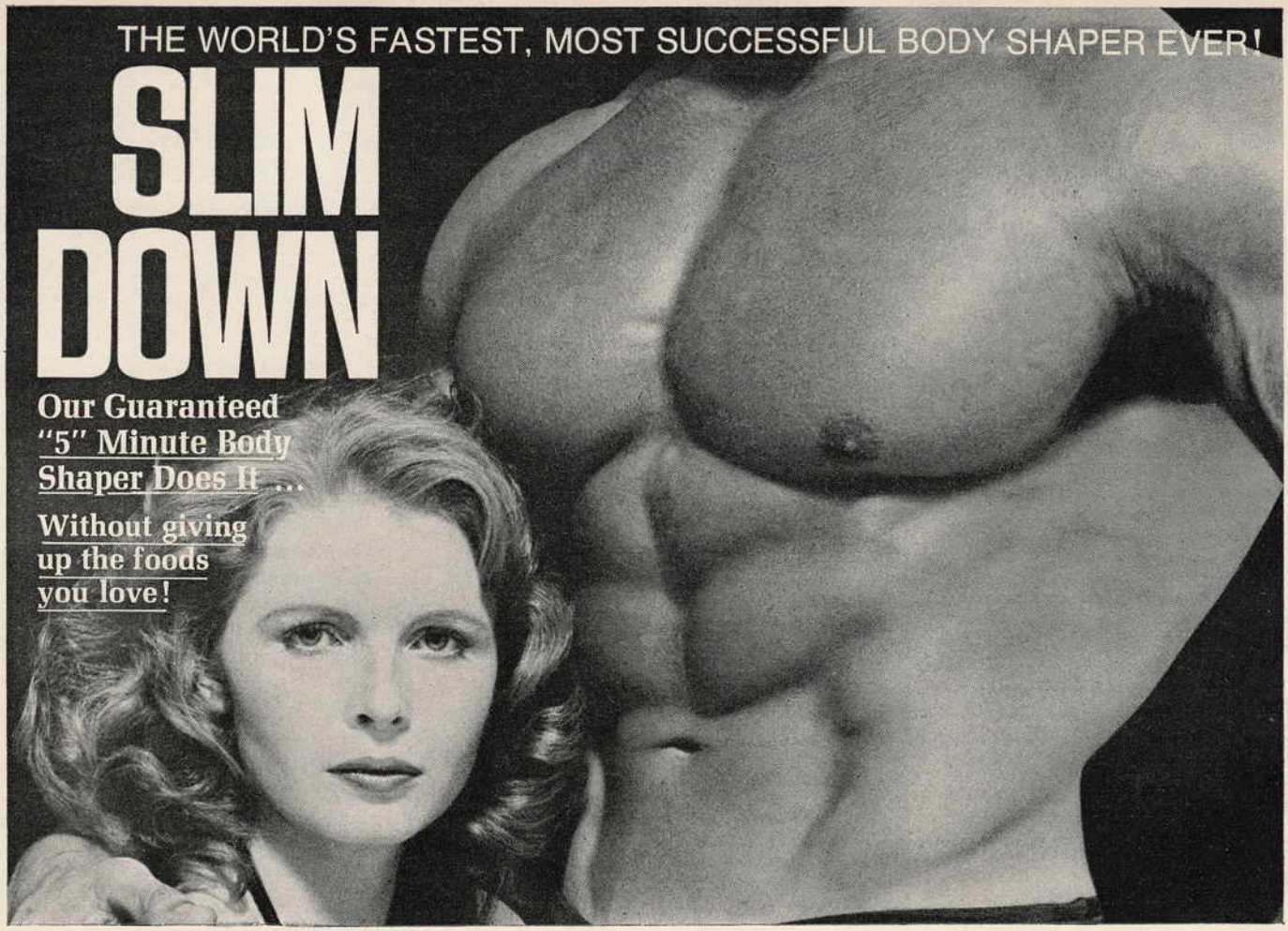

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It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it with you and use it — anytime — wherever there's floor space for your body. Even while watching television.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

BUT BRUSH AFTER EVERY MEAL

I am twenty-two years old, and my husband is twenty-six. We have been married for four years, but have been steady sex partners for about eight. We both have extremely strong sexual desires and a total lack of inhibition, and our favorite practice is oral sex. I've noticed that recently we've been indulging in this much more than in "normal" sex. Don't get me wrong, this hasn't hurt our sex life in the least. In fact, it couldn't be better for both of us. But I've heard it said that when a man gets near middle age he begins to lose some of his sex drive, and in some cases the only thing that turns a guy on is a blow-job. Could it be that by having oral sex almost daily we are storing up trouble for our later life? We still haven't lost the touch or feeling for a good old driving screw, but we don't do this as much as we did in the past. If you could give me some advice I'd be grateful—we don't want to wake up one day and find that our batteries are dead from overexertion.—J.N.

Keep up the good work and don't worry about middle age. Life begins at forty, so the saying goes, and no one has ever worn his penis or his tongue out. Remember that artists usually reach their highest peak after many years of work. The best is yet to COME AND COME AND COME AND COME.

THE GAY CONNECTION

I'm a female student attending junior college, and I'd like to know how I can contact lesbians. How do I find them, how do I recognize them? I have been interested in this for quite a while, although an advantageous opportunity for contact with like-minded girls hasn't yet presented itself. I am twenty and have made it with a few guys, but I'd like to try something different.—K.M.

If you want to know how to get in touch with gay girls, you should make inquiries concerning the location of gay bars where you can go on your own and cruise around or else have some cruising dyke pick you up. I am sure they will spot you as a newcomer and introduce you to the new world you have long been thinking of. It is certainly not a depressing experience. Be selective with what girls you want to experiment—I don't think some heavy-set bull-dyke is your cup of tea. Honey, they are tougher than men and if I were you, I'd stay out of their reach.

In certain parts of Europe, to be gay is almost fashionable. In my home country, Holland, there are long strips of gay beaches where homosexuals can openly hold hands, kiss, and neck. The bars are basically all mixed and are great tourist attractions for so-called "squares" who like to look at the other side of the nightlife of Amsterdam. However once they have one drink, the "straights" usually leave.

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COMPUTER CRIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 188

three varieties: "insider," "adventitious," and "cat." The Union Dime caper illustrates "insider," and Jerry Schneider illustrates "adventitious," since he stumbled onto the information about the codes.

"Cat" is a whole new ball game. It refers to the practice of "stalking" the telephone network, tapping different number sequences into push-button telephones and listening for the characteristic squeal that signals contact with a computer.

Hearing the squeal means you next must tap in the code numbers that "open" the computer. The codes are made up by formulas, so a person can use a mathematical framework for searching codes. It's a matter of patience until you hit a set of keys that works. Then you hunt up the password, by figuring it out or having a friend on the inside, and you are in.

There are about 80,000 computers in the United States and there should be 140,000 by 1975. This is good news for those students and workers at computer centers who spend their off-hours pushing telephone buttons, seeking entry into someone's computer. We find out only about those who blunder and get caught, like the kid in Cincinnati who accidentally brushed a finger on a wrong button, allowing his long-distance telephone connection to be traced from Louisville. Or the Palo Alto programmer who had his Oakland rival's program delivered to the wrong address, starting inquiries. The boxcar thief was not discovered.

During the last two decades we have come to rely on computers to do much of our work, handling food, shelter, clothing, education, entertainment, transportation, health services, taxation, banking, scientific research—you name it.

Now it is uncomfortably clear that criminals have been creeping along, unnoticed, in the shadows of computer technology. With the recent spectacular fraud discoveries, there is a frenzy to discover safeguards.

Experts generally divide into two camps. Some, like Robert Courtney, Jr., head of IBM's Data Security and Planning Department at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., believes the technology for virtually complete security against fraud is already available if computer firms and owners would make use of it. Others, like Belden Menkus, an independent management consultant based in New Jersey, believes that the human element, the person making the input, makes the entire system inherently vulnerable to fraud.

Scores of employees, on instruction from higher-ups, participated in the Equity Funding fraud, which was technically simple—a matter of putting massive amounts of false information into the machines. Why did it go unnoticed?

Equity Funding, like all insurance companies, was supposed to be meticulously supervised, examined, audited continuously by state insurance departments, by certified public accountants, and by the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Apparently none of them had been doing their jobs.

For computers seem to have, in addition to all their other extraordinary powers, the capability for "psyching out" people. When the auditors from the California state insurance department made their calls, they were given computer printouts to examine.

They accepted the computer-produced paperwork as correct.

When the auditors asked for details, the programmers wrote programs that instructed the computers to print out only the real insurance policy records and ignore the bogus policies.

When the auditors called for a sampling of policies in order to verify records, the programmers wrote programs sampling only the records of real policies, bypassing the bogus policies.

In each instance, the reports printed by the computers were respected as gospel. In the same way, when Equity Funding presented a report of assets that said the company had $120 million worth of securities deposited in a Chicago bank, this was thought to be true. After the crash, investigators—for the first time—asked to see those securities. They weren't there. The authorities of Illinois and the many other states where Equity Funding operated had simply believed the reports of the California authorities.

The extent to which state insurance examiners and CPA's were lazy, or incompetent, or corrupt began to be hotly disputed after Equity Funding crashed.

The National Association of Insurance Commissioners is reported to have initiated a study on how auditors can detect computer fraud. The Institute of Certified Public Accountants has a committee studying the same subject.

Meanwhile, a new profession is coming into being—computer sleuths. New firms offer services ranging from security checkups to rebuilding a company's computer system. Specializing computer security firms, such as New Jersey's Computer Audit Systems, Inc., report a growing demand for services to battle the menace of electronic fraud. Its president, Joseph Wasserman, says demand will escalate as the business community begins to realize that the CPA profession is unable to cope with the computer-crime problem.

Another pioneer, Sentor Security Group, specializes in security of electronic data installations in addition to counseling its clients on personnel selection, management, business investigation, and private guards. IBM has a division of investigative agents and a department devoted exclusively to computer-security research.

And recently in Los Angeles the county sheriff detailed five of his deputies to take intensive training in computer sciences. It may not be long before television replaces "Mod Squad" with "Fraud Squad."

Meanwhile, Jerry Neal Schneider, after serving forty days in jail for his rip-off of Pacific Tel. & Tel., set himself up in business as a computer-security expert. His specialty: cracking the privacy of computer systems for a fee, explaining how he does it, and giving advice on how to defeat intruders such as himself.

The first prospect he solicited was Pacific Tel. & Tel.—but they declined, and he is seeking clients elsewhere.

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